VOGUE

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MAY

SPECIAL ISSUE

THE LIFE THAT'S IN FASHION

THE AMERICAN WOMAN 1967...

LOVE... MONEY...
HUSBAND-STEALING... PSYCHIATRY...
ART... WORK... FUN... ENTERTAINING...
THE GOOD LIFE WHERE THE ACTION IS...
WOMEN ALL OVER THE MAP OF THE U.S.A.

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Neal Barr



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MAY, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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BERT STERN

COVER: One of the great young beauties, Candice Bergen . . . American to the life, soaring in the movies—her next film, 20th Century-Fox's *The Day the Fish Came Out*—a girl on the go. Going vivid in a quick little dress of taxicab-yellow linen. (Dress repeated, left, on a mannequin, showing the bare, square back, the high, drawstring-tied waist.) By B. H. Wragge. About $100. Sunny yellow earrings by Mimi di N. All at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Candice's coiffure, by Carita.

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SUSAN THOMAS . . . your passport to fashion destined to lead the smart life of your time, to travel the world in great style . . . the Susan Thomas family of fashions shown on the following pages as they take in the breathtaking spectacle of "Man And His World", Canada's international exhibition . . . **EXPO 67.**

Opposite page: Canada's Pavilion at Expo 67 illustrates the balance of the conservative and the daring which transforms tradition into new and vital creative forms. Susan Thomas' two-piece in white or lime ribbed ottoman of Celanese Arnel® triacetate and cotton. 8 to 16, *(V-60)* 40.00

Bottom left: An exciting feature of the Canadian Pacific-Cominco exhibit is a film made with a new multi-screen projection technique. The pavilion makes a beautiful background for this cowl-necked two-piece in lime, black or white Celanese Arnel® and cotton ribbed ottoman. 8 to 16, *(V-61)* 36.00

Top left: The British Pavilion is designed with cliff-like walls rising out of the water to remind visitors that the British are an island race. The pantset of cotton and Celanese Arnel® pique touched with cotton lace and velvet ribbon, smart and utterly feminine. White or yellow, 8 to 16, *(V-62)* 36.00

Top right: Arriving at the Ceylon Pavilion, visitors are entranced by a richly beautiful mural in stained glass by one of Ceylon's foremost artists. Perfect for the occasion is the lovely shift of Celanese Arnel® and cotton pique with a panel etched in cotton lace. White or yellow, 8 to 16, *(V-63)* 26.00

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VIVO KNITS . . . great on the scene, great traveling to the scene. These terrific knits are ready for all the excitement this thrill-packed exposition has to offer. Just right, too, for exploring the city of Montreal, only minutes away from the intriguing islands of **EXPO 67.**

Dominating the skyline of the pavilion area on Ile Sainte-Helene, is the United States Pavilion, a geodesic dome that changes from complete transparency to polished "chrome" in the course of the day. Great for sightseeing, the culotte dress with striped top of acetate knit ending in pleats of Celanese Arnel® triacetate sharkskin. Green or pink, 8 to 16, *(V64)* 26.00

Inset: Inside, the visitor enjoys uninterrupted visual contact with the exterior world and a climate that is always benign. Admiring the structure, she wears a boldly striped T-shirt dress of Celanese acetate knit circled in navy or pink stripes. Sizes 8 to 16. *(V-65)* 26.00

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STJ fashions find a lot to like in learning about Man And His World at Canada's EXPO 67. And juniors find everything to like in these swinging young dresses that take fast-paced days happily in their stride . . . keeping their crisp flair as they go from one spectacle to another at **EXPO 67.**

Inset: Man, The Explorer exhibit is divided into four sections—Man, His Planet and Space, Man and The Oceans, Man and The Polar Regions, Man and Life. She wears a gay tent with unusual button-cuffed neckband. Red-eggshell or black-eggshell herringbone weave Avisco® rayon, sizes 5 to 13, *(V-66)* 26.00

The Japanese Pavilion is elevated in midair, providing a panorama of the St. Lawrence River and Montreal skyline. Before a map of Japan, a flip-skirted dress in purple-eggshell or black-eggshell herringbone weave Avisco® rayon, 5 to 13, *(V-67)* 26.00

Young Cosmopolitans®, Cosmo 7th Floor

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Photograph by Philip E. Pegler

ADELE MARTIN joins the excitement of this great international exposition, enjoying the galaxy of entertainment gathered from every corner of the earth. Arriving unwrinkled and poised and going through the days in the same sleek manner, these versatile dresses are as right for the Porpoise Show as for the glamorous Film Festival . . . all part of **EXPO 67.**

Top left: Habitat 67 . . . the housing of tomorrow features playgrounds and a private landscaped garden for each home. Posed before Habitat 67, a most flattering line accented by buttons. Celanese Arnel® triacetate and linen knit in white with black trim or beige with brown. 8 to 18, *(V-68)* 40.00

Top right: Rising in airy fan-shaped louvres, the dynamic sculptured lines of the French Pavilion. As striking as the Pavilion is the easy Celanese Arnel® and linen knit in white with black or taupe stripes. 8 to 16, *(V-69)* 40.00

Bottom right: Cocktail time means a pleasant interlude in one of the many restaurants located in the gay amusement area—La Ronde. Flowered cotton brocade in white-on-white or black-on-black, 8 to 16, *(V-70)* 36.00

Opposite page: The richly gilded Pavilion of Thailand is a replica of a famous Buddhist shrine. Reflecting its beauty, a gracefully shaped skimmer in coin-dotted cotton brocade. White-on-white or blue-on-blue. 8 to 16 *(V-71)* 36.00

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

May

What to do when your looks go off the track: Chapter 2

When the messenger took off for the press with the words and music for last issue's Beauty Bulletin on what-to-do-when-your-looks-go-wrong, the returns were still coming in. Afterthoughts and afterpeople. One of latter: *Lee Remick*. What does that entrancing blonde do when the day seems about to be desperate? "Always wash my hair in morning. Good therapy. Set and dry it myself; have full beauty shop trimmings. After years of watching great hairdressers, hope I've learned something. And I can take care of household affairs under home dryer. . . . Mass of electrical appliances in my bath and dressing room helps get the show on the road. Facial sauna. Water Pik. You name it, I have it, or will get it. . . . Makeup? On a tired day, I guess I wear the same makeup as ever. When one's not looking tops, there's a tendency to put on too much makeup. So you take it all off, and you might find yourself feeling so much better that you'll locate the strength to stick out the day. . . . Because I'm often underweight, I have to force myself to eat when I'm working, when I'm tired and unhungry. I have a thick chocolate milk shake with raw egg in it twice a day, maybe in afternoon and before going to bed. Irritates certain friends." . . .

One woman's cure is another woman's...?

Reviewing the looks-repairing devices of some of America's better-known better-lookers, we found that, although the rescue work was similarly effective, the techniques were at interesting variance. Those who would rather nap than exercise (*Myrna Loy, Barbara Walters*). Those who would rather exercise than nap (*Mrs. Vincent Astor, Roberta Peters*). Those who go at both with equal fervour (*Mrs. William Rayner, Nancy Dickerson*). Those who find small time for either (the *Duchess of Windsor*). . . . Some go straight to the hairdresser (*Aline Saarinen*). Some would never do *that* (*Melina Mercouri*). . . . But almost everyone concurred on the boosting power of Vitamin B. *Mrs. Stanley Donen, Mrs. Wyatt Cooper, Mary Martin, Mrs. Samuel P. Reed,* for instance. (*Mrs. Irving Penn* gives herself a B12 shot at home.) . . . And bottled water is high on the help parade. For soothement, *Mrs. Gregory Peck* heads for Vichy water, *Mrs. René Bouché* for Evian, *Mrs. Frank Schiff* for the purity of the mountain spring water called Deer Park. A *Peripatetic Greek Charmer* (out of Brookline, Mass.) asks for a cocktail composed of Perrier water with a slice of lemon while the other guests are ordering drinks. . . .

Three pick-up manoeuvres ...and two fit women's lines on fitness

"Take ten minutes off on the floor covered with something warm, window slightly opened, cotton soaked with an astringent on your eyes. Seems to pick up the entire face. . . . If you get into the tub extremely tired, take a strong nail brush and start brushing slowly from the bottoms of the feet, up the legs, all over. Then submerge for a moment. You'll get out of the tub tingling. . . . If you feel your face drooping, leave the room for five minutes and pull it together." . . . The foregoing, further advice from the *International Élégante* (Mountain Valley water's her drink) whose indefatigable chic was cited in last issue's article. "Looking and feeling well is just as much a habit as looking and feeling badly. There must be perpetual maintenance of fitness so that, if your looks go wrong in an emergency, they will quickly slip back into their good habits." . . . In the same vein, "One has always to feel as well as one possibly can, to keep top standards of excellence in health. It takes sleep. It takes discipline. It takes exercise to keep muscle tone. Have you ever seen a woman over forty who looked seductive and who didn't have firm muscles, good health?" Speaking here, *Mrs. William Paley*, whose own good health and tone are splendidly apparent, pages 164-165. . . .

(MORE BEAUTY CHECKOUT, PAGE 106)



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or very short, never in between.
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from a whole Mexican
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The Beach Scene,

at all Lord & Taylor
stores

Robert Randall

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Above: the Fleetwood Eldorado. Below: the DeVille Convertible.

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on s.s. United States
to Europe

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Before another summer slips by let yourself go! Join the Unrushables as they sail to Europe on ss United States. For 5 glorious days you'll bask in sun, fun, luxury. And whether you play it lazy or lively you'll find serenity—the essence of life on the United States. *Right:* ready for the fun, Wragge's let-yourself-go suits. Tie one on—the imported cloque cotton. Top the bare back silk shift with short checked tunic.

Make bright waves

Isn't it time you had an affair with the sun? There's no better place than in the middle of the sun-bright Atlantic on ss United States. Stretch out in a deck chair and dream beautiful thoughts. You'll be surprised how easily they come. Or join the other Unrushables at play. Catch the sun in Wragge looks. *Left to right:* his sun-bared 2-piece silk in water colors; hot coral with cool back interest; a frosty white linen shift; tunic-topped navy pants for shuffle-board or deck walking



All B.H.Wragge "Let-yourself-go" clothes at: Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Rich's; John Wanamaker; Hutzler's; Neusteter's

...let yourself go!

with B.H. Wragge on s.s. United States

This is where the tempo quickens. On the fun-charged night beat. Let yourself go to the sound of Meyer Davis music. It will turn you on like nothing on land ever did. Order champagne every night. ss United States has the largest wine cellar afloat. And the prices are surprisingly low. *In action at right:* two Wragge charmers. The silk sea fan print makes the most of a tan; the happy-pink pantsuit "lets go" with a drift of pleats.

Night glow...Let

with B.H.

All B. H. Wragge "Let-yourself-go" clothes at: Harold; Sakowitz; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Vandever's; Burdine's; Kaufmann's; Gus Mayer, New Orleans and other fine stores listed on page 28.

yourself go!

Wragge on s.s. United States

Suddenly you'll discover the fun
being an Unrushable. It may be a
time. You'll be
on the United States. Let yourself go!

Let yourself go!



"Let Yourself Go" fashions shining on pages 22 to 27 at fine stores listed below. ss United States, playground of the Unrushables, sails to Europe every two weeks all summer long. Most 5-day crossings include a weekend.

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Asheville, N.C.	Carroll & Co.
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Atlantic City, N.J.	Eve Ernst
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Austin, Texas	Sara Gee
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Baton Rouge, La.	Goldring's
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WEST COAST	I. MAGNIN & CO. (all stores)

For star-billing— a little lace tent



HELMUT NEWTON

For summer evenings with, perhaps, a sprinkling of stars and dancing—a tenty little dress of white Venise lace in a leafy pattern, tinged with shadows of pink. Cut in slightly over the shoulders, with a round high neck—here, wearing a necklace of white beaded daisies. Dress by Olé Borden for Rembrandt, of cotton lace; about $125. Necklace by Cadoro. Michael Hic earrings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Sandals by Bernardo. Coiffure: Christophe of Carita, Paris.

Have your face dressed by Givenchy at these leading fashion stores:

Albany, N.Y. .....Flah's
Atlanta, Ga.
Rich's Downtown & Lenox Square
Bangor, Me. .....Cortell-Segal's
Bergen County, N. J. ....Bloomingdale's
Beverly Hills, Calif. ....I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass. .....Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass. .....Filene's
Brooklyn, N.Y. .....Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill. .....Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill. .....Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio .....Bonwit Teller
Cleveland, Ohio..The Halle Brothers Co.
Columbia, S.C...The James L. Tapp Co.
Dayton, Ohio .....Gidding-Jenny
Decatur, Ill. .....H. Post & Sons
Denver, Colo. .....May, D & F
Detroit, Mich. .....Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn. .....G. Fox & Co.
Las Vegas, Nev.
D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Madison, Wisc. .....The Perfume Shops
Manhasset, L. I. .....Bonwit Teller
Memphis, Tenn. ....The John Gerber Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind. .....Ball Stores
Nashville, Tenn.
Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Orleans, La. .....Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y. .....Bloomingdale's
New York, N.Y. .....Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y. .....Henri Bendel
New York, N.Y. .....Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill. .....Bonwit Teller
Oklahoma City, Okla. .....Rothschild's
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Bonwit Teller
Portland, Ore. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R. I.
The Shepard Company
Redlands, Calif.
The Highlander Shoppes
Rochester, N.Y. .....B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo. .....Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Bernardino, Calif.
The Highlander Shoppes
San Diego, Calif. ....Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif. ..I. Magnin & Co.
San Francisco, Calif. ..Livingston Bros.
San Luis Obispo, Calif.
Sinsheimer Bros.
Santa Ana, Calif. .....Bullock's
Seattle, Wash. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif. .....Bullock's
Short Hills, N. J. .....Bonwit Teller
Stockton, Calif. .....The Brown House
Syracuse, N.Y. .....Helmer's
Tulsa, Okla. .....Field's
Washington, D. C.
Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Washington, D. C.
Woodward & Lothrop
White Plains, N.Y. .....Bonwit Teller



Your Givenchy face looks great in public because of what you do in private.

It takes only seconds to touch up your make up in a restaurant—as long as you've done your groundwork at home.

Givenchy's formula for a beautiful young skin is a simple 3-step beauty plan: Moisturize, Color, Set.

It is built around a trio of totally new Givenchy cosmetics that (1) soften your skin, (2) color your face and (3) fix your make up.

The result, as you might suppose, is a younger, fresher look that *you* can forget about, but others can't.

Start with *Givenchy Moisturizer*—a nearly weightless concentrated liquid. Two discreet drops act as a beauty treatment—keep your face soft and dewy all day.

Next, *Givenchy Liquid Foundation*. All precious oils and subtle color. No water. No darkening, caking, or changing once it's on. Fashion-shaded, it's a "slipcover" for your skin.

Finally, *Porcelain Pads*. Thin, shell-shaped discs saturated with a secret "face-setting lotion". One pad, pressed lightly over your completed make up, produces a thin-as-china finish that's like gently enamelling your skin.

If you want to start out looking wonderful—and stay that way—it's easy. Before you take one step out of your house, take three in your bedroom.

Only one fashion designer can also dress your face—

GIVENCHY

Clothes, perfume and cosmetics by Givenchy.
Photographed at luncheon at Orsini's.

If Queen Isabella had known about Beau-Sure, the world would still be flat.

Who would look for greener fields with these flowers in bloom? Beau-Sure's exclusive print on Beaunit tricot of Monsanto Blue "C" nylon. In lilac or orange. Peignoir and gown (shown), S, M, L, $30; gown alone, $13. Waltz length peignoir and shift gown, P, S, M, L, $25; gown alone, $10. Baby doll, P, S, M, $9. BEAU-SURE® 411 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

Stern Bros., *New York;* Strawbridge & Clothier, *Philadelphia;* Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., *Buffalo;* Dunham's, *Trenton, Lawrence, Independence Mall.*

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL LUNCHEON INVITATIONS
YOU WILL RECEIVE THIS YEAR.

You are most cordially invited

by Abercrombie & Fitch

to a luncheon of tea sandwiches and coffee

to an exciting viewing of the

first Annual report on the American Woman.

To view exhibits of the American woman in

her leisure. And to view a fashion show of

leisure luxuries.

There is no charge. You will be the

luncheon guest of Abercrombie & Fitch.

TIME: 12:30 P.M.
DATES:
New York City: May 1 — May 2 — May 3
May 4 — May 5 — May 6
May 8 — May 9
— Second Floor
Chicago: May 12 — May 13 — May 15
May 16 — May 17 — Fourth Floor
San Francisco: May 22 — May 23 — May 24
May 25 — May 26
— Fourth Floor



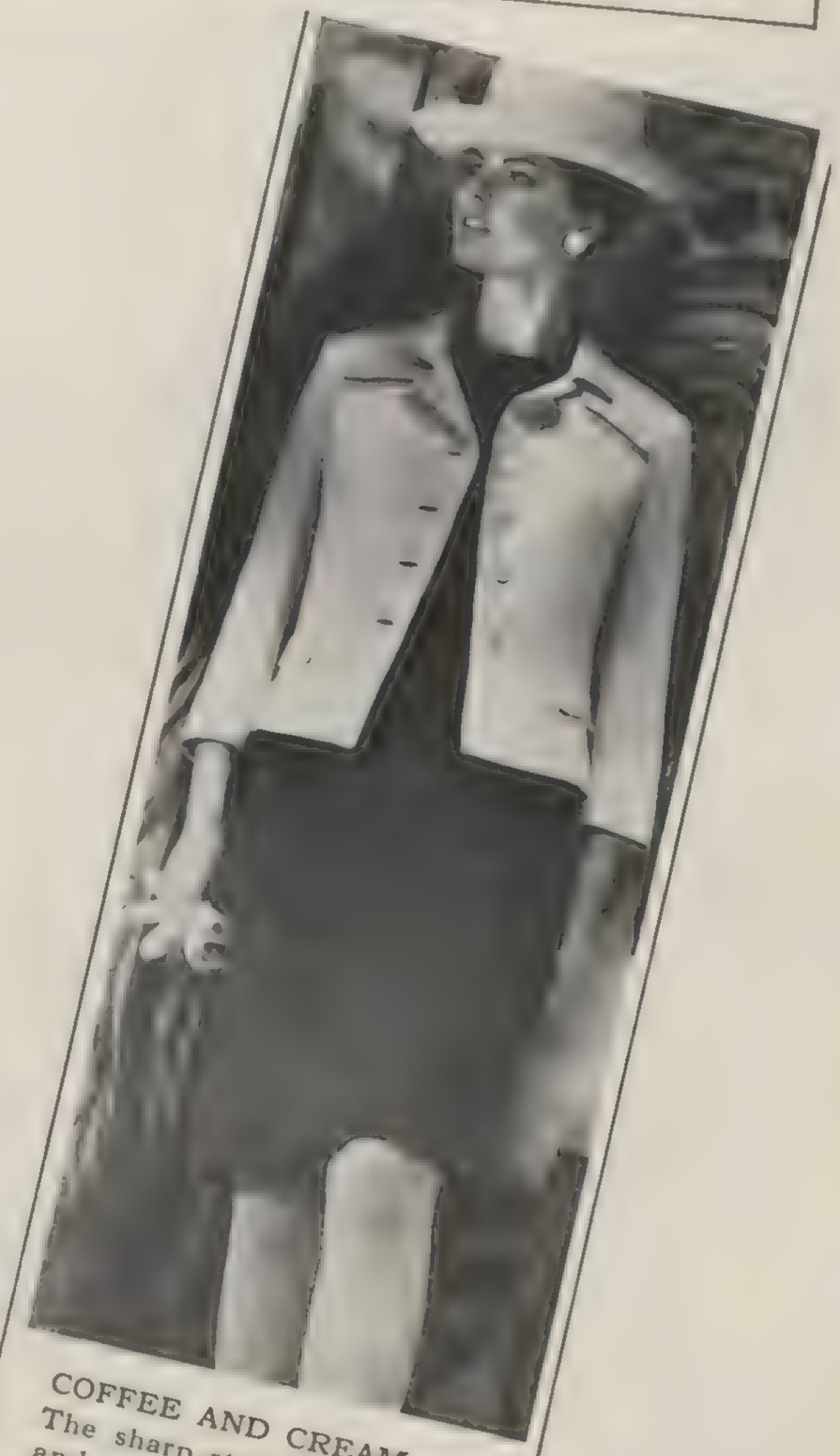
JOHN WEITZ DESIGNS
EXCLUSIVE BOUTIQUE SPORTSWEAR
Season One, a new Abercrombie & Fitch boutique, features an exclusive collection of sportswear and accessories designed by John Weitz. Free wheeling cotton ducks shown with a classic cotton shirt. Sandals and hat also from Season One Boutique. White ducks $25, blue shirt $15, 8 to 16.



FASHION INNOVATION – THE SAILING DRESS
New, a ship shape nylon oxford cloth sailing dress from Abercrombie & Fitch. Lightweight and waterproof, the collar flips into a yar hood. A seaworthy companion for young salts. Navy/white. S, M, L, $30.



THE PANT DRESS STORY
A great new fashion idea that's sweeping the country. Correct in Calcutta or a Country Club and a joy en route. The Abercrombie & Fitch version, a wrapped Dacron polyester jersey in zinging colors. Blue or orange, 8 to 14, $40.



COFFEE AND CREAM
The sharp staccato of brown and white emerges as Abercrombie's pours a fresh fashion brew. An iced coffee costume in cotton twill. The creamy jacket shelters an espresso brown sleeveless dress. 8 to 16, $80.



Jolie Madame

The most sophisticated perfume in all Paris

Long after other perfumes
have left the party,
'Jolie Madame'
is still going strong.

BALMAIN



Dresses by MAM'SELLE, a division of Puritan Fashions Corp. Where to buy? See next page.

Helena Rubinstein
presents a whole new kind of face-lighting
Lightworks™

Five make-up discoveries that move you into a new world of lights and gloss and brights.

Lipshine!
A never-before "Splitstick"—half gloss, half color. 6 shades to light up in.

Eyeshine!
Shadow and gloss in one. The effect, a delicate glimmer of color. 4 shades to turn on.

Vinyliner!
The shining new eyeliner. Built-in brush gets it on like liquid lightning.

Lashbrow!
Great new eyebrow make-up and great new mascara. One cake does it all!

Pat-a-Blush!
The new transparent liquid blush that lasts naturally all day long.



© 1967, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

LIGHTWORKS
exciting new
make-up
discoveries by
Helena Rubinstein
inspires the new
Mam'selle
dress collection

All available at these
and other fine stores
from coast to coast:

Alabama
Lovemans, Birmingham
Arizona
Diamonds, Phoenix
Leveys, Tucson
California
Gottschalks, Fresno
Bullocks, Los Angeles
J.W. Robinson, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills
H.C. Capwell, Oakland
Weinstock-Hale, Sacramento
The Emporium, San Francisco
Harts, San Jose
Bullocks, Santa Anna
Colorado
Denver Dry Goods, Denver
Florida
Furchgotts, Jacksonville
Iveys, Jacksonville
Maas Bros., St. Petersburg
Maas Bros., Tampa
Jordan Marsh, Miami
Georgia
Davidson Paxon, Atlanta
Illinois
Marshall Field, Chicago
Iowa
Younker Bros., Sioux City
Louisiana
D.H. Holmes, New Orleans
Michigan
Crowley Milner, Detroit
J.L. Hudson, Detroit
Jacobsons, Detroit
Missouri
Scruggs, Vandervoot, & Barney, St. Louis
New York
Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn
Arnold Constable, New York
Gimbels, New York
Franklin Simon, New York
Addis Company, Syracuse
North Carolina
Belks, Charlotte
Ohio
Halle Bros., Cleveland
Higbees, Cleveland
Rike Kumler, Dayton
Pennsylvania
Gimbels, Philadelphia
Texas
Titches, Dallas
Palais Royal, Houston
Utah
Auerbachs, Salt Lake City
Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City
Washington
Bon Marche, Seattle
Spokane Dry Goods, Spokane
Washington, D.C.
Garfinkels

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The beauty of the moment

The moment was a few hundred years ago. The place, Japan. The samurai were it. They were also *with* it, very much so. Liked to be and had to be. How did they maintain their with-it-ness? By arranging flowers, in the quiet of their castles, this being—like the equally necessary art of painting blossoms—the best way to get with one's senses. . . . Now, for this moment, the samurai of Avon have arranged flower-colours to get with your senses. Lipsticks and nail enamel in carnation-mauve, poppy-pink, noon-fired red, sunned peach. The wrappings of these in bold flower prints to further this moment's sensual message. Eight shades of petal-fresh pressed powder in utterly charming white cases with floral fabric insets. . . . A pretty sight, inside and out, to enjoy the moment one's Avon caller next comes to call. . . .

How not to grow old staying young

In a country branch of a savvy department store, where presumably a vest-pocket edition of the big shop must carefully edit to space the wanted items, a provocative row of bottles took our eye . . . and a lot of space. How did 2nd Début, a relatively new skin treatment, make this competitive scene with such splash? Possible answer: demand, then re-demand. By young women, medium-young women, and women to whom the word young is old. All, said the young woman behind the counter, because 2nd Début is a consummately *simple* program of youth-keeping. Just a few nightly drops meant to help smooth out suspect, or already-convicted, lines and age indicia. An ingredient the makers have chosen to call CEF, comes in two potencies. CEF 600, a moisturizing emulsion for the young. CEF 1200, for the face over 40, the deeper lines, the let's-see-results-with-dispatch type. Accomplices: liquid cleanser, and a body-and-hand lotion, CEF'd to help de-age, too. . . .

Brand new set ways

"Used it this morning at seven, hair was dry by eight, and even in this ugly weather is keeping the faith." . . . "Much easier." . . . "Hair-setting agents ordinarily leave my hair looking less than really clean. This one doesn't seem to gum it up." . . . Speaking: several young testers. Speaking of: Sheer Beauty, a hair-setting lotion by Helene Curtis. One of its sheer joys—it's aerosol. Sprays on in a fine, dripless, fast-drying mist which covers the hair evenly, settably; can be used for a dry re-set; could become, its admirers hold, as indispensable as hair spray. . . . "*Neat,*" is how one paneller summed it up.

(More Ready Beauty, page 90.)

Collector's Items
by Anne Fogarty

shown on opposite page
are available at these fine stores.
Collectors Fashions, Inc.
550 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 10018

LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK CITY
G. FOX CO., HARTFORD
JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON
HAHNE & CO., NEWARK
ADDIS CO., SYRACUSE
B. FORMAN, ROCHESTER
WM. HENGERER CO., BUFFALO

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport .....Sandra & Renee
Danbury .....John McLean
Darien .....Margo Moore
Fairfield .....The Fairfield Dept. Stores
Greenwich .....Polly Marsh
Madison .....Eleanor Knox
Meriden .....Weil's
Middletown .....R. W. Camp
Milford .....Jones Morgan
New Britain .....N. Birnbaum
New Canaan .....Cherida
New Haven .....Esther's
New London .....N. J. Gorra & Bros.
Norwich .....La France Shop
Rocky Hill The Carriage House Fashions
Waterbury .....Freedman's

MAINE
Bangor .....Rines Co.
Brunswick .....J. E. Davis Co.
Lewiston .....Des Jardins Furs
Portland .....Porteous, Mitchell & Braun
Yarmouth .....House of Stiles

MASSACHUSETTS
Belmont .....Town & Country
Brookline .....Ann Barron, Inc.
Cambridge .....Gertrude Singer
Chatham .....Town & Country Clothes
Falmouth .....Dee's of Falmouth
Gloucester .....Adasko's Fashion Shop
Hyannis .....P. M. Wilson Boutique
Lexington .....Village Matchmakers
Lowell .....House of Erwin
New Bedford .....Pat McKenna
Pittsfield .....Elise Farar
Salem .....Newmarks
Springfield .....Peerless Co.
Wellesley .....Triangle Shop
Worcester .....Ulian's

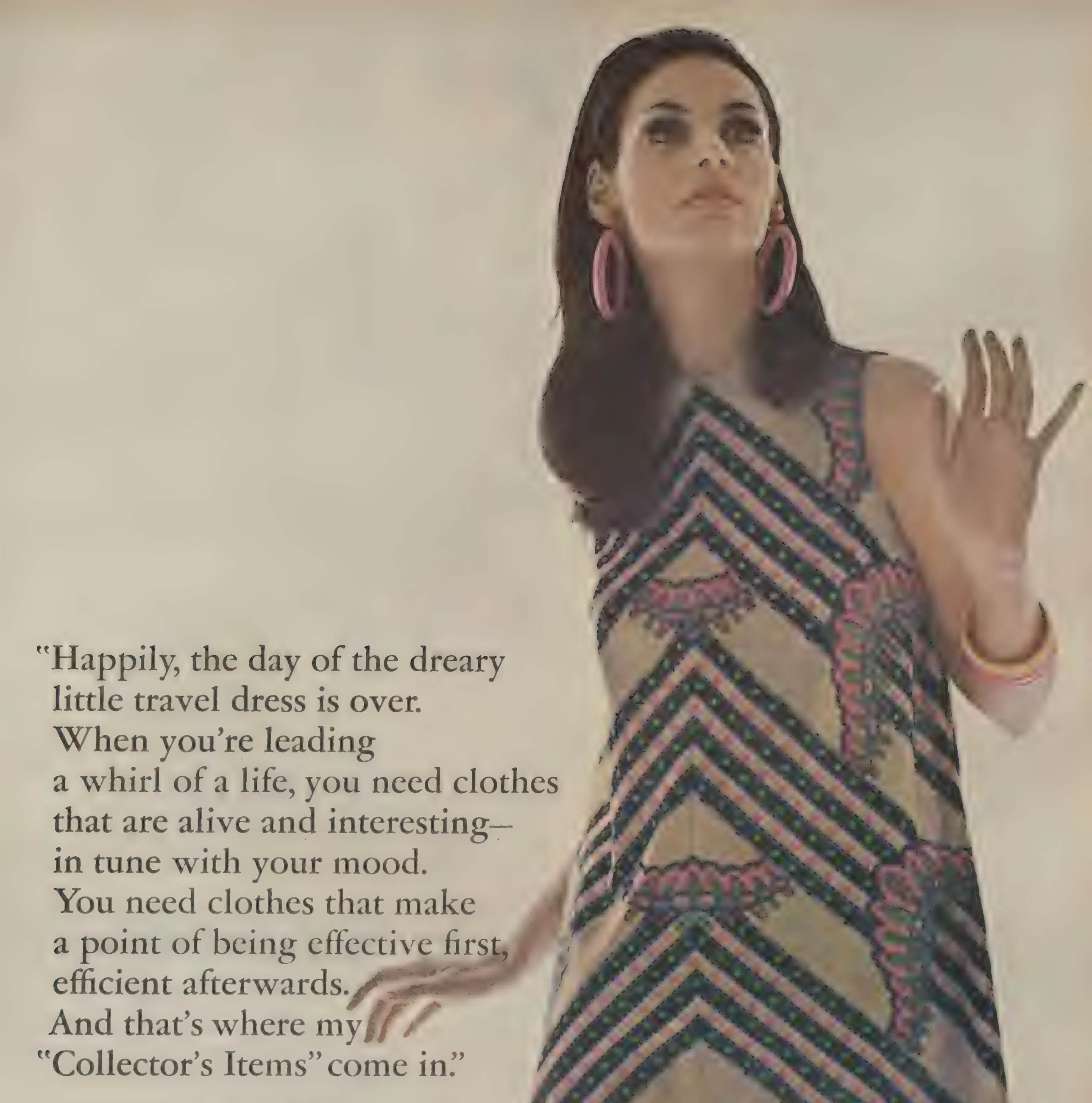
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Dover .....Virginia Lee Shoppe
Exeter .....Colony Shop
Hanover .....Town & Country Shop
Manchester .....Floyd's
Nashua .....Dod's
New London .....College Sport Shop

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park .....Dainty Apparel
Bayonne .....Mademoiselle
Beachwood .....Suzanne Fashions
Haddonfield .....Lillian Albus
Princeton .....Bellows
Ridgewood .....Jenny Banta
Plainfield .....Rothschilds
Summit .....Miss Nellie
Trenton .....Helen Griffith

NEW YORK
Albany .....Flah's
Binghamton .....Drazen's
Elmira .....Gorton Coy
Gloversville .....Evelyn Gibbons
Hamburg .....Guyettes
Hornell .....MacBrides
Ithaca .....Holley's
Jamestown .....Nord's
Middletown .....Kassel Bros.
Newburgh .....Travers, Inc.
Painted Post .....Mary Kirkland
Poughkeepsie .....Up-To-Date Co.
Schenectady .....Jo-An Co.
Troy .....Denby Stores
Utica .....Hurst's
Watertown
Noni Farmer's Town & Country Shop
Williamsville .....Village Tartan Shop

RHODE ISLAND
East Greenwich ....Country Clothes, Inc.
Newport .....Garzo's
Pawtucket .....Peerless Co.
Providence .....Peerless Co.
Wakefield .....Country Clothes, Inc.

VERMONT
Bennington .....Vogue & Vanity
Burlington .....Rae's Suburban
Montpelier .....Dower's Specialty Shop
Rutland .....The Fashion



"Happily, the day of the dreary
little travel dress is over.
When you're leading
a whirl of a life, you need clothes
that are alive and interesting—
in tune with your mood.
You need clothes that make
a point of being effective first,
efficient afterwards.
And that's where my
"Collector's Items" come in."

Anne Fogarty

Antron® nylon print in color shown. 4 to 14. $40*.
At stores listed on opposite page.
Collector's Fashions, Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., New York
®† DU PONT'S REG. TM FOR ITS NYLON. *SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

malcolm starr

BY ELINOR SIMMONS



NEW YORK PARIS ZURICH HONG KONG

The idea of the Glo-Glo Blusher Kit...a face to glow with every fashion

The Polished Face. Just sleek on our Liquid Foundation. For more gleam, use the Pearled Cream Blusher.
Great with sunglasses.

The Velvet Face. Same Foundation dusted with our Translucent Matte Finisher. Add velvety bloom with the brush-on half of the Blusher.

Glow gleamy . . . or glow velvety.
Only Coty puts a pearled cream and a brush-on powder in one kit.



Another new idea from

Coty Originals

the make-up collection introduced at the American Fashion Critics' Awards.

Blusher Kit 3.00. Other Coty Originals Change-makers 1.50-3.00. Eyelashes 6.00 and 8.50. At fine drug and department stores.

The Jeweled Face. Foundation highlighted with the Pearled Cream Blusher. Then pouf-on our Translucent Jeweled Finisher.





THE HONEY-BARES— ESTÉE LAUDER'S NEWEST, MEREST LITTLE COVER-UPS OF COLOR FOR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

Such soft-spoken little shimmers, such guileless little glosses—all innocent as a fresh new day. They're Estée Lauder's new Honey-Bare colors—pale, sun-warmed semi-transparencies that look just-born. For the lips, she's invented a sheer, shining, sun-through-clouds kind of sparkle you've never seen before. For the nails, she's given her nail enamel just enough see-through to make them look almost—naturally—bare, and just enough cover-up for a pretty gloss and gleam. They *stay* pretty too, because Estée Lauder's super-rich formula is as good for your nails as a rich cream is for your face. Wear any or all of the Honey-Bares and discover a new taste for honey.

LIPSTICKS	NAIL ENAMELS
Honeysparkle Rose	Honey Pink
Honeysparkle Peach	Honey Peach
Honeysparkle Ice	Honey Banana
Honeysparkle Blush	Honey Creme

Estée Lauder

©1967 ESTÉE LAUDER, INC. PHOTOGRAPH: SKREBNESKI

B Altman & Co



David Crystal's delightful tent will raise your stock wherever you go this Summer. This delicate imported combed cotton sateen, by Boussac of France, has multi-hued floral sprays on a tinted background of blue or green. 6 to 16. One from a collection. 30.00. Third floor sports dresses, Fifth Avenue and branch stores.

Sportswear

You'll enjoy Summer leisure...
when you know your money is hard at work for you. At Hayden, Stone we will help you plan an investment portfolio that reflects your own financial personality. There are 82 Hayden, Stone branches from coast to coast and throughout the world. Take your pick, they're all both friendly and professional.



Mr. Pants adds dash to this portfolio of golfing separates. Clover pink with blue stripes in an easy-care blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton . . . the "this minute" look of menswear. 8 to 16. Left: button down shirt. 8.00. Mini-skirt. 12.00. Right: fly front shorts. 12.00. Third floor sportswear, Fifth Avenue and branch stores.

Preferred!

How to Invest... Altman's and Hayden, Stone are presenting a series of special courses, conducted by I. Lawrence Brand, Registered Representative, designed to take the mystery out of investing. Each course consists of four 90-minute morning sessions, with breakfast. You'll find them fascinating. Write or phone B. Altman & Co., P.O. Box 16, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) MU 9-7000.

HAYDEN, STONE
INCORPORATED - ESTABLISHED 1892
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE



B Altman & Co

London Fog declares a dividend. Now, a great new golf jacket, made in the same tailored tradition as the widely acclaimed London Fog raincoat. Both are washable, water-resistant Dacron® polyester and cotton. Left: Lady Poole split shoulder raincoat. Yellow, pale blue or natural. 8 to 18 regular, 6 to 16 petite. 37.50 Right: Pemebrooke raglan sleeve jacket with button up collar, slightly full back. Bone, light blue or navy. 8 to 16. 19.00. Third floor sports coats and sportswear, Fifth Avenue and branch stores.

Sportswear

New friendliness awaits you . . . as a Hayden, Stone client you enjoy the skilled services of nearly three thousand people. Most important, your account executive is carefully screened, carefully trained and experienced. He has passed the New York Stock Exchange's exacting examinations in investment and brokerage procedures. He will help guide your financial program and take care of all the drudgery. What else are friends for?



White Stag's blue chip boating separates are great on land or sea. Left: double-pocketed pea coat. Lycra® spandex and cotton; white, 8 to 16. 25.00. Southampton pants. Fortrel® polyester and cotton; white or black, 8 to 16. 9.00. Crew neck, long sleeve tee shirt. Cotton; black and white, s-m-l. 5.00. Right: striped knit shirt. Arnel® triacetate, rayon and nylon; black and white, s-m-l. 12.00. Short shorts. Fortrel® polyester and cotton; white or black, 8 to 16. 6.00. Third floor sportswear, Fifth Avenue and branch stores.

Preferred!

Plan a carefree vacation... while your money stays on the job. Hayden, Stone's philosophy is one of complete dedication to the interests of clients and a commitment to excellence in advising and serving them. Please feel free to call on us for information and service.

HAYDEN, STONE
INCORPORATED – ESTABLISHED 1892
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE



This is the year of the paled-and-polished eye.
Quite possibly the prettiest look to be seen in now.

The new 'Ultima' II Patina Eyeshadows

A new series of 'eye-sheens'.
Pale-flowering pastels with a softly-buffed finish.
That brush on like powder and gleam like cream.

The enlightened eye turns now to the 'ULTIMA' II Patina Collection. The textures, in their own light, are an illuminating change: the most raffiné of powders, buffed to a fine *patina*. The new cast-of-color is sweet clarity itself. Rain-washed pink and lilac. Eye-lightening white. Cool green, blue, aqua. Unshadowy taupe. Grey without a trace of cobweb. Yellow flooded with sunlight. All designed for a soft, lustrous look-about-the-eyes. Beguiling as a glowy frame of mind.

from the 'Ultima' II
Couture Collection of Cosmetics

created by Revlon



Helga EXPECTS THE RED CARPET TREATMENT

And it's hers when she flies United. United planes are cool. Comfortable. Streamlined.

And its Red Carpet First Class Service makes Any Destination, USA just a magic carpet ride away.

Bonwit Teller—All Stores • Neiman-Marcus—Dallas • I. Magnin—All Stores



Helga arrives at her Fashion Destination with a travel-happy wardrobe chosen for cool comfort and elegant simplicity. She has a well-planned fashion itinerary that includes both Fibranne and Pure Silk.

Nan Duskin—Philadelphia • Julius Garfinckel—Washington, D. C. • Frost Bros.—San Antonio

Helga DESERVES THE RED CARPET TREATMENT

Helga's on the move and wants streamlined jetaway fashions that move with her. She plans her in-flight fashion schedule around the textured look of Fibranne and the light-as-air feeling of Jersey.

Montaldo's—All Stores • Sakowitz—Houston • J. P. Allen—Atlanta



United is also on the move—jets more people to more places more often than anybody.
And from take-off to arrival, luxury, comfort and convenience are a taken-for-granted thing on Red Carpet Flights.

Harzfeld's—Kansas City • Joseph Horne—Pittsburgh • Young-Quinlan—Minneapolis



Helga LOVES THE RED CARPET TREATMENT

Loves the personalized service she gets from the moment she makes her reservations. Friendly smiles.
Superb cuisine. Fine entertainment. Red Carpet lends a new esprit, a new sophistication to the friendly skies of United.

Wm. H. Block—Indianapolis Burdine's—Miami Jewett—Rochester



Helga loves the sophistication and this-minute styling of coat dresses. But she considers travel no mere flight of fancy. The crisp good looks of Cotton and the travel-ability of Fibranne are both part of her fashion esprit.

Iverson's—Tulsa • Henry Harris—Cincinnati • Zita—Milwaukee

All Helga fashions available at stores listed or write to: HELGA, 722 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, California. Helga fashions from $110. Sizes 8 to 16.



LOOKS THAT CLICK AROUND THE WORLD

Introducing the new *Kodak Instamatic*® S-10 Camera

Coming on loud and clear: summer's greatest travel combo...Donald Brooks' go-happy chic and the brilliant new *Kodak Instamatic* S-10 Camera. A tiny jewel of a camera, the S-10 can slip into your purse, pocket, or dangle from your wrist like a chic minaudière. It's designed to make whatever scene you do. *Below:* Checking into the Tunis Hilton, Donald Brooks' pale African violet raincoat. Note wide-angle buckle, about the size of S-10! *Right:* Clicking in the Medina of Tunis, his flash of green linen that's newly wrapped and tied. Being clicked, slim little S-10—so easy to use, a beginner can get beautiful results.





FROM KODAK: LOOKS THAT CLICK

wherever you go—Rome, Paris
or, as here, the Land of the Lotus
Eaters. Land of brilliant skies,
white sand beaches, ancient cultures.





Above: Donald Brooks' tangerine crepe and white linen linked via a great Tunisian bangle belt. Part of the scene: *Kodak Instamatic S-10* Camera, that loads instantly (no threading)—is quick into action (no settings). *Above right:* Prancing atop a Turkish bath—D. B.s' Arab-inspired striped silk print...Caftan-cut and belted high. *Far right:* A marabout's (holy man's) house, the Mediterranean, and Donald Brooks' green streak. *Lower right:* Dramatic 9th Century citadel in Monastir. *Next:* Panoramic view of Sidi Bou Said from the Turkish Coffee House. Second view of D. B.'s bicolor dress.











Still life in Tunis: anemones, a jeweled minaudière, and S-10. This tiny *Kodak Instamatic* Camera takes *exceptionally* sharp pictures — full-size color snapshots, beautiful color slides. And it uses flashcubes — four flash pictures without touching a bulb!

Donald Brooks Looks at: *Lord & Taylor; Bullock's-Wilshire; Montaldo's; Rich's; Jordan Marsh-Boston; Hudson's; Kaufmann's.*

For other fine stores, see page 60.

FROM KODAK: LOOKS THAT CLICK

Right: By the centuries-old Roman amphitheater in El Djem—a drift of orange on orange crepe, cross-draped to form a halter. *Below:* a slink of black jersey, chained in gold and slit up to there—all the better for dancing. Both part of the Donald Brooks' plan to help you keep your cool anywhere in the world. You never know whose picture you'll be in. Especially now that S-10's here.
Right: On the beach of Monastir, D.B.'s two-part, silk pantdress—the Lallah print as vivid as the Tunisian fishing boats.

Donald Brooks Looks at: *Joseph Magnin; Carson, Pirie, Scott; L. S. Ayres; Halle; Julius Garfinckel; D. H. Holmes; Meier & Frank.*
For other fine stores and more Kodak information, see page 60.







Above: The same scene taken with new *Kodak Instamatic* S-10 Camera. Note the sharpness, the vivid colors. Think of the pictures you could take with this slim, sleek little gem. (There's also an electric-eye model, the S-20. Both come in neat, complete outfits, with color film.)


Kodak
TRADEMARK

LOOKS THAT CLICK



Clicking above. And with chic shutterbugs everywhere. The shining new *Kodak Instamatic*® S-10 Camera, as seen on pages 54, 59, is available at your Kodak dealer's. Color outfits complete with flashcubes and film, less than $30. Deluxe Model S-20, with automatic electric eye, faster lens, less than $60. (Prices subject to change without notice.) The Donald Brooks' Looks making the same scene at fine stores listed below.

Cities	Stores
Albany, N.Y.	Flah's
Alexandria, La.	Weiss & Goldring
Annapolis, Md.	Diana Parker
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Atlantic City, N.J.	Needlecraft Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Stewart & Co.
Baton Rouge, La.	D. H. Holmes
Berkeley, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N.Y.	Mabel Danahy
Canoga Park, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Charlotte, N.C.	Montaldo's
Chicago, Ill.	Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros.
Columbus, Ohio	Montaldo's
Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
Des Moines, Iowa	Julia Lenobel
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson
Durham, N.C.	Montaldo's
Glendale Oaks, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Greensboro, N.C.	Montaldo's
Hayward, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Houston, Texas	Wolfman's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Knoxville, Tenn.	The Boutique
Lake Tahoe, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Las Vegas, Nev.	Joseph Magnin
Little Rock, Ark.	Lewie Watkins
Louisville, Ky.	H. P. Selman
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's-Wilshire
Lowell, Mass.	House of Erwin
Memphis, Tenn.	B. Lowenstein
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh
Michigan	Jacobson's Stores
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Hixon's
Modesto, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Mountain View, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Nashville, Tenn.	Grace's
New Haven, Conn.	Esther's
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes
New York, N.Y.	Lord & Taylor
Oakland, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Palo Alto, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Philadelphia, Pa.	Nan Duskin
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Portland, Oregon	Meier & Frank
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	Flah's
Reno, Nev.	Joseph Magnin
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
Rochester, N.Y.	B. Forman
Sacramento, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's
San Francisco, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
San Jose, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
San Mateo, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Santa Rosa, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Savannah, Ga.	Fine's
Scranton, Pa.	Timely Styles
Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marche
Sherman Oaks, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Shreveport, La.	Selber Bros.
Spokane, Wash.	Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo.	Montaldo's
Syracuse, N.Y.	Mia Boutique
Tacoma, Wash.	Bon Marche
Toledo, Ohio	Lamson Bros.
Torrance, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Ventura, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Walnut Creek, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Washington, D.C.	Julius Garfinckel
Winnetka, Ill.	Frances Heffernan
Winston-Salem, N.C.	Montaldo's
Worcester, Mass.	Ullian's

Permanent Pressing

Following is a list of additional shops where all the Ginori permanently pressed fashions may be found.

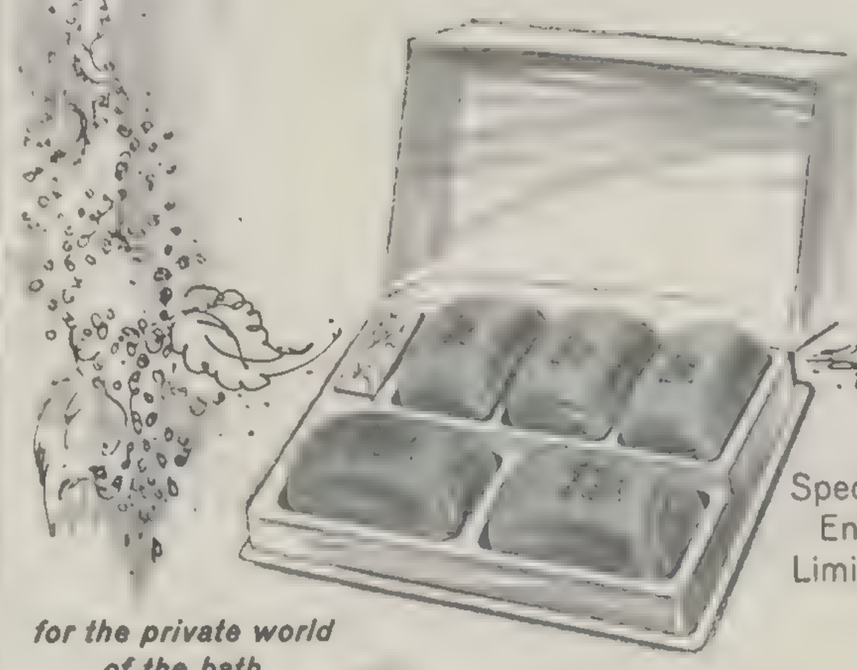
Davenport, Iowa.....Wm. Mundy
Denver, Colo. .....Neusteters
Grand Rapids, Mich. .....Doody's
Honolulu, Hawaii .....Carol & Mary
Miami, Fla. .....Babs
Minneapolis, Minn. .....J. W. Heller
New Canaan, Conn. .....The Gallery Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.....Nan Duskin
Rochester, N. Y.....B. Forman
Rockville Center, N. Y. .....Jane Harman
South Bend, Ind.....Milady Shop
Syracuse, N. Y.....The Addis Co.
Tyler, Tex. .....Paulyne
Wichita, Kan. .....Lewin's

DON'T MISS **VOGUE** FOR JUNE

what it takes
to be in FASHION
and in BEAUTY
THIS SUMMER

NEW SECRETS
•
NEW TECHNIQUES
•
A FRESH POINT OF VIEW ABOUT
NUTRITION: STRAIGHT FACTS
FROM A FAMOUS DOCTOR

luxurious



Special Soap
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Limited Offer

for the private world of the bath

French Lilac *from the house of* Wrisley

Bath Soap and Powder Spray and Splash Cologne
Metered Perfume and Bath Oil: To Five Dollars

*Coif*ASHIONS®
Wigs & Hairpieces in
COIFFURES AMERICANA® BEAUTY SALONS in these leading department and specialty stores:

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Bergdorf Goodman
AKRON, OHIO	O'Neil's Downtown, & Summit Mall, & Chapel Hill
ATLANTA, GA.	Davison's Downtown, Columbia Mall, Lenox Square
AURORA, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.	Hochschild, Kohn Downtown, Belvedere, Eastpoint, Edmondson, Harundale
BATON ROUGE, LA.	D. H. Holmes
BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.	Haggarty's
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	Burger-Phillips
BOSTON, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	Stone & Thomas
CHICAGO, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co. State St., Evergreen Park, Hillside, Randhurst, Edens Plaza, Wilmette
CINCINNATI, OHIO	Shillito's
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Higbee's Downtown, Severance, Westgate
COLUMBUS, OHIO	Lazarus
DENVER, COLO.	The Denver Dry Goods Co. Downtown & Lakeside
DETROIT, MICH.	Hudson's Downtown, Dearborn, Lincoln Park, Eastland, Northland, Westland
EL PASO, TEX.	Popular Downtown & Bassett Ctr., Northgate
ELYRIA, OHIO	Higbee's
ERIE, PA.	Boston Store
EVANSVILLE, IND.	de Jong's Downtown & Lawndale
GREELEY, COLO.	The Denver Dry Goods Co.
GREENVILLE, S. CAR.	Meyers-Arnold
HAMMOND, IND.	Carson Pirie Scott
HAYWARD, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
HONOLULU, HAWAII	Liberty House Downtown, Waialea, Kailua, Ala Moana
HOUSTON, TEX.	Battlestein's River Oaks & Sharpstown
KING OF PRUSSIA, PA.	John Wanamaker
LEXINGTON, KY.	Embry's
MALDEN, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
MIAMI, FLA.	Jordan Marsh
MILWAUKEE, WISC.	Boston Store Bay Shore & Downtown
MOBILE, ALA.	Hammel's
MOORESTOWN, N.J.	John Wanamaker
MORRISTOWN, N.J.	M. Epstein
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
NEW HAVEN, CONN.	The Edw. Malley Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	D. H. Holmes Downtown, Metairie & Gretna
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.	Miller & Rhoads
OAKLAND, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
ORLANDO, FLA.	Jordan Marsh
PALO ALTO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin Stanford Shopping Ctr.
PASADENA, CAL.	Haggarty's
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	John Wanamaker Downtown, Jenkintown, Wynnewood
PORTLAND, ORE.	Best's Apparel Lloyd Center
PROVIDENCE, R.I.	Shepard
RENO, NEV.	Joseph Magnin
RICHMOND, VA.	Miller & Rhoads Downtown, Willow Lawn Shopping Ctr.
ROANOKE, VA.	Miller & Rhoads Downtown, Salem Plaza
ROCHESTER, N.Y.	Sibley's Downtown, Irondequoit, Newark, Southtown, Eastway, Greece
SACRAMENTO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin Downtown & Country Club
ST. LOUIS, MO.	Famous Barr Downtown, Clayton, Northland, South County, Southtown, St. Ann
ST. PAUL, MINN.	Field Schlick Downtown, Har Mar Mall
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.	Maas Brothers
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	Auerbach's
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.	Joske's of Texas Downtown & North Star Shopping Center
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin Downtown & Stonestown
SAN JOSE, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SAN MATEO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SANTA ROSA, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
STOW, OHIO	O'Neil's
SYRACUSE, N.Y.	Flah & Co. (Shoppingtown)
TAMPA, FLA.	Maas Brothers Downtown & West Shore Plaza
TOLEDO, OHIO	Lamson's Downtown, Colony, Maumee
TUCSON, ARIZ.	Steinfeld's
TULSA, OKLA.	Vandever's Utica Square
URBANA, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.	Miller & Rhoads
WALTHAM, MASS.	Grover Cronin
WHEELING, W. VA.	Stone & Thomas
WILMINGTON, DEL.	John Wanamaker
WORCESTER, MASS.	Denholms
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO	Strouss'

Also in Beauty Salons in other leading stores.

WIGS



by CoifASHIONS®
NATURALly!

Naturally comfortable fitting! *Naturally* smart styling!
These are the fashion extras you get with a human-hair wig or hairpiece,
custom designed by our Coiffures Americana Beauty Salon experts. Prices?
Sensible, and they include the superb fitting and styling, plus wig form and carrying
case. This Summer, be fashion-ready, fashion-right, day or night. Then—for all seasons—
we'll keep your CoifASHIONS wig or hairpiece beautiful with the finest of wig services.
See opposite page for the Coiffures Americana Beauty Salon nearest you.

Wigs & Hairpieces from

Coiffures Americana® Beauty Salons



Adelaar takes the position that summer separates ought to be crisp, cool and colorful. Like these. Voile blouse of 65% Dacron polyester and 35% cotton. **in orange, yellow, blue and bone, with white embroidery. $14. In twill of 65% Dacron polyester and 35% cotton: pants, $14.,** bush jacket, $16., Bermuda shorts, $12., overblouse, $12., slim skirt, $10. All in white, bone, blue, orange and yellow, to mix and match. Sizes 10 to 18. At fine stores everywhere. For store nearest you, please write to Adelaar Inc., 525 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10018.

Evyan

"Splash"



The "White Shoulders" Body Lotion

To Delight – To Luxuriate

from Top to Toe –

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THE INNOCENCE OF COTTON

as expressed by Ben Reig

The baby-doll dress. More doll than baby. Ben Reig curved it. Flounced it. Gave it the kind of naive fussiness that children adore openly, grown-ups secretly. To be really baby-doll—pure white and light—it had to be cotton. Act your age? Who says? Wear it and be a little girl again. *National Cotton Council, Box 12285, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.*

LISA MERIL: THE ROMANTIC LOOK FOR THE MODERN WOMAN







LISA MERIL

NEW YORK



At all fine stores or write LISA MERIL INC., 491 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018



MOYGASHEL Linen of Irish Heritage. Shannon Rodgers belts and bows it for Jerry Silverman.

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If you can't beat'em, join'em.

The only way to fight beautiful blonde hair is with beautiful blonde hair. And beautiful blonde hair is usually Clairol® Creme Toner* blonde.

The great blondes have always been Clairol Creme Toner blondes. Because only Creme Toner has 32 pale delicate shades to choose from. Nothing else comes close—as your hairdresser will tell you. And Creme Toner color lasts.

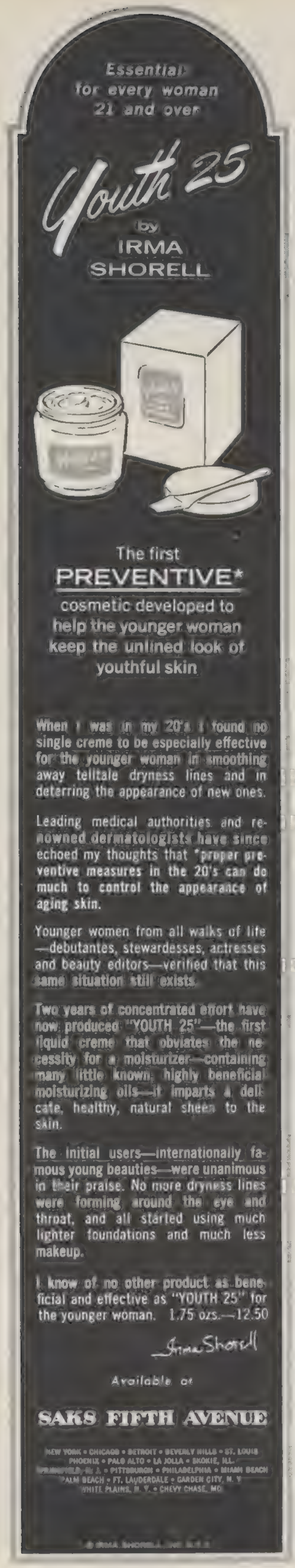
Here our great blonde has lightened her hair and toned it with Creme Toner's Champagne Beige*. She's also wearing Clairol lip color and make-up just for blondes.

The next time a beautiful blonde gets attention you want, don't mutter: "What's she got?"

Get some.

The Clairol Creme Toner Blondes





VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Perfume with a big idea

As good mystique computers know, the best way to get into one's perfume dress is to spray it on. Fractionize it. Make the tiniest possible divisions of droplets for the largest effect, the multiplication of precious scent. Purse-sized atomizers have been doing just this, their inspired convenience long now a matter of fragrant record. . . . And then the parfumeurs began to say what about stay-at-home atomizers. Madame Hélène Rochas was one who said what about, and proceeded to answer the question. Made up in a limited edition, as her personal present to friends, a refillable perfume atomizer (*pure* perfume, mind you, not cologne) large enough and attractive enough to take a permanent place on the dressing table, thereon to hold the prized Rochas fragrances. Femme and Madame Rochas. Idea went over so big that the Rochas firm soon put them in production for European clients and now, fortunately, for U.S.A. Rochas addicts. . . . Should the tapestried container seem to invite overindulgence, be comforted by the measured spray. A whiff divided prudently conquers longer. . . .

The massage is the medium

Passivity is out—if ever it was in. What with all the new media, participation is the real-whirl way. And DuBarry is participating with a new you-participate-too cream in the Paradox complexion improvement system. Involves action. Because creams, however remarkable, need a helping hand. The hands DuBarry proposes are yours, the instructions on how hands can help, DuBarry's. Professional facial massage directions and diagrams accompany DuBarry's Paradox Salon Crème, a night emollient-lubricator with great body and an on-purpose hold-on way that makes it a perfect agent for a five-minute massage of the face and throat before it disappears into the skin for a while-you-sleep improvement program. . . . Another new Paradox complexion aid: a slim, seizable eye-cream stick to keep the eye region well-ordered, "expression lines" less expressive of the years they've expressed themselves in. . . . A good image—of you—should come through. Not paradoxically. (More Ready Beauty, page 90.)



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Please allow 6 weeks for change to take effect.

If you are over 30...

Don't let your figure say so!



Photo/John Meredith

Does your figure broadcast your age? Like a waistline or tummy that has "stretched out of shape?" When you are over 30, lax unexercised muscles are often the cause. But, you say, "hard work exercise is not for me." Good! Take heart. Now there's a luxurious NO-work way to exercise and reduce the size of these figure areas.

Relax-A-cizor's effortless exercise tones the muscles of your waist and tummy, hips and thighs while you REST . . . at home! Firms, tightens . . . makes those muscles "hold you in" more — without a whit of work. Use it for as little as ½ hour a day!

No weight loss! Relax-A-cizor is different. Completely different!

Ideal for the slender woman, too. The woman who doesn't want to lose weight . . . yet wants to reduce the size of her waistline and tummy.

Here's how it works! Many women lack good muscle tone because they don't get enough exercise. Relax-A-cizor gives effortless, concentrated exercise to such figure areas as hips, waistline, abdomen and thighs. Regular use causes these areas to reduce in size measurably to the extent these muscles lack tone because of insufficient exercise. And the less the muscle tone the greater the degree of size reduction.

FREE! Find out more about this luxurious way to exercise while you rest . . . and what it can do for YOU. Send coupon today for your free copy of "Your Figure" by Burton Skiles. No cost. No obligation.



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ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

ZIP_____ PHONE_____

☐ I am under 18. ☐ I am over 18.

705



ROME BROWN:
a color to see and be seen in

B. Altman & Co., New York; Bramson, Chicago; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Frost Bros., San Antonio



CHARLES COOPER FOR COOPER COUTURE

sees fashion this way: a flight of beautiful, beautiful color—Rome Brown—in the kind of beautiful clothes that can fly to Italy via the luxury of **ALITALIA.** The collection, in sizes 6 to 14, from $90.00, available at every store listed on these four pages.

Hats by Emme.

Montaldo's, All Stores; Burdine's, Miami; Harold's, Minneapolis; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle



ROME BROWN:
a color to see and be seen in

Sara Fredericks, Boston; Liberty House, Honolulu; Esther Wolf, Houston; Kreeger's, New Orleans; John Hogan, San Diego, La Jolla



CHARLES COOPER FOR COOPER COUTURE

designs this travel collection in an extraordinary, unwiltable, indefatigable fabric: **Pomezia Italian Cotton.** The collection, in sizes 6 to 14, from $90.00, available at every store listed on these four pages.

Hats by Emme.

H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis; May Co., Wilshire, Los Angeles; Balliet's, Oklahoma City; Miss Jackson's, Tulsa; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington

take
him
completely
by
surprise...

Ambush
perfume by

Dana





PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Pop art or permanent art? Your eye soon learns to distinguish between the passing passions and the Picassos. You'll want to buy those works whose value will endure.
Stroke of genius. Start your fashion collection with Rona's collectable, delectable version of the double-breasted white suit. Sculpted in line, sharp in detail, this ensemble is equally superb for opening night at the gallery or a Broadway show.
Investment particulars. Lean dress and long jacket in lightweight ottaman, Arnel® triacetate and cotton blend. Sizes 6 to 16, about $50 at America's good stores. Or write Rona, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York. **RONA**



No wonder redheads are supposed to be so temperamental.
No one ever made up to them before.

Clothes, colors, *cosmetics* all *seem* to be for blondes and brunettes. But just you wait (if you can) till your next visit to the cosmetic counter. You'll find Clairol Make-Up for Redheads! Created to give you the ideal, perfect complexion color for redheads.

It's the one complexion color that really makes things happen for redheads. Describe it? Well, how do you describe Devonshire cream or a gardenia petal?

To give you the ideal look, Clairol created nine color-correcting make-up shades. Not to *mask* your own skin tone but to *combine* with it. And your shade will give you The Look. That luscious, flawless creamy face is *yours!*

Remember when you used to be teased about being a redhead? Well now you can forget it.



Clairol® Make-Up for Redheads

P. S. There is Clairol Make-Up for Brunettes, for Brownettes, and for Blondes, too. But that's another look entirely.

© CLAIROL INC. 1966

Flight Gear:

Packable Arnel travel robes that go in the grand manner.



EVE STILLMAN flies off into the wild blue yonder in a dashing mini-robe with matching shorts. Of course, it checks out wrinkle-less. That's Arnel's way of doing things. Surah of Arnel triacetate. P, S, M, L. About $18. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Shillito's, Cincinnati.

LORI TILL zooms away in a floor length toga with matching nightgown. It's Arnel, washable and needs little or no ironing. Jersey of Arnel triacetate. 8-16. Orange/white, blue/green. About $20. At B. Altman & Co., New York; L. L. Berger, Buffalo; Cherry & Webb, Providence; Hudson's, Detroit; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

Celanese® Arnel®

GIGETTE prepares to take-off in this skimp of a kimona. Arnel keeps it bright-eyed and machine washable. Crepe of Arnel triacetate. 6-16. Floral print. About $21. At Bonwit Teller, New York and all stores; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

FLOBERT soars from here to the wilds and back with this zippy culotte and feels right at home all the way. That's the comfort of Arnel. Crepon of Arnel triacetate. Yellow, blue, orange, hot pink. 8-18. About $25.00. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; John Gerber, Memphis; Hudson's, Detroit; Gus Mayer—all stores; Robinson's, Los Angeles.

CELANESE ARNEL
THE LUXURY FIBER
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

She just stroked away ten years!

Dark circles, murky shadows.
Banished with the flick of a finger!
Are you younger?
Of course not.
You just look younger.
Prettier.
Happier.
Alive.
Gone is the stigma of care and years.
Eyes are brighter.
Bigger, too.
It took so little to do so much.
So little to put time in its place.
So little **Powers Crème de la Crème!**

Powers Crème de la Crème
ILLUSION OF BEAUTY MAKEUP

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES © JOHN ROBERT POWERS PRODUCTS CO., INC., 1965



The dazzling joy of nature in the summertime
is caught forever in the diamond jewel.

You'll never weary of the diamond's magic,

for its beauty doesn't change with passing fashion.



Butterfly pin, about $2600; bee pin, about $580; lovebirds pin, about $2400;
ring, about $400; leaf pin, about $17,000; bracelet, about $5400. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

DuBarry introduces the System of Applied Light:

For the lighted skin. Think in terms of light and shade. It's all wrapped up in DuBarry's Glissando Contouring Kit. Start with a smooth foundation base all over. Highlight on bones. Shadow in hollows. Then just blend.









For the lighted mouth. A marvelous Lip Lighting Stick of self-blending color on color. Glissando. Does more for your mouth than lipstick ever could, because it doesn't just color. It lights.



The power of light to draw the eye to...or away. To make bigger or smaller. To flatten down or curve up. To smooth out. To dim or intensify. To soften or define. To glow and glisten and shimmer. Light. DuBarry captures and controls it. Light has always been a matter of chance...where you happen to be, how the light happens to fall, or the shadow of a brimming hat. Now you carry your own best light with you.

DuBarry calls it Glissando. The System of Applied Light. It will light your face in no more time than it does to color it...which is all you have been doing, all cosmetics have been able to do, until now. Until Glissando.

© DuBarry 1967

Glissando. It is the next face.

For the lighted eye. Color twined with color, for glow and smoulder in a stick. Glissando Eye Lighting Sticks are extra creamy, to smooth evenly on brow bone and lid. Powder over if you like a matte finish.





Face Lights. The first light compressed into powder. For polishing, dusting, blossoming, blooming. Adds sparkle wherever it goes. And you won't go anywhere without it.



DuBarry. Inventor of beauty systems.



THE UN-ASCETIC SANDAL



When you get down to the basics in sandals, you get pretty close to what a 15th century monk wore around the monastery.

Bernardo says even the sandal that's basic enough to be right with bathing suits, party pyjamas and everything in between, doesn't have to be a bore.

These bright shining discs, more at home on the moon than in a monastery, are Bernardo's "Moon Sandals" designed for 20th century people by Eva Sonnino. From a Bernardo sandal collection, 10.00 to 50.00 at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Marshall Field, Chicago; Burdine's, Florida; Sakowitz, Houston; Bullock's, Westwood; Best's Apparel, Seattle; or write Bernardo, 17 East 22 Street, N.Y.

BERNARDO

The Great Look. The Great Leg.

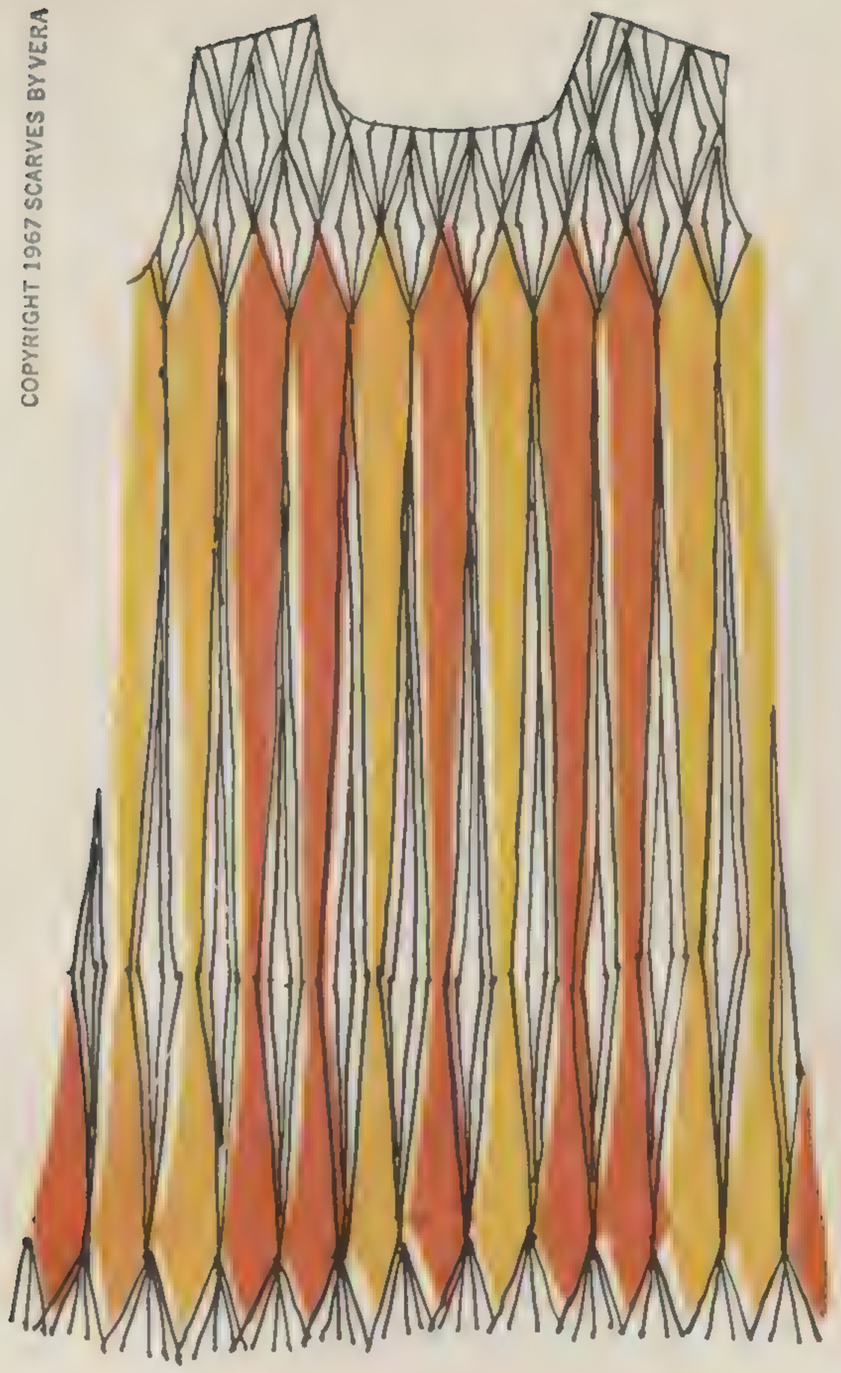
The Hanes leg in pale new
sea tones. Sea Oat. Mallow. Dusty
Miller. Heather. Come get your
sea legs. Sheer and misty.
Splurge on your stockings.
Half of you is leg.

Great legs deserve Hanes
others need them.



Vera paints Hoorays

COPYRIGHT 1967 SCARVES BY VERA







Give us a V

Give us an E

Give us an R

Give us an A

Hooray for Vera: painter, designer and instigator of Hoorays. A Hooray is something that whenever you wear it people say "Hooray, the sun just came out." (Whether it really did or not.) Yes, a Hooray is the unique way Vera sees sunshine. Now isn't it about time that you spread a little cheer? Just slip into a Hooray shift in sizes 8 to 16 from $18 to $23. Or a 24" Hooray scarf. Hooray! They're all cotton. Hooray! They're in all Vera colors (ladybugs, stand up and be counted). Hooray! The sun just came out at Bloomingdale's, New York (all branches); J. L. Hudson, Detroit; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati; Filene's, Boston; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; and D. H. Holmes, New Orleans. Prices slightly higher in the West. *Tops, pants, shifts, scarves, linens and more by Vera®*

THE VERA GALLERY

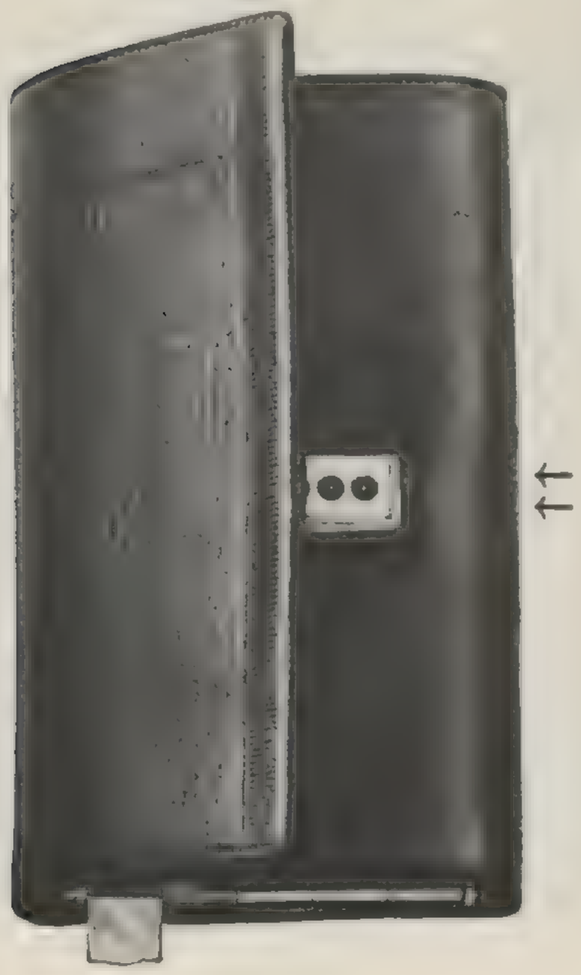
417 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016





and signs one just for you

Rolfs Key Kaddy
is guaranteed
to come apart



just when you want it to



Each key springs out separately, as you need it. Springs back just as easily. Rolfs Key Kaddy stays safely locked with **Snap Happy**...Rolfs' exclusive 4-step adjustable closure. In a wide range of elegant leathers and colors. Five and eight hook styles for men and women from **$3.50**

Also available in Canada.
Rolfs. West Bend, Wisconsin.
Also creators of Amity Leather Accessories.

insist on Rolfs.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Oh, those singing turtles . . .

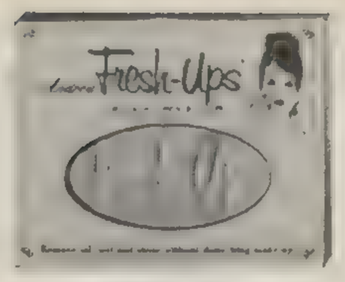
Turtle notes. . . . The turtle whose voice is heard in our land in the spring is a turtledove. . . . Another turtle-shaker, Aelian, a 3rd-century Roman, wrote, "The spells of the tortoise in loving mood are by no means songs, but a mysterious herb with which tortoises adorn themselves to impassion their fellows." . . . And a new turtle-shaker is a pink foam, Oil of the Turtle, whipped up by Polly Bergen, who does a bit of singing herself. To sing about here, Miss Bergen has not only the lovely crunchy texture of her turtle-oil skin softener, but a way of applying it anything but turtle-paced. Pouff goes the plunger, out gurgles the pastel formula, soft goes the skin, to waste goes nothing. "I found that on my arms and legs Oil of the Turtle lasted longer than any softener I'd been using, and it's spillproof," said a correspondent. She also found it good sun protection. Which is what fair-skinned Miss Bergen originally planned it for. . . .

For life's too shiny moments

There is a difference—the difference between the shining quality of a skin in cared-for perfection . . . and the shine *quantity* of a skin whose oil glands have been much too generous with their largesse. To show the gleam of a skin in poise, transparent face powders let through the look of what's below. Counter-Shine, Max Factor's Ultra-Lucent pressed powder, comes welcomed in one step further along the route, seems to absorb the oil which is a touch beyond what gleam one wishes, the excess oil that ordinarily devours powder. Noses and centre panels of even normal and dry skins will probably find Counter-Shine a handy touch-up. Well-oiled faces will find Counter-Shine so appetizing all over they'd like to eat it up; but that's the point; they can't. . . .

Suggestion for a fantasy bath

Petrarch, that worldly Fourteenth Century poet who was anything but indifferent to magical aura, thought it a heady thing to look out his window onto the great harbour of Venice. All hours of day and night towering clouds of ships came and went with fantastic treasures, Ethiopian civet, Indian sandalwood, other wondrous essences blended by Lancôme now into the delicate mystery called Magie. A compound of classic rarities, overtoned with jasmine and lily of the valley, Magie evokes centuries of the perfumer's alchemy. Now it's working at bath alchemy, too. Lancôme has laced the extract of Magie into a bath oil to soften and smooth your skin, scent you to whatever fantasies you will, including floating in Petrarch's Venice six hundred years ago. . . .



Andrea Fresh-Ups
DRY FACIAL BLOTTERS

250 Fresh-Ups in attractive purse case: $1.00

Available At The Cosmetic Or Drug Counter Of These Fine Stores:

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J. M. McDonald (San Jose)
City of Paris
CONN: G. Fox
Davidson & Leventhal
DEL: Kennard, Pyle
D. C.: Frank R. Jelleff
Hechts
FLA: Burdine's
Ivey's (Jacksonville)
ILL: Klemm's
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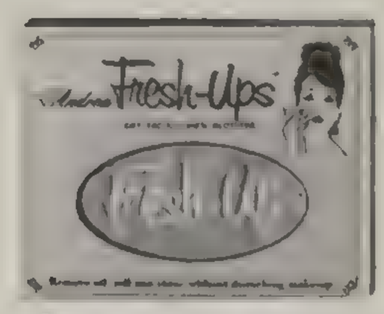
HAL YAEGER

THE CLEAR FRESH FACE OF FASHION



A
FACE
THIS COOL,

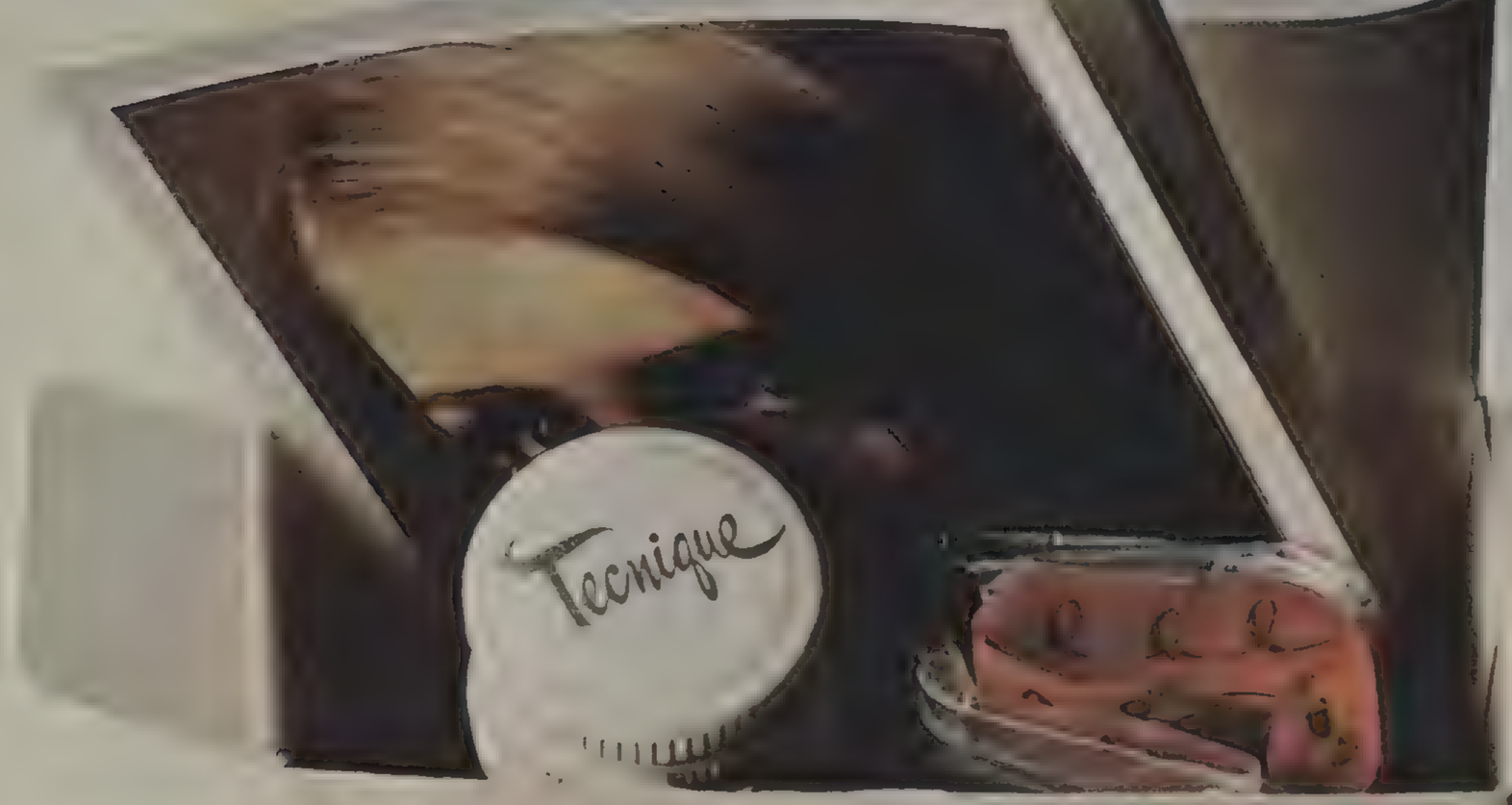
a face this fresh...
achieved in an instant...via a
marvelous new makeup help:
a delicate paper-thin pressing of linen called Fresh-Ups.
Touch a Fresh-Ups to your face anytime, any place...oily shine disappears...
foundation and makeup stay beautifully intact!
The face that looks fresh is the face that uses Fresh-Ups.



Andrea Fresh-Ups™
DRY FACIAL BLOTTERS

You'll find Fresh-Ups at the stores listed left.

The be-yourself kit.



SHULTON, TECNIQUE DIVISION

You want to cover the gray. Without changing your natural hair color.

You want to liven up your own shade. Bring out the highlights. Without changing your natural hair color.

Or maybe you've found that being a blonde isn't fun anymore. You want to get rid of that brassy look–get back to your natural hair color.

You want to do it with the ease of a shampoo.

Now you can.

The art nouveau print in crepe d'Ate, the wonderful new mesh-textured weave, inspires a pair for the patio, designed by Dorothy Cox. Left: The shift with cowl neck. Right: Bestuffed empire with grosgrain belt. Both in deep tones of pink/yellow and green/pink, sizes 8 to 18, about $40.

In The Tanner Manner

IF YOU HAVE TO POWDER YOUR NOSE A LOT, TRY CORN SILK

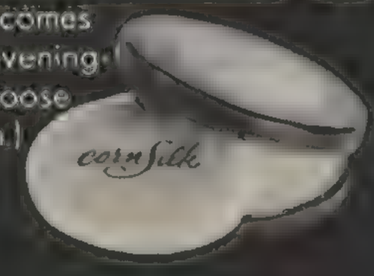


It's an amazing discovery—the first face powder made from corn.

It gives you a no-shine nose for hours because it absorbs excess oil. Yet it holds delicate moisture and never looks powdery.

It's perfect for every complexion tone because it adds no color to your face. You feel as innocent of make-up as you look. From Shulton Cosmetics.

(Corn Silk pressed powder comes in both tailored-tortoise and evening-gold compacts. Try Corn Silk loose powder, and liquid foundation.)



The Queen of the May Pretties

Come spring flower. Be Queen of the May, if you wish. You can, you know, in any one of the woven-forever fabrics from Registered. Crepe Remarque®. Blendaire®. Tafredda®. Satin de Lys®. And more. All blossoms and breezes. And blue skies they are. In colors that could make a daffodil daydream.

That's why the very nicest manufacturers choose them. Wash them at will and worry not. Registered fabrics go on and on and on. Like sunshine. Like spring. Like boys and girls forever. Oh my, isn't Registered romantic?

When you shop for pretties, look for the Registered tag. At any fine store.

REGISTERED FABRICS CORP.
475 Fifth Avenue, New York City 17



Spray, spray, spray Pantene spray to your hair's content. All you can do is good.

Who's afraid of hair spray, now that Pantene is in the U.S.A.? A favorite in Europe, it now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it does all sorts of deep-conditioning as it holds your hairdo chic and shiny. Brushes right out, leaving your hair soft and touchable. Not a bit of stickiness. Comes in three types for different hair styles. You'll find Hair Spray de Pantene® at all the best stores including

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BLOOMINGDALE'S
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Doux comme un baiser

Så blød som et kys

רכה בנשיקה

Weich wie ein Kuss

Τὸσο τρυφερὸ ὅσο τὸ φιλὶ

Suave como un beso

Dolce come un bacio

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SOFT AS A KISS... INVER HOUSE

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS, LTD., PHILA



26-12. You can see what it does. But we won't tell you what it is.

We asked people to name the most beautiful thing about sterling. Nearly everyone said, the shine.

That's why there's a room at International where we do nothing but test buffing compounds.

26-12 is the best so far.

The minute we saw what it could do, we knew we couldn't let it fall into anyone else's buffing wheels.

So we doubled security.

No one is allowed in our testing room without a special pass. Even with a pass no one is allowed to know the formula. Not even the buffers who buff with it.

All they know is what they see. Which is what you see too. The kind of glow all over the table that makes a whole day of chopping and basting worth it. The deepest, richest glow you can find on any sterling.

(At least until we perfect 26-13.)

Look for our "IS" maker's mark when you buy sterling. And take advantage of special savings when you buy the basic service for 4, 8, or 12.

For a free color brochure showing all our patterns, please write to The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

®International Sterling



And now..."La Grande Fall" by David & David, a hairpiece of Celanese Acetate designed with a singular intent: to devastate. Wear it and instantly your wiles go to work: telling you when to give it a casual "flip", when to let it "drop" naturally with a lovely toss, when to draw it, caressingly, over your shoulder for the *big* effect. Consider other "Great Put-ons" by David & David: full wigs, demi-wigs and wiglets in human hair and synthetic. They may be seen at leading department stores throughout the country.

David & David, Inc. 47-51 33rd Street, Long Island City, New York 11101. World's largest manufacturers of hair fashions for over half a century. Makers of The Couture Collection® of Celanese Acetate Hairpieces, Cameo® Chignons of David/L®, Contessa®, 100% Human Hair Wigs, Princess® Hand Made Imported Wigs, Crowning Glory® Human Hair Wiglets.





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...who knows you want to look and feel **SUDDENLY SLIM.**® Olga designs with her own Sheer Magic® Power (a silky, Lycra* blend) for a smooth faultless line, perfect comfort. Then, inner stretch lace panels are strategically placed for positive control. Suddenly, you're slimmer! Style 540 in S-to-XL, 15.00. Complete your gently shaped look from Olga's **YOUNG SECRET**® bra collection. Style 360 weightless shell cup or style 365 fully padded, 5.00. All in classic and fashion shades.

*power net of nylon and spandex with nylon front panel

Other Suddenly Slim styles from 9.00. Young Secret bras from 4.50. For stores nearest you, write Olga, department V-57, P.O. Box 4284, Van Nuys, California 91409.

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Chantilly from the House of Houbigant. Perfume imported from France, 1 oz. at $22.50 and: Eau de Toilette Spray Mist from $4.00,

There is enough
Chantilly
in this
innocent pink spray

to shake
your world.

Dusting Powder from $3.00, Eau de Toilette from $3.75, Body Powder Mist $3.75, Perfume Oil $3.75, compounded in U.S.A. © 1966 H[illegible] B[illegible], INC.



Modess.... *because*

IT'S LITTLE BUT IT MAKES BIG EYES



HEARTBREAKER™

the first all-in-one eye compact

It's actually *this* little...no bigger than your thumb. Yet three tiny pull-out drawers hold everything you need to make big, heartbreakingly beautiful eyes. Try it...and go break some hearts.

BY YARDLEY OF LONDON INC.

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The Art of McCarty: The Dalmatian, out for a strut. Two parts of Irish linen and rayon, in white with champion markings. Black spots scarfed with lime, or brown with aqua — both on a patent leather leash. 6 to 16 sizes. About 36.00.

Best & Co.
New York

D. H. Holmes
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J. P. Allen
Atlanta



BEAUTY CHECKOUT

May

Skin mystery cleared up

The plot proceeds this way. A famously attractive woman, main digs in Paris, is often seen in the U.S. at big parties. Last time around, everybody was struck by the new quality—indeed the *newness*—of her skin. She was willing to talk. Held that it *was* new skin, acquired in Paris at Carita's via a series of closely-scheduled facial treatments that gently lifted off dead cells, the cells that keep makeup from looking silky, keep the face from pink of condition. This, she insisted, was responsible for the noticeable clarification of her skin. Skeptics, we wondered if the newness might be due to something else going on in her life, perhaps a heavy dose of rest. So: "You and who else?" we inquired, suspiciously. "Me and Princess Ira Fürstenberg, Jane Fonda, Empress Farah Diba, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg . . ." She amiably peeled off a list of names of similar ilk, women she believed were also finding a new skin at the same source. Well, if that were the case, we knew what was going on. A process done in American salons, too, is now beginning to be recognized as a Getter-of-Results. . . . Our seasoned facial sleuth snacked the Carita technique in Europe. "After usual facial routine (with marvellous wall-wide, ceiling-to-floor mirror enabling me to watch the operator operate), I was set for the lift-off. Lifter-off is a liquid with a slight grainy texture and, I presume, alcohol and whatever removes dead cells or some such in it, with herbal oils. It's taken off face almost immediately. My skin did look clearer, brighter, more luminous right away. But it has to be a program: once every five days for a month, then repeated as needed. Each lift-off takes you closer to a brand-new skin." While we lamented the fact that few travellers can park for a month in Paris, or Milan, or Rome, the sites of Carita's three racy salons, this came to us: why not plan a French-Italian holiday around a lift-off program, a treatment or two in each Carita city?

Body for hair—new system

Receipt of a certain kind of static—both on the telephone and via the sound-track of its regular salon clientele—seems to be something many, many hairdressing places have been experiencing lately. The gist is: women want something that's not been reasonable to suppose they could have. They want, for their hair, a brand of body that won't wash out; won't be in technical conflict with their streaks or whatever shaft-affecting processes their hair is put through; won't develop a will of its own when the humidity index is high. Accounting for the upsurge in this demand is "general boredom with hair that can't be counted on;" "general liking for hair with a bit more movement, shape." . . . And so: we were more than fascinated to hear that an entirely new process has been developed to "seal" both body and shape into hair—in a matter of minutes. Developed by the same people who set the hair-colouring world on its ear with the colour-speeding machine called Accelomatic, the new process, Setsation, adds only fifteen minutes to the usual salon shampoo-and-set routine, and gives body that's expected to last through at least six to eight shampoos. Hair is washed as always. Is conditioned with a lotion called Textair. Is wound on your usual rollers. Is then dampened down with a waving lotion, surrounded by a plastic turban, put under the Accelomatic machine for six minutes. Next, hair is rinsed, neutralizer applied to each curler, and you go under the dryer, still in rollers. Rilling the initiator likes to call the process "Set, Wet and Seal;" hates any reference to permanent waves, though we'd say this is a close relative of same; refers to the process simply as "a service." . . . We can't predict Setsation's applicability to stripped or martyrized hair. But of the several heads Setsationalized in our presence at Bergdorf Goodman's Coiffures Americana salon, there were those that had clearly known colour other than Nature's. . . .

(MORE BEAUTY CHECKOUT, PAGE 16)

Introducing... Arpege extra dry

ARPEGE POWDERED MIST





This is Arpege—cool, soft, dry. Extra dry. Spray on after your bath. Arpege Powdered Mist clings to your skin, not to your clothes. Never drifts or dusts. The new way to love Arpege! 3.50 (Also in My Sin)

Promise her anything but give her Arpege. LANVIN

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Celanese®



Forget everything that went wrong today. Tonight, just be a woman. In Celanese Nylon.

LOUNGEES lets you rediscover the wonder of being a woman again in the caressing comfort of culottes. Fashioned of the next-to-nothing nylon that pampers your sense of beauty...but never needs pampering. Because it resists wrinkles...lasts and lasts...and launders so beautifully. In next to no time. Loungees' culottes in J.P. Stevens' tricot of Celanese Nylon with a wide-awake print, about $23. Matched shift, about $12; duster, about $15. All sizes 8-18.

CELANESE NYLON
the next-to-nothing nylon

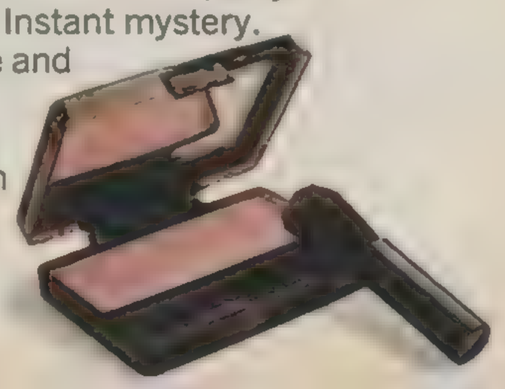
At fine stores everywhere, or write Loungees, 362 Fifth Ave., New York.
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better.

The Blush—from Corn Silk.

Sweep some Peach on each cheekbone. The effect is nice. You, only new. Try stroking Amber shadows underneath them. Instant mystery. Or dust a mist of Pink all over, on your chin and nose and forehead too. Another new face. Radiant.

That's what the Blush is for: to let you make your prettiest face to face the world with. Brand-new from Shulton in 3 new shades—$3.50 each.

Another Bit of Innocence from *Corn Silk*®



250 YEARS AGO, MARTELL DECIDED YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYONE

They created a cognac for the bright people. The beautiful people. The people with taste... exceptional taste! A cognac that does what any other drink can do. But with Martellegance. Try it anyway you please.

A very special taste for people with very special tastes

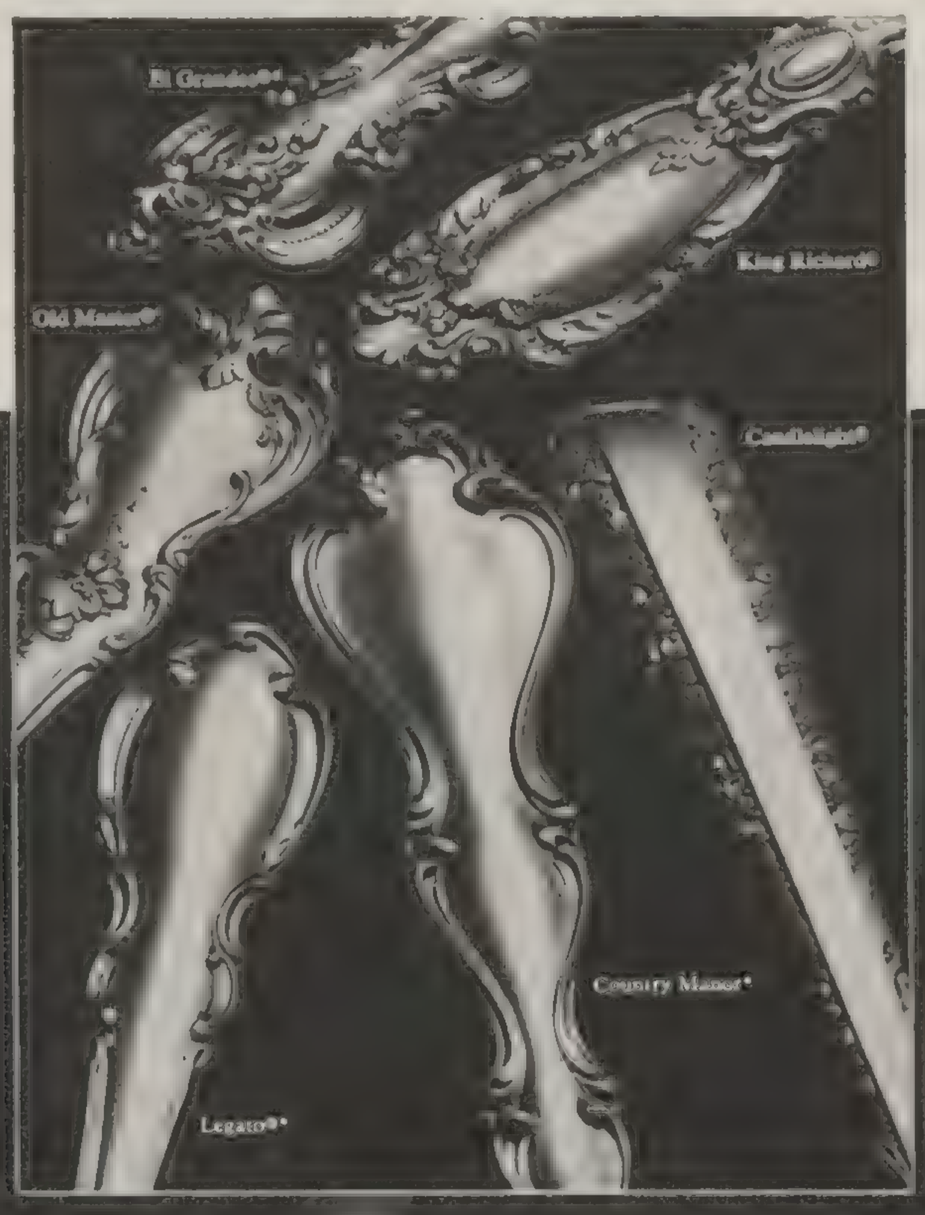


The Towle Reputation: Sometimes we wonder what we did to deserve it.

You'd think we'd be used to it by now. But we're still a little surprised whenever someone says, "You can't get better sterling than Towle." Or, "Before I look at any other silver, I want to see Towle."

It's not our reputation that amazes us. It's how many people know about it. People who don't own silver. Never shopped for it before. Never even read one of our advertisements, as you're doing now.

Perhaps it's just that you can't be in business for two hundred seventy-six years without your name getting around. Perhaps it's that all those painstaking steps we take to make our silver more beautiful (simply because that's the Towle way to do things) don't go unnoticed.



In any case, Towle seems to mean something special to most people who give any thought to silver at all. In fact, of the twenty-five most chosen patterns in America, seven are by Towle. Almost one out of every three.

Which not only proves to us that there is such a thing as The Towle Reputation. It proves that we're living up to it.

For color folders showing these and other Towle patterns, write Towle Silversmiths, Dept. V3, Newburyport, Mass.

Towle

TOWLE STERLING

PATTERN COPYRIGHT BY TOWLE
TOWLE 196

The wings of a Beechcraft Bonanza can be the wings of freedom for you, your family, your friends. Freedom to dash off at a moment's notice. To visit a mountain retreat. To answer the call of invigorating sun and surf. To attend a glittering premiere. To *wherever* your fancy leads you. People who have Beechcrafts know there's no other way to travel. Isn't it time *you* discovered this truth for yourself?

Accustomed to the finest, you'll find it in a Beechcraft



Beech Aircraft Corporation, Wichita, Kansas 67201 U.S.A.





Before Shalimar was a perfume, it was a garden of love.

Our story begins in India, some 300 years ago. It belongs, however, to no place and no time.

His name was Shah Jahan, ruler of India.

Her name was Mumtaz Mahal, the loveliest of his wives.

And although he had many wives, it was only for her that his soul thirsted.

Some say that he loved her unto madness. That she was not his wife, but his fever. But in his eyes she was the balm that made the world bearable.

Victories, new empires and riches were as dust compared to her.

So great was his love for her that when she died, he would not let her die. He had built in her memory a place you may still see and wonder at. The Taj Mahal.

But long before there could be a Taj Mahal, there had to be yet another place which the Shah also built.

The Gardens of Shalimar in Lahore.

All that the Taj Mahal keeps alive for the ages flowered in Shalimar. Here it was that their love grew and became a legend.

Its very name, "Shalimar," means "abode of love" in Sanskrit.

And truly it was.

The Shah allowed into this garden only those things which would nourish their love. Joyful fountains. Deep, limpid pools. Marble terraces. Rare song birds. Fragrant blossoms from every corner of the earth. Lanterns to rival the stars.

Only in Shalimar were the lovers truly alone.

Thus, even though many miles apart, if you wish to see the foundations of the Taj Mahal, you should look for them in Shalimar.

All this, dear reader, was also told to Pierre and Jacques Guerlain by a Maharajah. It was in Paris, in 1926.

Naturally, being human, and being French, and being above all, Guerlains, they were deeply moved.

They decided to pay homage to this man and woman by creating a perfume of intoxicating, yet subtle sensuouness.

A perfume not for children.

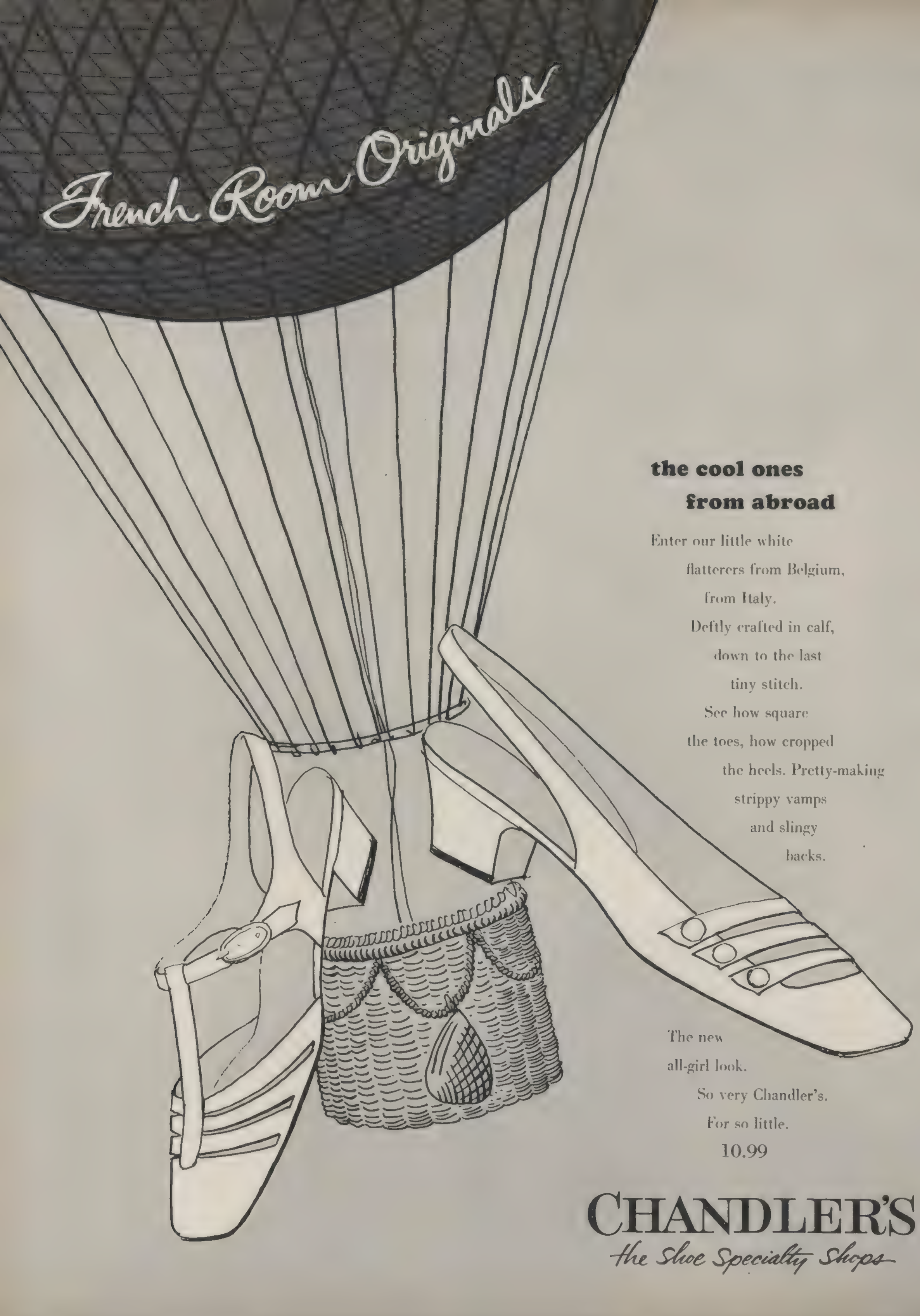
They decided, also, that this perfume should not be called "Taj Mahal," but "Shalimar."

You see, Taj Mahal marks the end of a story.

And this perfume has nothing to do with endings.

SHALIMAR BY GUERLAIN





the cool ones
from abroad

Enter our little white
flatterers from Belgium,
from Italy.
Deftly crafted in calf,
down to the last
tiny stitch.
See how square
the toes, how cropped
the heels. Pretty-making
strippy vamps
and slingy
backs.

The new
all-girl look.
So very Chandler's.
For so little.
10.99

CHANDLER'S
the Shoe Specialty Shops

All she wants is a little Emotion



Newest of all. "Aura of Emotion"—
the lingering, smoothing, all-over fragrance!

It's a creamy pearly pleasure that
smooths and perfumes every blissful inch of her.
Remains fresh and true hour after hour.
More and more "Emotion" in Spray Mist,
Eau de Parfum, and everything for her bath.
3.00 to 17.50. (Any girl can
use this kind of pampering!)

EMOTION® by Helena Rubinstein

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THE GREAT DECEIVER


BY COLE OF CALIFORNIA
Is One But Are Two
One side solid...Reverse side print
Both sides Antron* nylon by DuPont
An exclusive collection of reversible swimwear and sportswear.
Now at fine stores everywhere from $22.00 to $28.00
Cole of California® - Another fine Kayser Roth Product
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*DuPont's reg. trademark

Out of the fabled East
comes the fragrance of
the world's
most appealing
women...

Zen

Mysterious Zen is more than a fragrance:
it is an expression of a whole Oriental philosophy.
The same creative spirit that produced Japan's
great art and architecture inspired Zen, a gentle breath
of tranquillity and crystal-purity. Zen will be
the immediate choice of chic Americans with a sense
of high adventure... who seek to know the secret
of the mysterious Oriental charm. It is available
in perfume, cologne, bath oil and dusting powder,
singly and in exotic gift sets; all packaged
with traditional Japanese artistry;
ask your favorite store for Zen.
Dedicated to beautiful women since 1872.



SHISEIDO COSMETICS

TOKYO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES HONOLULU

SHISEIDO COSMETICS (AMERICA) LTD. 500 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y.

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Yolande, the gowns that dreams are made of.
Fortrel keeps them morning fresh all through the night.

Yolande makes you a dream walking...and Fortrel keeps you a dream waking. Fortrel keeps these waltz shift gowns comfortable, creaseless... and so easy to care for. Just wash and dry in the machine...and they're ready to go back to sleep with wide-awake newness. In Stevens batiste of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Left, with crystal pleated yoke, in pink, aqua or maize, P.S.M.L., about $6. Also baby doll and sleep coat. Right, with embroidered appliqué and contrasting scalloping in pink, mint or maize, S.M.L., about $7. Also in baby doll and sleeve shift.
At Best & Co., New York; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Macy's California; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

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THE FRESHENING FIBER

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Keep your eye on the girls

looking great. In knits, tops and shifts with flare and flavor. Bright. But behaved. A turned-on collection to prettily gear the girls all summer.



ALL SIZES 7 to 14

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Bridgeport; *Nydens*
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DELAWARE
Wilmington; *Mitchell's*

GEORGIA
Savannah; *Punch & Judy*

ILLINOIS
Highland Park; *Garnett's*

IOWA
Davenport; *M. L. Parker*
Des Moines; *Heaven to 7*
Ft. Madison; *Rump's*
Iowa City; *Alden's*
Ottumwa; *Graham Store*

MARYLAND
Hyattsville; *Bo-Peep Shop*

MINNESOTA
Owatonna; *Kelly Co.*

NEW YORK
Camillus; *L. A. Witherill*
Elmira; *S. F. Iszard*
Summit; *Brooks*
Syracuse *L. A. Witherill*
Utica; *The Boston Store*

PENNSYLVANIA
Drexel Hill; *Pink & Blue Shop*

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston; *Kerrisons*

TEXAS
Lubbock; *Lena Stephens*

VIRGINIA
Norfolk; *Smith & Welton*

WISCONSIN
LaCrosse; *Johnson's Children's*
Walworth; *Waals Store*

Could your hair look better than it does?

Why not talk with your Avon Representative!





If you tease, straighten, roll, permanent, or iron your hair (and who doesn't) your hair probably could look better. Your Avon Representative understands that today's fashions are hard on even the healthiest hair. She'll suggest Avon's Complete Hair Care, specially developed in Avon's Research Laboratories. She'll also help you choose what's best for you.

Avon's Complete Hair Care includes: **Shampoos** for every type hair; **Conditioners** in cream or new aerosol that are easy to use; **Setting Lotions** in liquid or gel; **Hair Spray** that's holding and scented to match Avon's fragrances.



Your Avon Representative knows it takes more than styling to have lovely hair. So do have an Avon Beauty Chat and try Avon's Complete Hair Care. You'll be glad you did.

Avon
cosmetics
ROCKEFELLER PLAZA NEW YORK
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Why wait for tonight...**aren't you a woman all day?**

Create an aura of loveliness
right now, with the
delightful fragrance
that comes on so gently
you can wear it anywhere...at
any hour! But beware...
Desert Flower has the power
to stir up excitement!
Desert Flower...at its newest in
elegant spray essence 2½ oz. 3.00

DESERT FLOWER

by SHULTON





This is a pattern without a precedent. A design for *your* day and age . . . for the modern art of living to the fullest. Unique in its contrasts of smoothly polished sterling and the jewel-carved facęting of every leaf and petal. So delicate, so precise that each piece scatters notes of dancing brilliance from every angle. Fresh and feminine in its elegance. A look that Lunt has brought to a flourish of perfection in *Belle Meade.*

Lunt celebrates America's return to elegance in brilliant modern terms

NEW *Belle Meade* by LUNT

STERLING

For information, write Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. P-1, Greenfield, Mass.

Almay creates: the world of PINK!

A gamut of gleaming pinks,
flashed with frost, shot with silver
for a shining new
Happy-Go-Pink feeling!

Pure pink, pure frosting
for lips and nails–
so pure, it's hypo-allergenic
because the irritants are screened out.

Cosmetics for delicate, sensitive or allergic skin ALMAY®

Frosted Lipstick $1.75

Frosted Nail Enamel $1.25



big,wide,wonderful



(c) 1967 Almay, New York. Dress by Mollie Parnis.

The first understanding, undemanding, uncomplicated little time machine in the whole wide world.

The first electric wrist watch for women.

You don't wind it.

The new Electric Timex runs on an energy cell. You just set it and forget it for a whole lovely year. Then you simply have the energy cell replaced and you're set for another year of always knowing what time it is. Choose from a collection that looks much more like handsome jewelry than like modern science. Prices start at 50.00.

The ELECTRIC TIMEX®





Free as you please

Why not feel confident, cool, fresh, every day? Tampax tampons worn internally give you security, comfort, poise, do away with differences in days of the month. By all means, this is the easiest, most feminine means of sanitary protection.

for total freedom, total comfort...

TAMPAX
tampons

TAMPAX TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.



PANTSUIT BY COLE OF CALIFORNIA



PLAYSUIT BY GANT ROMPER



Now Eyelighter™ the fabulous new concealing cream that wipes away shadows and lines... instantly!

It's an eye revolution. An eye revelation. Because there's never been anything like Yardley EYELIGHTER.™ One touch under eyes, to hush tired circles, hide sleepless nights. One touch under brows, to light up eyes like a thousand candles. EYELIGHTER Cream Highlighter to fade away shadows—turn on your eyes.

EYELIGHTER
BY YARDLEY OF LONDON INC

1967, YARDLEY OF LONDON, INC. YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U.S.A. FROM THE ORIGINAL E...

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Cleaning for classicists

The classic way of cleaning the face, one subscribed to by so many women well-lettered in the ways of good looks, is the good old splash with soap and water. And good old glycerine soap, transparent and smooth as pale amber, is often the classic choice of such purists. Looks and feels, apparently is, beyond reproach. When such a paragon comes with the name of The House of 4711 attached to it, *well*. . . . Much as you know and admire that august house's original cologne from Cologne, are you aware of 4711 soap? An appetizing, transparent bar, it has the glycerine for moisturizing dry skins, the magnetism for oil craved by faces that glow with more than health. . . .

Cushy hand-outs...

Hands move. Should move. Should have lustrous skin that gives off dazzlements of light-shine. Should talk, while one talks—between acts, or lunching where hands are sometimes more in evidence than faces. Hands speak their care, need—if they're to speak with pride—a pat of lotion whenever they're washed. Which means: that into many an elegant purse goes a flower-bright folder, no bigger than a match case. Holds twelve tiny Balm Argenta Hand Lotion Pillows, each of which seals a softening squish of lotion. Couldn't be neater. Couldn't be handier. . . .

The Nifty Americans

Following is a list of stores across the country where the Anne Fogarty dresses on page 230 may be found.

New York, N. Y.	Lord & Taylor
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y.	Wm. Hengerer
Chicago, Ill.	Chas. A. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee
Columbus, Ohio	Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio	Rike's
Denver, Colo.	May D & F
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	T. A. Chapman
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimers
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Salt Lake City, Utah	ZCMI
San Antonio, Texas	Frost Bros.
Seattle, Wash.	Nordstrom's—Best's Apparel
Syracuse, N. Y.	The Addis Co.
Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle & Koch
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel

Following is a list of stores across the country where the Kasper for Joan Leslie dresses on page 232 may be found.

New York, N. Y.	Lord & Taylor
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y.	Wm. Hengerer
Charlotte, N. C.	Montaldo's
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee
Columbus, Ohio	Montaldo's
Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Houston, Texas	Battelstein's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Louisville, Ky.	H. P. Selman
Memphis, Tenn.	Levy's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
New Orleans, La.	Gus Mayer
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Al Rosenthal's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Ore.	Best's Apparel—Nicholas Ungar
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimers
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Salt Lake City, Utah	ZCMI
San Francisco, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
Seattle, Wash.	Nordstrom's—Best's Apparel
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel



The Contessa was born with an Oneida spoon in her mouth.

The Contessa's mother had an Oneida service for 76. (She had a passion for small, intimate dinner parties.)

So when the Contessa said "si" to the young Texas rancher, the next word she said was Oneida. Oneida's Heirloom® Sterling, to be exact. The pattern she chose was "Grandeur." (Above: 4-piece placesetting, $34.00.)

Her choice for coffee service was the Melon pattern in Oneida's Heirloom silverplated holloware. (3-piece service at right, $127.00. Tray, $40.00.)

Whatever your taste in sterling, silverplate or stainless, Oneida Silversmiths most certainly makes something you'll want to own. (And want your daughter to be born with.)



Steal away.



Ask about Pan Am Holiday® 560—our special Hawaii bargain package.

To Hawaii. Any day you say. (It's quite a steal.)

Hawaii's the place you both owe yourselves. And the bargain is hard to resist: $52 for 7 days, 6 nights in Waikiki—plus airfare. Leave in the a.m. from just about anywhere, catch a Pan Am Clipper on the West Coast and you're in Hawaii the same day. Then everything's wild orchids and mad muumuus. Delicious surf and lovely luaus. Stop off on the West Coast going or coming if you will. A Pan Am Travel Agent can handle every detail, including pay later. Or ask us. Honestly now, wouldn't you love it?

World's most experienced airline

First on the Pacific First on the Atlantic First in Latin America First 'Round the World

PAN AM®

What to choose for your paper trousseau

First, of course, are the invitations and announcements. We recommend a superb quality of paper (we make none other).

In addition, Crane has created lovely stationery conveniences to help you succeed, gracefully, in your new role as social head of the household.

We've designed them in a wide variety of styles, colors, weights, weaves and finishes so that you may choose papers that reflect your good taste as they make known your new name. All have a notable excellence, a luxurious texture achieved by using 100% rag fibers. And each fills a special need:

Letters and notes for writing your "thank-yous" promptly and graciously . . . *Informals* for invitations, to use as you entertain as husband and wife—and for replying to similar invitations—and for many kinds of notes . . . *Calling cards* to use in gifts of every kind, for introductions and brief messages.

Your Crane dealer is an authority on paper "etiquette" and engraving. He can be helpful in the selection of the paper and correct form for your invitations and announcements, and explain in greater detail the uses of Crane stationery conveniences. It is important to take care of all details of your paper trousseau well ahead, because of the length of time required for engraving. The invitations should be sent out to arrive at least three weeks before the wedding. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

Crane's
FINE PAPERS





"Aren't you wearing Tweed ()?"

AVAILABLE IN PERFUME / COLOGNE / MIST / SHEER TWEED BODY BOUQUET / SOAP / BATH POWDER LENTHÉRIC LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK

Prices for 4-piece place settings. From top left: Esprit $34.75, Chantilly $32.75, King Edward $34.75, Buttercup $34.75, Andante $26.50, Melrose $38.50.



The Gorham Originals.
Solid sterling in designs
like no one else
designs. Some simple,
some simply splendiferous.
All pure curve and sparkle.
Rich. Lustrous. A four-piece
place setting costs less than
a late-day crepe. But you'll
enjoy your Gorham Original
evening after evening.
Forever.

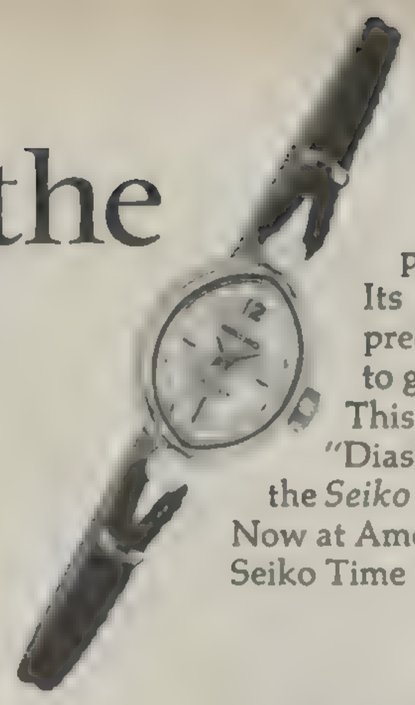
THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

GORHAM

Sterling

Do you own a Gorham Original?

Seiko creates the Aphrodite pearl watch



Here's a divinely *different* idea—a watch with 2 cultured pearls for sheer perfection in fashion. Just right with any ensemble, any time, any place. So captivating we named it for Aphrodite, Goddess of Love.

Its cultured pearl beauty makes the Aphrodite the ideal gift for life's most precious moments: weddings, anniversaries, birthdays, graduations. So right to give—or to wear—to make a woman feel like a goddess.

This pearl of timely wisdom includes 17 jewels (of course), Seiko's famous "Diashock" protection, lifetime mainspring. In white only. Ask by name for the *Seiko Aphrodite*... the in-fashion pearl watch in 70 countries around the world.

Now at America's finest jewelers at $55.00 list. Say "Say-ko".

Seiko Time Corporation, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020

Is it legal to wear a Dynel wig in a passport picture?



Why not? If it makes you look like a more beautiful American. But do heed our warning. If you arrive in a smashingly beautiful blonde Sassoon, don't try to cash a check at American Express in a long black flowing Kenneth. The advantages to a traveling woman of the Dynel modacrylic wig and a few chic hairpieces are so numerous you'd need an itinerary to list them. Just think, rainy days, booked beauty salons, an unexpected invitation, airplane trips, boat rides, a swim in the Aegean. As they say, to know someone you have to travel with them, so try traveling with Dynel because **...it's not fake anything, it's real Dynel.** UNION CARBIDE



Seersucker

Bathing suits . . . one demure, one dashing . . . in a multicolored cotton seersucker such as little girls' dresses were made of, once upon a time.

Swimdress about twenty dollars, bikini about eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

© VILLAGER, INC., 1967 MANNEQUIN DES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF



This French Purse

will serve you in many ways.

It carries everything a lady needs including a retractable key ring. It holds all of your personal things, change, dollars, credit cards, photos and it has many separate compartments including a zipper. Exquisitely designed and quality constructed of Baghdad kid by Bond Street Ltd. in red, black, blue, pink, bone, green, yellow and white. At fine stores everywhere or write Bond Street Ltd., 30 East 33rd Street, New York City 10016, for the store nearest you.

Price: $16.50

trademark

Bond Street Ltd.

VOGUE'S

The flash and warmth of the Diamond Ball in New York



1



2



3

It takes a lot of scintillas to make a diamond flicker, and a lot of scintillants to make the Diamond Ball shine. This year that benefit in New York for the Institute of International Education had all the spark it needed. Given for the attractive cause of bringing foreign college students to study in this country and to send American graduate students abroad, the party was a sellout.

In the handsome ballroom of The Plaza four hundred guests, among them Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, who looked ravishing in green chiffon, came to what, for all its glitter—including an exhibition of knock-out diamonds—was one of the cosiest parties of the season. Hardly a speech. No entertainment. Just the guests' pleasure in each other, and the easy music led by Emery Davis, the son of Meyer Davis. The sum: Almost a family affair—a family of New York internationals.



4



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NOTEBOOK



6



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1. *Left to right:* Mr. Austin J. Tobin, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, The Hon. John V. Lindsay, Mayor of New York, and Mr. Charles W. Engelhard. 2. View of the ballroom. 3. Left to right: Mrs. Gordon Waddel. Mrs. Giancarlo Uzielli, and Mr. William P. Rayner. 4. Dr. John M. Sebastian (a student from India) and Mrs. Kwang-Shen Wu. 5. Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard and the Hon. C. Douglas Dillon. 6. Mr. Adama Balima of Upper Volta and Mrs. George A. Braga, the chairman of the ball. 7. Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mr. Henry J. Heinz, II. 8. Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II, and Mr. Valerian S. Rybar. 9. Dr. Ralph J. Bunche and Mrs. John V. Lindsay. 10. Mrs. William L. Hutton and M. Alain Malraux. 11. Miss Susan Stein and the Viscount Moore.



A . . . Girl's Spring



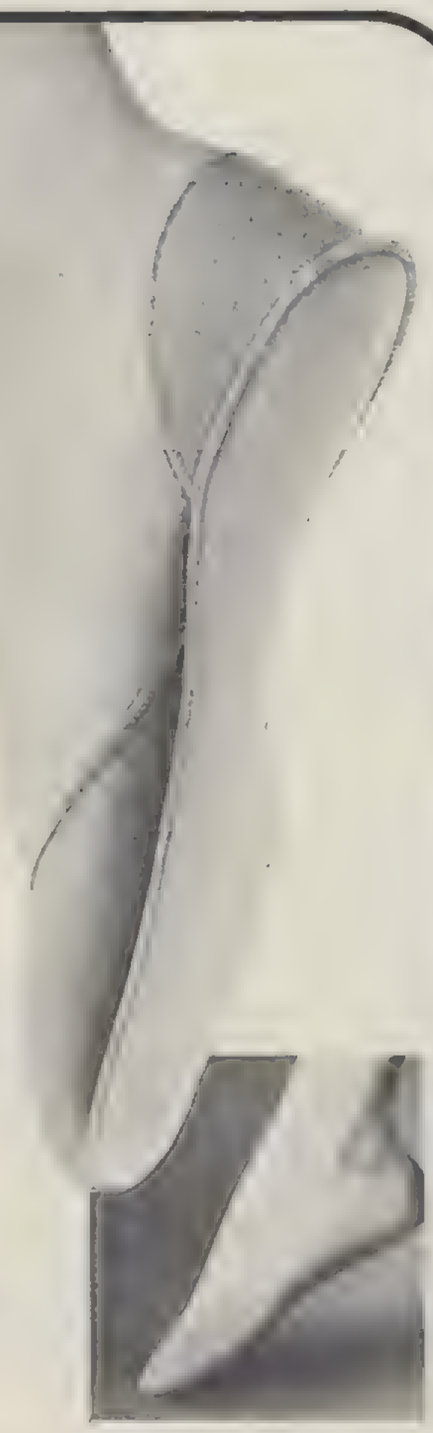
Etienne Aigner

CROCHET PALM SATCHEL ABOUT $30.

Lord & Taylor and authorized dealers
Etienne Aigner, 22 West 32 Street, New York City

So comfy, you'll never go barefoot again

Footlets VAMPS™



- Molded cushion-heel stays up!
- Seamless cushion soles.
- No bands — no elastic.
- Low cut — invisible.
- Sanitized® for hygienic protection.
- For happier, healthier feet, wear Footlets.

A complete assortment of Footlets available for all occasions in tricot sheers, textured stretch, soft cottons. Popularly priced.

"We'd like to be in your shoes . . ."

J. W. Landenberger & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124.

VOGUE'S

A fantastic Carnival Ball at the American Embassy in Madrid



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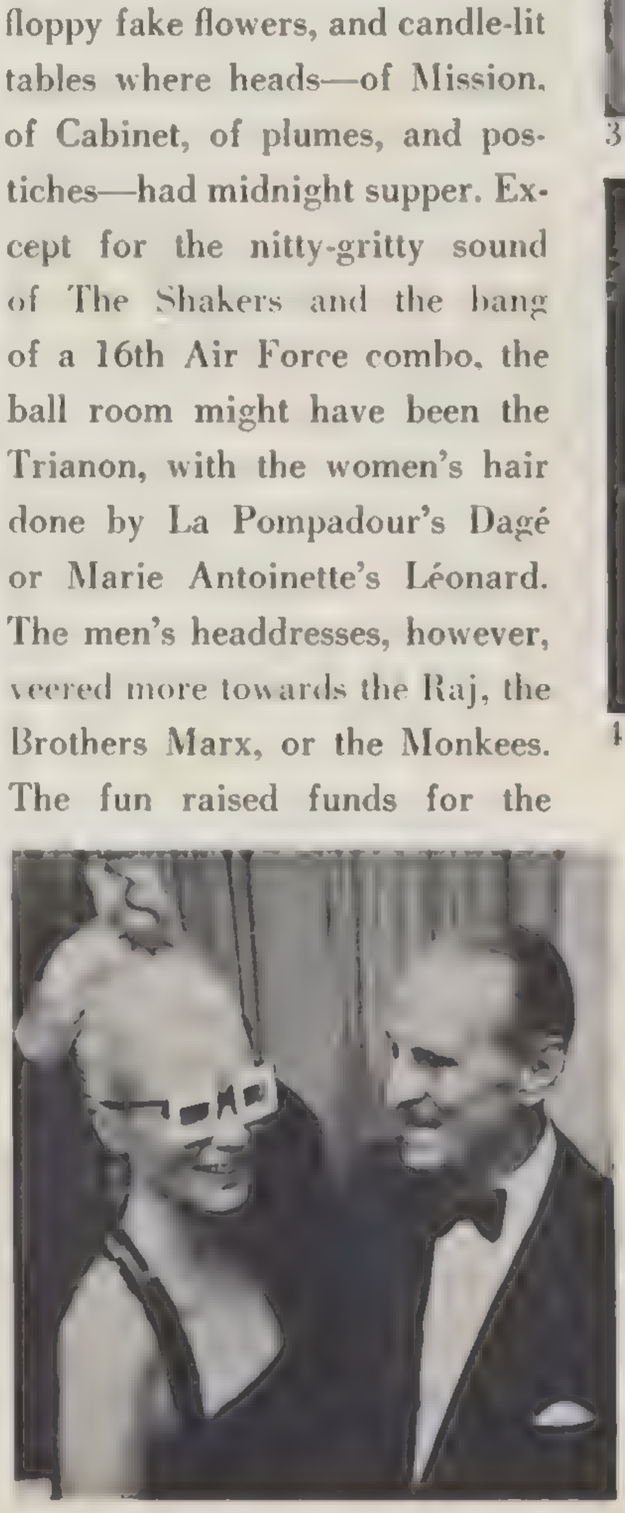
It was a hair-raising party—one that went to the heads of three hundred guests. For this Carnival Ball, Ambassador and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke decorated the Embassy residence as a gala *verbena*, with illuminated wheels, floppy fake flowers, and candle-lit tables where heads—of Mission, of Cabinet, of plumes, and postiches—had midnight supper. Except for the nitty-gritty sound of The Shakers and the bang of a 16th Air Force combo, the ball room might have been the Trianon, with the women's hair done by La Pompadour's Dagé or Marie Antoinette's Léonard. The men's headdresses, however, veered more towards the Raj, the Brothers Marx, or the Monkees. The fun raised funds for the



3



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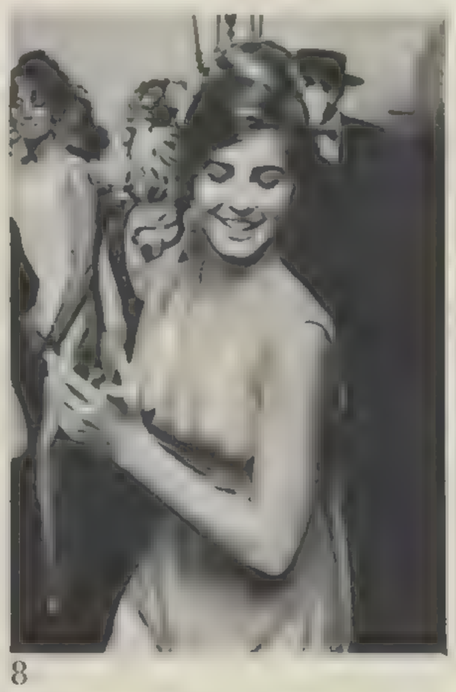


5

NOTEBOOK



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American School of Madrid, but the prizes went to the madcaps, including Prince Serge Obolensky in one of Mrs. Duke's falls of honey-blond curls.

1. Ambassador and Mrs. Duke. 2. Marquesa de Campo Real y Perinat and H.M. Simeon, former King of Bulgaria. 3. Condesa de Romanones, H.M. Queen Margarita of Bulgaria, Señor Joaquin Calvo Sotelo. 4. Mrs. Stanley Donovan, Chairman of the Ball; Don Fernando Castiella, Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs; Mrs. Albert Gelardin. 5. Señora Antonio de Oyarzabal, prized as most bewitching; Mrs. Cole Lewis. 6. Miss Kit Talbot, Prince Serge Obolensky. 7. Señora Bosch y Amerisch, Señor Antonio Mingote. 8. Miss Margot Roosevelt. 9. Señor Antonio Muñoz. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick D. Braggiotti. 11. Mrs. Sol Rosenblatt, Major General Stanley Donovan. 12. The famous Spanish actress, Señorita Conchita Montes.

She entertains in Georgetown

She lives in Sportempos, Suburbia U.S.A.

It's the coveted look of the woman who prizes the impact of feminine sportswear. A Beardsley-inspired print in 100% rayon with the look of luxe linen. Palazzo pajamas with V-slashed back. Slip-of-a-dress with bathing suit back. In black and white or brown and white with shock-color detailing. Both fully lined. Sizes 8 to 16. About $26 and $35.



B. Altman & Co., New York; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis; Maison Blanche, New Orleans. Or write Sportempos, Inc., Dept. V5, 1407 Broadway, New York.





VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By DESPINA MESSINESI

Montreal's spectacular Expo 67
New shapes, art, culture, and hoopla



EXPO 67 SYMBOL

The best box office buy anywhere from now until October twenty-seventh may be a $2.50 ticket to the three-quarters of a billion dollars' worth of doings at Expo 67, the Universal and International Exhibition of 1967, going on in Montreal, Canada. . . . A mesh of new forms in architecture rises on the banks of the St. Lawrence River and on two islands, one of them man-made. . . . It's a first-category exhibition with some seventy national pavilions. . . . (What other exhibition could make this statement? At Brussels in 1958, there were forty-two.) . . . Superb audio-visual techniques wrap up and involve the viewer. . . . One of the greatest experiences is the six-minute walk through the maze in the Labyrinth, a five-storey, windowless concrete building. Desperate, roaring noises, piercing as gunshot through the chest, screech through darkness splintered with green and red lights falling like stars. . . .

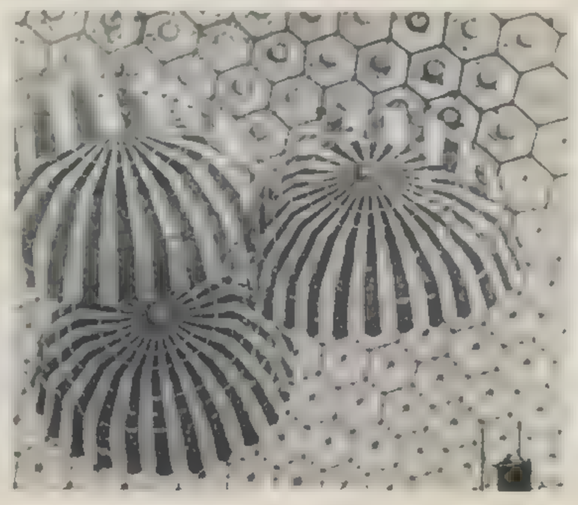
From afar, the United States pavilion, the largest geodesic dome designed by R. Buckminster Fuller, looks like a glittering golf ball. . . . A Minirail train slices through the sphere every three minutes. . . . Close up, the dimpled bubble is a web of silvery steel hexagonal frames with panes of transparent grey "skin." . . . Some four thousand six hundred motorized sun shades follow the path of the sun; they work like automatic window shades, which they are. . . . Inside, the bubble gives the feeling of being in space, an unprecedented experience. . . . Conventional scale seems to vanish. . . . Visually, nothing seems to pull down to earth. . . . From everywhere, three-hundred-and-sixty-degree views of the exhibition and the city of Montreal across the blue St. Lawrence. . . . A free-span escalator, the world's longest, leads to the pavilion's top platform, and the space exhibit. . . . NASA supplied the mock-ups of satellites. . . . Here, too, model lunar vehicles; a simulated lunar surface, gritty, puckered and black, is an exact reproduction. . . . Beneath the centre of this vast greenhouse sphere float three orange parachutes of the Apollo capsule as if for re-entry. . . . Below the parachutes, on the fine-arts platform, supersize, stark black-and-white photographs of the faces of Hollywood stars have been blown up to the size of Broadway billboards. . . . Seemingly in space, on sailcloth panels suspended from the two-hundred-foot ceiling, hang some twenty paintings—mammoth in size to match the scale of the pavilion—by America's contemporary artists.

UNITED STATES PAVILION



The enormous Soviet

APOLLO PARACHUTES, U.S.A.





PROFILE OF HABITAT 67

pavilion with its distinctive sort of swayback roof (about the size of a car park for one thousand cars) stands in the man-made island, Ile Notre-Dame. Tons of steel, glass, wood, escalators, even kitchen equipment came from the Soviet Union. . . . (To house their staff, numbering about five hundred, the Soviets rented a twelve-storey apartment house.) . . . Canada is celebrating the centennial of its confederation, the Russians are celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Soviet Revolution: double-barrelled festivities for both. . . .

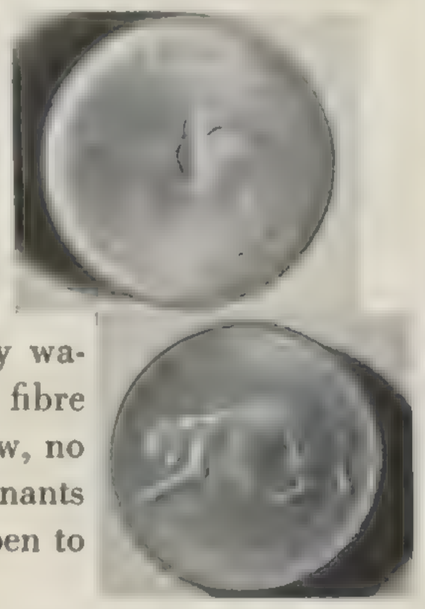
Star attraction in the Russian pavilion is Cosmos Hall, a silvery globe which gives the illusion of a space ride. . . . In twelve minutes, passengers with fastened seat belts will feel they're moving, sense meteorite danger, hear strange noises then the reassuring voice of the captain, and almost feel a dizziness from the speed. . . . Whew!

The big draw—the Russian restaurants: on the ground floor, self-service. On the second-floor verandah, seated service. . . . On both levels: caviar (soft, pressed, or red), dry white Georgian wines (Tsinandali and Gurdzhaani), beer, Kvass (a delicious soft drink made of bread)—and balalaika music. . . .

The British pavilion, with a three-dimensional Union Jack on its fluted tower shaped like a broken bottle, somewhat overshadows the enormous, keg-shaped French pavilion next door. . . . Centrepiece for the round French building circled with seven floors of galleries—everything from La Concorde engines to period furniture—is a huge pool, its fountain bouncing balloons forty feet in the air. . . . The luxe terrace restaurant juts over the river; the view from the roof terrace is unbeatable. . . .

Guardian at the entrance of the British pavilion is a Henry Moore statue. . . . Across the threshold, visitors standing on a carousel in darkness move through three thousand years of British history staged brilliantly by the Irish architect and stage designer Sean Kenny. . . . He uses no words, only sounds—violent battle cries, clinking armour—and lights—smoke, mist, an orange sun. . . . Series of caves present industrial and scientific achievements with the excitement and fun of a treasure hunt. . . . An indoor silvery forest of tall aluminum statues by Mario Armengol have textures like astrakhan fur. . . . All the way through: that dry British wit. . . .

CANADIAN CENTENNIAL COINS



Habitat 67, probably the most talked about project at Expo 67, is an enormous pile of precast grey concrete cubes, each a house. . . . Inside this *art brut* concrete pueblo, broad streets, only for pedestrians, are at various levels. . . . The roof of one house works as the garden of another house. . . . Gardens are automatically watered and fertilized. . . . Bathrooms of fibre glass have the creamy softness of snow, no sharp corners. . . . Already ninety tenants live here and twenty-six houses are open to visitors. . . .

Some two hundred art treasures loaned by museums and private collectors from twenty countries are handsomely shown in the spacious Museum of Fine Arts. . . . One of the smallest and greatest treasures, a third-century Scythian gold plaque from Leningrad's Hermitage Museum.

Canada's pavilion covers the most (Continued on page 152)





LORD WEST...
A WOMAN'S
MOST IMPORTANT
ACCESSORY

Lord West shakes the world of conventional
black-and-white formality with this Regatta dinner jacket
of Italian silk douppioni . . . jet black
pencil stripes on marble white. Ninety dollars.
Lord West, 101 W. 21 St., New York, N. Y.
. . . makers of distinguished formal attire for gentlemen

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

Sherry!, "*quite exceptional inanity*"

Sherry!, the musical comedy that made its way to the Alvin Theatre like an infatuated lemming making its way to the sea, was an adaptation of Kaufman and Hart's farce *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. This play was at best a poorish thing. It was a late product of the age of innocence of American café society, when practical joking was the thing and it was thought, for instance, madly funny for someone who was giving a party to hire a bogus waiter to insult and annoy a particular guest for the amusement of the remainder. Most of the play's famous lines, carefully preserved by the adaptors, such as "I may vomit," now seem more like adolescent rudeness than wit.

The play's central figure, Sheridan Whiteside, was modelled on Alexander Woollcott, a personality who may be said to have sunk from the national consciousness without a trace since it was written, and there no longer seems to be anything inherently funny in the idea of trapping a sophisticated New Yorker in the home of an Ohio banker over Christmas, or in watching him being as impertinent as he knows how to his involuntary hosts and their neighbours for the duration of his stay. Watching the thing once again, loaded this time with a number of songs and dances of quite exceptional inanity, as it slowly unwound along the obligatory course of girl meets boy, girl loses, girl gets, was to see death itself coming to the Broadway show.

As one wondered why the thing had been exhumed one began to wonder about the casting. That fresh young thing—had one not seen her in the movies playing the rôle of Master Freddie Bartholomew's mother in *David Copperfield?* And what was the young hero going to say when he first caught sight of the supposedly irresistible sexpot who had been shipped in to accomplish his undoing by the Machiavellian Sheridan Whiteside? Was he going to cry "Mother!" or was he going to pay some startled tribute to the maker, no, builder, of the foundation garment to which she seemed to be the merest of accessories? The effect, when he did neither but proceeded to behave as if he had been bowled over was not even funny, it was almost unbearably sad.

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running, "*regrets*"

Some of the regrets that one felt about the debasement of the professional theatre while watching *Sherry!* stirred again when one found oneself watching George Grizzard, one of Broadway's most intelligent and most skillful actors, directed by Alan Schneider, as imaginative and inventive a spirit as there is in the American theatre, occupying himself with three of the four one-act plays making up the bill at the Ambassador, which are collectively offered under the title *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running*. This title comes from the first of the four plays, a fair sample of the rest, in which Mr. Grizzard has to pretend to be a playwright passionately eager to give the New York theatre audience its first sight of the private parts of a naked male. For what seems to be an eternity the playwright and his agent argue to and fro, we can't do it, we can do it, we can't, we can, until at last it is put to an actor. Would he, or wouldn't he, take a part that required him to come on a stage, to face an audience, naked as a jay bird? Well!, he says at first, and then, why not? The playlet ends with the actor exhibiting himself, luckily from behind a door, to the agent, as the curtain falls.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Ulysses,

"*the best film . . . for a long time*"

In prospect, the idea of *Ulysses* as a movie seems totally improbable. This is not just because of censorship, but because the transposition from one medium to another of so dense, complex, and profound a work—a work so dependent, above all, on language—creates apparently insuperable problems. Yet the challenge has been miraculously met. Joseph Strick, as director, and Mr. Strick and Fred Haines, as co-authors of the screenplay, have made the best film any of us is likely to see for a long time.

The film establishes its sureness of touch with the opening shot: stately, plump Buck Mulligan bearing his bowl of lather and looking out at Dublin Bay from the top of the Martello Tower. Stephen Dedalus quickly appears, dark, proud, intense; Haines, the Englishman, is sketched with precise and underplayed mockery.

The camera reveals Dublin itself in lovely, sombre, black-and-white Panavision. It is still hard to believe, though, that it will really work. One awaits the Blooms. Then the scene shifts to 7 Eccles Street: Leopold grilling mutton kidneys in the kitchen, Molly indolent in the bedroom, and we know that everything will be all right.

So the odyssey continues through the varied Dublin day until Bloom and Stephen, Ulysses and Telemachus, at last meet in the hospital; and on to *Walpurgisnacht* and Bella Cohen's brothel, and finally back to the Bloom house, and Bloom asleep, and Molly's soliloquy—"the sea crimson sometimes like fire . . . and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes."

One reason that it all works so well is that Joyce's technical devices turn out to be surprisingly cinematic. The reverie, the subliminal flash memory, the surge of wild fantasy: All lend themselves happily to the screen. Even the catechism through which Joyce renders the midnight talk between Bloom and Dedalus comes through brilliantly in the movie. Only Joyce's greatest art—the exploration of language—eludes the camera, but even here his words are faithfully reproduced by the screenwriters and marvellously spoken by the cast.

Milo O'Shea is quite extraordinary as Bloom, embodying exquisitely the gentleness, the sensitivity, the humour and the rueful, vagrant sensuality. Maurice Roëves's lowering Dedalus, T. P. McKenna's flamboyant Mulligan (but plump enough?), Joe Lynch's Blazes Boylan, Graham Lines's Haines, and the expressive Dublin faces in the background—all are quite wonderful. As Molly Bloom, Barbara Jefford is physically less the earth mother than one might have expected, but she sustains the concluding monologue with astonishing skill and success.

Nothing, I suppose, is perfect. The film does not quite suggest the passage of hours through the day. It is not clear, for example, that Bloom's episode with Gerty MacDowell on the beach is taking place in the early evening. (This whole scene, indeed, is too brief and fast and the only false scene in the film.) Bloom's night-town fantasies seemed to me too literal, contrived and prolonged. Mr. Strick had already done this sort of thing well enough in *The Balcony*, and one feels that he has been there before. And the shift of time from June 16, 1904, to the present gives a new and wrong (*i.e.*, post-Hitlerian) emphasis to Irish anti-Semitism. But the film catches the penetrating humanity of Joyce; it at least suggests the resonances of the language; it greatly conveys images of life, love and death. It can only be described as beautiful.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By ALFRED KAZIN

If Strangers Meet,

"peculiarly happy and touching"

Van Wyck Brooks, who died in 1963, was one of those rare writers in whom creative imagination needs documents, history, the world that other writers have created in their books. In this country we think that critics must be either professors or reviewers—and generally they are. But Van Wyck Brooks found his many characters and stories in other writers—especially American writers, their lives and times. He made a story that grew more and more idyllic, a story that he never tired of writing and that the public that recognizes literature (even when it is written by critics) never tired of reading.

Brooks himself was a character as complex, strange to himself and fascinating to others, as any moody poet. He *looked* like nobody else, and unmistakably like somebody. With his comfortable-looking stoutness and his uncomfortable, often bristling shyness, his unworldliness in little things, his passionate hopefulness in great ones, he was an idiosyncratic, industrious, troubled, yet radiant man. Writers who disagreed with him loved him for embodying so many splendid old American freedoms, so much unconscious and heroic dignity. The feeling he inspired comes through glowingly in Gladys Brooks's memoir of her husband, *If Strangers Meet* (Harcourt, Brace & World).

Gladys Brooks comes from a distinguished New York family; her father was Mark Twain's doctor. She has already told her earlier story in *Gramercy Park* and *Boston and Return.* She married first into a famous Boston clan, and was still youthfully sensitive and unfulfilled when she met Van Wyck Brooks in 1944. They married three years later; both were over sixty, and grandparents. Their extraordinarily happy and productive relationship makes for a peculiarly happy, touching book—anyone who knows what a marvellous writer Van Wyck Brooks was can see how much his example influenced her.

Van Wyck's creative feeling for other writers produced a peculiar connectedness with many writers as friends, influences, moral centres for his own thinking. What another writer *thought* could become, for Brooks, a form of scripture. If he could get hope from his friends, they became a living sustenance. He felt the increasing political hopelessness of younger writers as a threat to his own peace of mind. So the Brookses' meetings with the many writers described in this book were not merely exchanges of personal friendship but a form of communion.

This is the background of *If Strangers Meet.* What makes Mrs. Brooks's own memoir so interesting, however, is not only the full record of these meetings with writers in Connecticut, New York, California, Ireland, England, France, Italy, but also the vibration of feeling, the colour of human sympathy, that Mrs. Brooks herself gives to her record. To anyone who is still fascinated by old-fashioned manners as a *school* for writers, Mrs. Brooks's delicacy of comment is instructive.

But most striking is the way in which her sense of other writers' personalities, her ability to sum up the way a writer looked at home, amidst all his things, duplicates Brooks's own sense of detail, his feeling for the writer as person. The portraits of Helen Keller, John Hall Wheelock, Edmund Wilson, Mrs. William Butler Yeats, and Aldous Huxley are distinct, clearly meant to be sympathetic—and always detached. The writer from whom she was not detached, the writer whose portrait *is* this book, is Van Wyck Brooks—with his old-fashioned pen nibs to write with and his gift for inspiring love and reverence in his wife.

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Permanent press: a fitting solution

After reading about the great new permanently pressed fashions on pages 208-213, a question of alterations may be in the air. Answer? In a spray can. A useful new substance called Alter Ease that makes possible the re-fitting of permanently pressed clothes, in the shop or at home, while retaining the permanent-press advantages. Made primarily for fabric blends of cotton and synthetics, it works this way: Rip out the seam, or hem, to be altered. Smooth out as much as possible, and spray that area with Alter Ease. Let dry about fifteen minutes. Then sew in the new seam or hem, and press with a regular iron on a medium to cool setting; a steam iron does it even better. This press will, again, be a permanent one, with all the benefits. Note: Taking in, or up, is more successful than trying to let out, or down. Old creases and needle-marks will flatten, but may not be completely erased. Wise, too, to read all the very explicit directions on the can. Alter Ease, made by J. P. Stevens, will arrive in stores about the end of May, and sell for about $1.80 a can.

Travel: Expo 67

(Continued from page 141)

ground, eleven acres. . . . Two Eskimo artists came from Baffin Island to do the enchanting white murals on the black walls of La Toundra restaurant. . . .

Quebec's pavilion, a vast glass cube, changes colour like a chameleon: ingeniously slanted glass walls catch the reflection of the sky. At night, they reflect the glow inside. . . . A trompe l'oeil ride in a transparent elevator works as a showcase of the panorama of the Province of Quebec: its sweep of land, its forests, ice, rivers, as well as its strength and quiet beauty. . . .

Expo's hoopla territory, La Ronde, keeps at it until two-thirty in the morning. . . . Science-fiction thriller: riding through Sean Kenny's Gyrotron. . . . A French team engineered The Dancing Waters, fountains, fireworks, and music. . . . All is miniature and in hot colours in the children's fun park. . . . At Le Carrefour: restaurants, boutiques, nightclubs. . . .

The glittering program of The World Festival of Performing Arts, an abundance of the world's great cultural entertainment. . . . Among the starriest events: Stockholm's Royal Opera, June 1 and 3, *The Rake's Progress* produced by Ingmar Bergman. . . . Yehudi Menuhin with the Bath Festival Orchestra, June 22, 25, 27. . . . Japan's Kabuki Theatre, August 3-12. . . . The Bolshoi Opera, four hundred strong, August 10-30. . . . Piano recital by Michelangeli, September 3. . . . La Scala of Milan, October 5-16. . . . All these in Montreal's new theatre complex, Place des Arts, outside the exhibition grounds. . . .

Advantages at Expo 67: no language problems, everything is spelled out in English and French. . . . No bottlenecks in the pavilions: one-way flow of traffic to make backtracking less necessary. . . . No unforeseen queuing at exhibits, eleven electrical billboards flash bilingual messages about crowd conditions. . . . Benches everywhere. . . .

Easy getting around: Montreal's new rubber-tired, air-conditioned Metro stops at Expo. . . . It connects with the free Expo-Express, a silvery train travelling at treetop level. . . . Expo-Train connects with Minirail trains, travelling also in air, twenty-five cents a ride, stopping conveniently above pavilions. . . . On the grounds, only pedicabs. . . . Gondolas, like those in ski places, swing over the amusement grounds. . . . Boats float on canals and river. . . . The message is action. Attractive.



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

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1



2



3

Rome: What the chic American woman observed, "Young men everywhere in elephant-legged pants—all vivid purples, reds, or greens with smashing grey jackets . . . very exciting, and amusing that the men are more courageous than the Roman women, who are still in rather sombre clothes." ***Paris:*** What the pretty American girl observed, "All the good-looking men have long sideburns with long, but not shaggy, hair. It looks wonderful."



The Summer's spectacles have thin oval frames of pale amber plastic with lenses coloured to match exactly, cut glare round the clock. Joel Schumacher's were $14 at Vision Unlimited, 1032 Third Avenue, N. Y. C.

What's afoot: A supple-soled loafer that weighs just nine ounces. Blunt-toed pecan-colour leather, with plaited leather strap. $19, at Battaglia, N. Y. C.





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MAY, 1967

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: THE AMERICAN WOMAN 1967

"Charlie Brown, how would you rate me: stunning?
mysterious? or intoxicating?"—Thus speaks
Lucy the miniature American woman
in the new hit, the Peanuts show, setting words to one
of the recurring dreams (we *would* like to wake up
one morning touched with the intoxicating
mystery of the European woman), and
one of the straight facts: we're wildly curious
about our ratings. With Dr. Spock and Jean-Paul Belmondo. With
the Beatles, Julia Child, and Marshall McLuhan. With Congress.
With the plumber-who-really-comes-while-the-flood-is-on. . . .
And who reads all those forays in print about
the Normal Woman, the Feminine Mystique, the Male Myth,
Mothers, Dazzlers, Mothers Who Are Also Dazzlers, et cetera?
We do—every word about our loves
and greeds and quirks. Do we take them seriously?
You bet—up to a point. The fact is that
the American woman, plunged by the accident of
history into a unique situation, has—with a good lot of help
from men—made herself up as she went along. For her the
age of discovery has never ended;
it didn't stop with the great voyages of the seventeenth century,
and it didn't end with winning the West.
It's still going on. . . . In this issue,
Vogue shows some of the women who have explored
the special potential given, by chance, to all American women.

YOUNG, AND READY TO GO– EVERYTHING STARTS HERE AT THE WAKE-UP AGE. SHAKING LOOSE, FEATHERING OUT. THE WORLD IS HER SLIPSTREAM, AND SHE FLIES ON CONFIDENCE, HEALTH, TALENT, AND UNBALKED DREAMS. THIS GREAT AMERICAN KID IS ELLEN JANOV. BUT THIS KID IS, TOO, A FLAMING EXCEPTION: JUST FOURTEEN, ELLEN, WHO LIVES IN CALIFORNIA, WRITES AND SINGS HER OWN HAPPY, ROCKING SONGS, PLAYS THE GUITAR, GOES TO SCHOOL, BREEZES THROUGH ALL-NIGHT RECORDING SESSIONS, AND HAS EXPLAINED, WITHOUT BRASS, "I JUST DO THESE THINGS."



ELLEN JANOV

AVEDON



THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S DILEMMA

LOVE, *self*-LOVE, *no* LOVE

Loving may interfere with a woman's career but being loved *is* a career. It is a vocation that begins in being discovered—Cinderella, The Sleeping Beauty. The rewards that follow vary with the character of the society in which the discovery takes place and with its institutional means for consecrating for a lifetime the excitement of that first moment.

Being loved is a species of fame. Adoration by a single person is not different in kind from adoration by a public. Being loved and being famous are also interchangeable psychologically. An author whose mistress has left him is fully consoled by the attention he receives if his novel becomes a best seller.

The art of inducing love in an individual is called seduction, that of winning a crowd, public relations. Seduction is in bad repute as the result of man's fear of being carried away by pleasant sights, sounds, activities, or arguments. Nevertheless, Plato made it clear that Socrates used seduction as a means for teaching philosophy.

Public relations as an art is not yet sufficiently understood to be regarded as a menace. Moreover, in addressing itself to the many it seems less dangerous to individuals. These may be among the reasons why public relations is considered by modern women to be more efficient than seduction as a technique for satisfying their desire to be loved.

In all societies woman personifies the powers of seduction and champions their manifestations. In this lies her essential relation to the arts. Aristophanes, who hated Socrates, was obsessed by the power of seduction wielded by women and the danger that they might feminize the arts.

Non-seductive art is, of course, a contradiction in terms. This does not prevent its being advocated, at present, for example, by the theoreticians of so-called minimal painting and sculpture. Throughout the centuries moralists have demanded that art be purged of its sensual charms. Their real target has always been women. In Semitic and mediaeval Christian cultures both art and women were subjugated by systems of abstractions. Rationalist art represents the reign of the medicine man and the homosexual (the medicine man of aesthetics).

The odalisque is a favourite theme of romantic painters because, like the artists themselves, she attracts through a combination of intimate appeal and public display. The odalisque is never pictured without attendants. Her posture is always one of relaxed and absent-minded waiting for a lover who will soon arrive.

The American woman is an odalisque who has eliminated the aspect of privacy and converted immobility into busyness. While thus transcending the odalisque, she has retained the attendants of the latter and the absent lover.

Surrounded by hairdressers, manicurists, cosmeticians, and other stylizers of her person, she directs her seductiveness not toward any individual but to the public at large—in more modest circumstances, *a* public consisting of her social circle, whatever that happens to be.

Instead of devoting her efforts, as did her grandmother, to maintaining continuity of feeling in her suitor or husband, she seeks to evoke a pattern of responses from her total environmental field. She realizes her goal when (metaphorically speaking, of course) she is applauded not only by the human creatures she passes in the street but by the sidewalks and buildings as well.

Built on public relations, the love life of the contemporary

woman is that of the celebrity. To her an embrace is a form of applause; less physical forms may be equally gratifying. Released from dependence upon one man—according to the National Organization for Women (N.O.W.), 46.5 per cent of all American females between eighteen and sixty-four, a large proportion of them from the lowest economic strata, now work outside the home—she is aware of the boundless possibilities of self-enactment.

The new wide-angled focus of the female psyche has produced dramatic changes in woman's outlook and demeanour. Critics comment on her vagueness and impersonality, which they misconstrue as effects of conformism. More likely, she has recaptured the absent-mindedness of the odalisque suspended in a mist of expectancy.

In any case, performing in a tête-à-tête or a nursery demands a different kind of concentration than playing to a packed house of strangers.

If the applause is not forthcoming, the post-dependent woman has herself for an audience. For years the cosmetics and fashion industries have taken note that women adorn and perfume their bodies in order to excite their feelings about themselves, either for the satisfaction it brings them or as a preliminary to being fascinating to others. Like seduction, self-love is frowned upon in principle. Yet amour propre has always been taken for granted in aristocratic societies as the natural attribute of women. To condemn vanity in its democratic manifestations is mere snobbery. A factory hand with a soufflé hairdo has as much right to be carried away by the mirror as a duchess in her emeralds. To be both independent and loved leads logically to do-it-yourself.

Unfortunately, self-love is not always entirely reliable. Like the applause of the audience, whether consisting of one or of many, the applause of the "I" for itself is susceptible to fluctuations. Glances from the figure in the mirror are not inevitably flattering.

Whether alone or in public, woman today participates in the uneasiness of the celebrity regarding his power to hold his audience. As a result, her attitude toward her liberation from dependence is ambivalent. On the one hand, she is proud to have surmounted the traditional husband-wife relationship in which her identity is contingent upon the emotions of a being whom she can not accept as her superior. On the other hand, she is frustrated by the need perpetually to seek approving reflections of herself in the eyes of others. In what, in whom can she achieve an objective realization of the unique being that she knows herself to be?

Perhaps only in having children, and only while the children are children. No wonder many are impelled to become mothers while refusing to become wives.

The situation of women in regard to themselves is not, however, essentially different from that of men. In our mass society anonymity threatens everyone, and men and women alike achieve identity either through their actions or by manipulating the means through which people are recognized.

The handicap of women is that, in being desired, illusory solutions become readily available to them. The handicap increases in direct ratio to the attractiveness of the women. Beauty can sustain a woman indefinitely in the public-private drama of the waiting odalisque.

Those attempting to solve the "woman's problem" have usually refused to deal with the woman as beloved, in order to concentrate on her status as a citizen. The model of reformers has been the woman who through homeliness or poverty has been compelled to labour in the fields or to dedicate herself to the mind or the soul. Toil and study would, in their view, rescue women from dependence upon the graciousness of men or their lust. Seductiveness, where it is mentioned at all—N.O.W. does not mention it—is treated as something illicit and, by an odd reversal, a devilish fraud perpetrated upon women!

Thus, to reformers women are a minority group in need of help in achieving social justice. N.O.W., for example, seeks to eliminate discrimination in job and educational opportunities in order to win "full equality for women in truly equal partnership with men."

No doubt, the first step in such a "partnership" would require women to purge themselves of the Cinderella dream of being discovered and transformed through love—a dream which is as practical an outlook as most others in view of the frequent instances of its realization. In place of her sense of her gift of desirability she would adopt the male ideal of competitive striving. Man, according to Hegel, is made what he is by combat and work. No wonder women have refused to respond en masse to offers of "full partnership."

N.O.W. points out that, with women's life span lengthened to seventy-five years, to discriminate against them in occupations because of the time they spend in child bearing and rearing is unrealistic and unjust. Undoubtedly, this is true. But the position of women in industry and the professions is not determined exclusively by the quantity of time they are able to give to their work. It has to do rather with the form of their lives and with the degree of their self-identification with rôles that are productive in a merely external sense.

So long as being loved continues to be the central preoccupation of woman, she will remain a "part-time" worker, regardless of what portion of her hours and energy she devotes to her vocation.

Poets, too, are part-time workers in this sense. Also heroes. Like women, their vocation is waiting—for the right word, the right moment. The odalisque is obsolete, like practitioners of other luxury trades. Yet it is doubtful that her existence can be comprehended in terms of wages and hours.

Women, poets, and heroes are involved with passivity and with the unknown. They do not exactly grasp what they are doing and are confused about who they are. Is it they who do what they do? Or is it done through them by a more positive and well-defined force? Perhaps their audience will tell them. This a motive for seductiveness deeper than mere vanity.

Except to bring practical benefits to women as workers or professionals, the idea of equal rights for women is an empty equation. It rests upon a fallacy regarding *man:* that he is the one who has what women lack.

Today, whatever prevents women from changing their inner condition prevents also men from changing theirs. The conflict in woman between the impulse to play a part before an audience of potential admirers or to retreat to a more stable (perhaps) dependence is matched by the conflict in man between giving himself to a public identity or striving for an inward order. Both conflicts can not be resolved within the existing cultural framework. But in the correspondence between their problems and those of men, women have already achieved full equality.

BY HAROLD ROSENBERG

SHE IS AN EXCEPTION– WHO STANDS FOR UNEXCEPTIONAL THINGS: FRIENDS, FAMILY, HOUSEHOLD, GARDENS, INVOLVEMENT IN THE WORLD, HELP TO THOSE WHO NEED HELP. YET MRS. WILLIAM S. PALEY IS AN EXCEPTION. HER TOTAL COMMITMENT TO EXCELLENCE FLOWS ON HUMOUR. SHE MAKES EXCELLENCE LOOK EASY. TO GIVE A BACKBONE TO KINDNESS. SHE ASKS MOST FROM HERSELF. TO CARE FOR WHAT IS WORTH CARE, SHE WEEDS THE CARELESS FROM HER LIFE. SHE IS THE MOST INSCRUTABLE OF AMERICAN WOMEN BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THE ROOT PARADOX: TO BE SERENE MEANS WORKING LIKE THE DEVIL.



AVEDON

MRS. WILLIAM S. PALEY


LUCY SAROYAN
AVEDON

SHE IS TWENTY-ONE, AN ACTRESS, ON THE BRINK OF ALL GOOD THINGS—JOYOUS, LOVING, BUOYED UP, EAGER TO TILT AT THE WORLD. "I'M AN ADVENTURESS...I WANT TO DO EVERYTHING, READ EVERYTHING. I WANT TO PLAY ALL THE ROLES IN ALL THE THEATRES."... HER FATHER IS THE PLAYWRIGHT, WILLIAM SAROYAN. HER MOTHER IS CAROL GRACE MATTHAU, ACTRESS AND BEAUTY. THEY OPEN DOORS FOR HER. ONCE INSIDE, SHE'S ON HER OWN—SHE KNOWS IT. THAT'S THE WAY SHE LIKES IT.



The pretty-girl lace for summer

Left, white Chantilly ruffles—and ruffles and ruffles—springing from a linen yoke. By Arkay, in junior sizes; about $65. At Lord & Taylor.

Above, heavy white lace scalloped around the edges and slit to the waist on one side—all the better to see little matching shorts beneath. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne, in junior sizes; about $110. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bewitching tights, white and glittery. Shoes by Capezio.

She has the look of her generation

...ardent, vivid, freckled, with large blue eyes, dark as night, and a figure like the stem of a daisy...a daisy in lace, these pages. *Left,* rows of white lace on an Empire dress of cotton dotted Swiss, sashed in blue satin. By Sylvia de Gay for Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. $90. Beautiful Bryans tights. *Right,* tiers of white cotton lace falling from shoestring straps and daisy borders. By Fouts-Gilkes, $100. At Henri Bendel. Tights by Bewitching. On all four pages: Ara Gallant coiffures, with Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.



INGÉNUES-
THE NEXT
GREAT
BEAUTIES



PAULINE
MUNN
BAKER

ROMANTIC AS A GREUZE PORTRAIT...SOFT HAZEL EYES, A TOUSLED MANE OF CORNSILK HAIR. NINETEEN YEARS OLD. IN LOVE. A GIRL WHO LIVES ON SUN AND WATER. LONGS TO SAIL OFF TO THE SOUTH SEAS....A GIRL WHOSE WISHES SEEM BOUND TO COME TRUE.

PENATI

INGÉNUES—
THE NEXT
GREAT
BEAUTIES

ISABEL
EMILY
HYDE

A GIRL WHO LIVES LIFE
TO THE NTH. TALKS
QUICKLY, EAGERLY,
CRACKLING WITH VITAL-
ITY AND INTEREST.
TALL, DARK, EIGHTEEN.
FACE OF GREAT

THE DAUGHTER OF TWO FAMOUSLY ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE—JOAN BENNETT AND WALTER WANGER. EIGHTEEN. A BEAUTY. SMALL-BONED. WITH ENORMOUS GREEN EYES, MASSES OF DARK HAIR... INTRIGUING RESERVE. THE ALLURE OF A BABY HELEN....HER BENT—TO WRITE, TO PAINT.

SHELLEY
ANTONIA
WANGER

SHE HAS THE PITCH: LIFE KEEPS GOOD ONLY IF SHE KEEPS LEARNING. FRANCES FITZGERALD, MAGNA CUM LAUDE RADCLIFFE '62, IS EXACTING IN HER FACTS AND HER PURPOSES. SHE WRITES ("IT'S A PROCESS OF GROWTH"), TRAVELS ("A WAY OF LEARNING"), SPENT MONTHS IN VIET NAM ("THE MOST IMPORTANT PLACE NOW"). SHE HAS CAUGHT WHAT THE AMERICAN COLLEGE WOMAN OFTEN ONLY CHASES AFTER, AN INDEPENDENT, CREATIVE MIND.

VIET NAM—THE PEOPLE

0700. Two battalions of Marines have landed on the shores of Viet Nam. The brigade commander looks at his watch.

But Viet Nam seems empty. Nothing moves beyond the first tree line, though the potential of movement is everywhere—in the rice fields, in each stand of trees, on the verges of the small streams. The land bristles. Having never seen it before, the soldiers are as if newly born into it, conscious for the first time of their bodies and strange to the verbs of motion. As they walk forward, they jerk their heads this way and that, searching in the still-nameless shrubbery.

A platoon leader waves his men, their rifles ready, out to the left flank and into position against the hostility that has grown up around the unit. Suddenly the men see movement—a black hump rising over the horizon of the young rice shoots.

"It's Charlie!"

"Get the gook!"

0846. A platoon of Marines advances. The men rush at the black hump as it falls and turns beneath a cone of yellow. Under the glare of ten rifles a brown man with a wispy beard stares up from under his hat. He scrabbles at his black pyjamas and with a shaking hand offers up a little blue card.

"What's this mean? What's this Charlie got?"

"Find the interpreter."

"Christ, the interpreter can't speak English."

On his knees in the ring of soldiers the old man smiles and smiles as if the line of his mouth had caught and fixed into the other deep wrinkles. He is still smiling when the interpreter comes up.

"There you are—old Jack Won Ton. So tell us what this guy's got. . . . Yeah? . . . Yeah, you don't say so. It's a voting card? . . . A voting card for the elections."

"I'll be a son of a bitch."

"What do they vote for in this goddamned country?"

"Well, it's a voting card. So keep this old gook back here where he won't get hurt." The platoon sergeant pats the old man's head. "O.K. You O.K. now. You stay here." The old man takes back the card, carefully tucks it in his wallet, wraps the wallet in a little plastic bag, and hides it away in his pyjamas. His smile is permanent.

0903. A sharp crack. The forward platoon halts. Having heard such sounds before on the rifle ranges at Fort Leavenworth, the lieutenant cranks up his field telephone and says: "Sniper fire. . . . Thin Bison One, this is Thin Bison Six, over. We have received sniper fire.

"I have observed it, and I am requesting artillery for coordinates ABCD 1234. Sniper fire, two rounds of sniper fire, three rounds of sniper fire. . . . That's affirmative . . . sniper fire, perhaps a half dozen rounds from a Chinese temple . . . that's affirm . . . a Chinese temple . . . some kind of a temple."

In the following hush the wind rustles in the rice like some living thing, rippling it away from the soldiers to the shrine, where two green stone dragons crouch at the doorway, baring their long fangs, and delicate monsters on the roof turn away the evil spirits of the air.

0918. The soldiers wince at the flash and the roar that shudders the ground beneath them. They wait, then run forward, still blind with the noise, to the ruins of the shrine, to the blackened stone fragments of the dragons and the gaping roof. But there is nothing in the shrine —at least there is no body.

0925. The message "Suspected Viet Cong structure destroyed" is relayed to the brigade commander.

All through the morning the men walk forward into Viet Nam, their rifles on ready, their nerves strung tight up to the smallest sound, the smallest flicker. Stringing out along the paddy dikes or fanning through groves of saplings, they move slowly as through a patch of real thorns, though around them lies only the potential of the high grass.

Held together by the chatter of the radios and the bond of this apprehension, they walk three miles inland from the sea, three miles into a gentle landscape with strange flowering trees. In the afternoon, as the sweat prints a dark rose between his uniformed shoulders, one soldier says: "Mary Jean should see me doing this. She'd laugh her head off." All afternoon the soldiers walk, and the land has nothing for them (Continued on page 260)



MAGNUM: PHILIP JONES-GRIFFITHS



Blond, tall, looking disarmingly young and pretty, Frances FitzGerald, who wrote "Viet Nam—The People," was photographed (above) in the driving rain of Quang Nam province with a representative of A.I.D. at a refugee camp.



SHE PUT NEW SHINE TO OLD WISDOMS: THAT RAISING CHILDREN IS NEVER ORDINARY, THAT PRIVACY IS A PRIZE. THAT DISCIPLINE GIVES FAME A BASE AND TRAGEDY A BEARING. HER YOUNGNESS HAS BEEN THE SURPRISE. NOT THE MESSAGE. MRS. JOHN F. KENNEDY HAS PRECIPITATED THE CLEAREST AND POSSIBLY MOST DURABLE, PUBLIC IMAGE OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

STANLEY FINZIG




HENRY CLARKE

DIPLOMACY WITH DASH

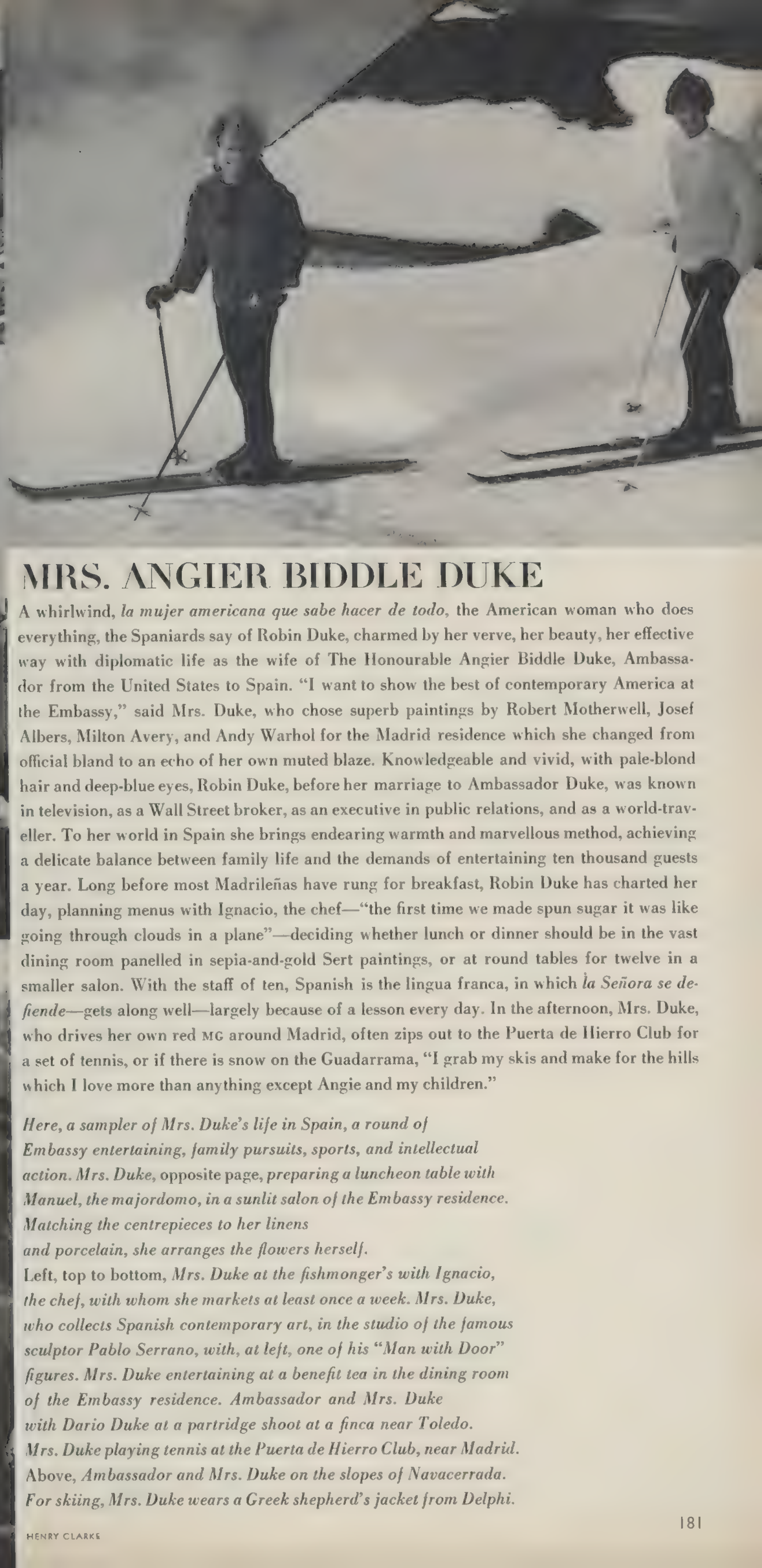
MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE, HER EMBASSY LIFE IN MADRID, ITS SPANISH SCOPE, ITS AMERICAN ACTION



THIS PAGE, LEFT TO RIGHT: UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE AND MRS. EUGENE V. ROSTOW, MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE, CONDESA DE ROMANONES, AMBASSADOR DUKE. OPPOSITE PAGE: MRS. DUKE.







MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE

A whirlwind, *la mujer americana que sabe hacer de todo*, the American woman who does everything, the Spaniards say of Robin Duke, charmed by her verve, her beauty, her effective way with diplomatic life as the wife of The Honourable Angier Biddle Duke, Ambassador from the United States to Spain. "I want to show the best of contemporary America at the Embassy," said Mrs. Duke, who chose superb paintings by Robert Motherwell, Josef Albers, Milton Avery, and Andy Warhol for the Madrid residence which she changed from official bland to an echo of her own muted blaze. Knowledgeable and vivid, with pale-blond hair and deep-blue eyes, Robin Duke, before her marriage to Ambassador Duke, was known in television, as a Wall Street broker, as an executive in public relations, and as a world-traveller. To her world in Spain she brings endearing warmth and marvellous method, achieving a delicate balance between family life and the demands of entertaining ten thousand guests a year. Long before most Madrileñas have rung for breakfast, Robin Duke has charted her day, planning menus with Ignacio, the chef—"the first time we made spun sugar it was like going through clouds in a plane"—deciding whether lunch or dinner should be in the vast dining room panelled in sepia-and-gold Sert paintings, or at round tables for twelve in a smaller salon. With the staff of ten, Spanish is the lingua franca, in which *la Señora se defiende*—gets along well—largely because of a lesson every day. In the afternoon, Mrs. Duke, who drives her own red MG around Madrid, often zips out to the Puerta de Hierro Club for a set of tennis, or if there is snow on the Guadarrama, "I grab my skis and make for the hills which I love more than anything except Angie and my children."

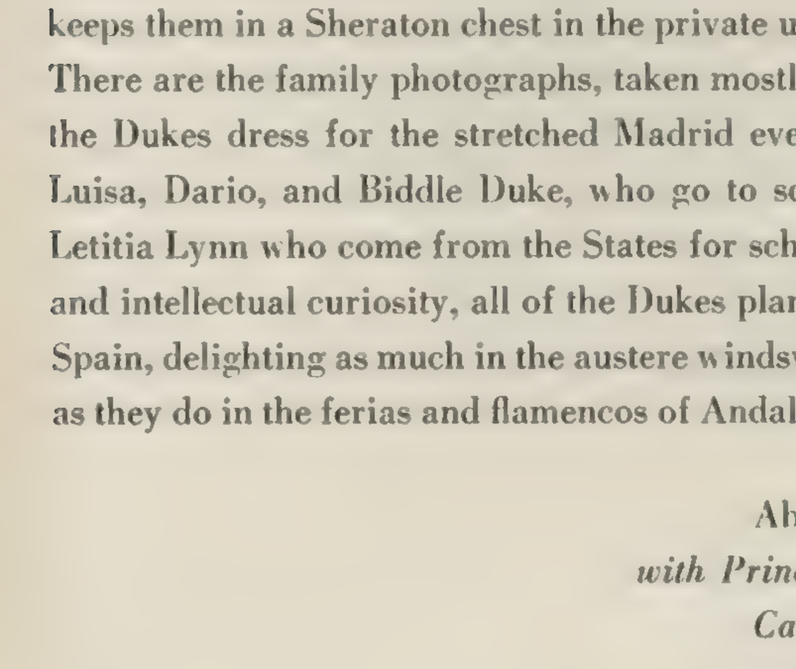
Here, a sampler of Mrs. Duke's life in Spain, a round of Embassy entertaining, family pursuits, sports, and intellectual action. Mrs. Duke, opposite page, *preparing a luncheon table with Manuel, the majordomo, in a sunlit salon of the Embassy residence. Matching the centrepieces to her linens and porcelain, she arranges the flowers herself.*
Left, top to bottom, *Mrs. Duke at the fishmonger's with Ignacio, the chef, with whom she markets at least once a week. Mrs. Duke, who collects Spanish contemporary art, in the studio of the famous sculptor Pablo Serrano, with, at left, one of his "Man with Door" figures. Mrs. Duke entertaining at a benefit tea in the dining room of the Embassy residence. Ambassador and Mrs. Duke with Dario Duke at a partridge shoot at a finca near Toledo. Mrs. Duke playing tennis at the Puerta de Hierro Club, near Madrid.*
Above, *Ambassador and Mrs. Duke on the slopes of Navacerrada. For skiing, Mrs. Duke wears a Greek shepherd's jacket from Delphi.*

HENRY CLARKE

MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE

In representing her country abroad, Mrs. Duke blends an indelibly American spirit with a fascination for all things Spanish: the country and its people, the literature and language, the arts and sciences. At present, she is arranging an exchange of graduate doctors in cancer research between Memorial Hospital in New York and the Hospital of Pamplona. Passionately interested in art, Mrs. Duke, who rarely misses an important Madrid gallery opening, has added the works of contemporary Spanish artists—Palencia, Mompou, Villalba, and Monjó Carriga—to her private collection. She also collects rare shells—wentletrap, paper nautilus, and golden cowries which she found in Africa, in Japan, and in Spain, keeps them in a Sheraton chest in the private upstairs apartment at the Embassy. There are the family photographs, taken mostly by Mrs. Duke, and there, before the Dukes dress for the stretched Madrid evenings, the family gathers: María Luisa, Dario, and Biddle Duke, who go to school in Madrid, and Jeffrey and Letitia Lynn who come from the States for school vacations. With abundant zest and intellectual curiosity, all of the Dukes plan holidays, exploring every fold of Spain, delighting as much in the austere windswept coasts of Galicia and Asturias as they do in the ferias and flamencos of Andalusia.

Above, *Ambassador and Mrs. Duke with Princess Sophia and Prince Don Juan Carlos of Asturias.* Right, *Mrs. Duke, centre, watching flamenco dancers with, left to right, Condesa de Romanones, Señor Alfonso Patricio, Señor Alfonso Vicuña, Ambassador Duke, Señor Duarte Pinto Coelho. and, seated, H. M. Queen Margarita, wife of former King Simeon of Bulgaria.* Left, *Mrs. Duke, who is with her children at supper every night at seven, playing in her bedroom with four-year-old Biddle, the youngest Duke.*



HENRY CLARKE



AMERICAN WOMEN:

THE CHANGERS



PHOTOGRAPH OF A PORTRAIT OF MRS. MCCORMICK PAINTED IN 1910 BY RUSSELL GREELEY.

Pioneering, intellectual, feminine, the three women shown here and on the next pages have changed this country. Mrs. McCormick, a power in getting suffrage for women, backed the first birth-control pill. Judge Motley changed the legal course of civil rights. Martha Graham invented a new world of dance. Their minds are bold and imaginative. They think like women and they act like women and they fit no stereotype.

Mrs. Stanley R. McCormick

Mrs. Stanley R. McCormick, now ninety-one, frail, brilliant, and indomitable, first invested her energies in the leadership of the woman's suffrage movement and then in the birth-control movement. In 1952 she began paying for experimental work on the birth-control pill, the one developed by Dr. Gregory Pincus at the Worcester Foundation in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts. That pill, or its like, has gone around the world, changing the lives of millions of women, millions of families. Mrs. McCormick in 1952 was the only person in this country who gave money for the Pincus work. Money was needed so badly that much of his birth-control experimenting had almost stopped. Then Mrs. McCormick agreed to underwrite the Foundation's experimentations a year at a time. She still helps support the Foundation. Born in Dexter, Michigan, the daughter of Wirt Dexter, a Chicago lawyer who organized the Relief Committee for Victims of Chicago's Great Fire in 1871, she married Stanley McCormick, a son of Cyrus McCormick, head of the International Harvester Company. First, however, she was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the class of 1904. She gave to MIT its first dormitory for women in 1962; recently gave another. In Chicago she gave two courts to the Art Institute; at California's Stanford University she established a scholarship fund for women medical students. Before these activities she was so famous a fighting Suffragette (national treasurer of the Suffragette movement) that during World War I President Woodrow Wilson appointed her to his six-member Women's Defense Committee. A few years ago a friend, referring to Mrs. McCormick, said, "In 215 B.C. Cato the Censor wrote: 'Suffer women once to arrive at an equality with you, and they will, from that moment, become your superiors.' "

Judge Constance B. Motley

Judge Constance B. Motley, *right*, a handsome, low-voiced woman who talks with all deliberate speed and often with open amusement, influenced the lives of Americans when she won nine decisions in civil-rights cases before the United States Supreme Court. (She argued ten but lost one.) Although these cases involved Negroes, the decisions were applicable way beyond the rights of Negroes. Many of those Supreme Court cases on desegregation and on sit-ins are now historic. She was a tidy trial lawyer who put the hard work where it belonged, in her briefs, put ease and gentleness, laced with steel, in her court manners. Now a Federal judge in New York's Southern District, she has the same beautiful court manners. Born and brought up in New Haven, Connecticut, Judge Motley has earned degrees from New York University, Columbia University Law School, and six honorary degrees. While still at Law School she joined the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, for which in time she argued civil-rights cases in at least eleven Southern state courts. She came to the Fund in 1945, left in 1965. In 1946 she married Joel Motley, who is in real estate and insurance; they have one son, Joel Motley, junior, now a student at Exeter Academy. On her way to a Federal judgeship Mrs. Motley stopped off from 1953 to 1965 to serve in the New York State Senate where she was the first Negro woman Senator. Afterwards she became the first woman Borough President of Manhattan until she moved to chambers in the Federal Court Building, where she is the first Negro woman Federal judge. Naturally.

CECIL BEATON



THE CHANGERS *Martha Graham*

She is an admitted, authentic American genius who invented, as Leroy Leatherman wrote, "a technique of dance which has irrevocably changed the art . . . the first woman in the history of drama East and West to have contributed a huge and amazingly varied body of work to the theatre." Agnes de Mille once said that Graham taught "a new system of leverage, balance, and dynamics." But first of all she was a great dancer who still dances, still releases on stage a powerful imagery in her own masterly choreography. Small, thin, always independent, a little arrogant, rather remote at times, shy, and "clear-headed in crisis," Martha Graham is peculiarly American, especially in her American dances "Letter to the World," "Frontier: an American Perspective of the Plains," and "Appalachian Spring."

BY CLIVE BARNES

For forty-four years Martha Graham has been one of the most creative forces in American life, a genuine original. She was not content to dance as other people danced, but at her peak as a dancer she was one of the supreme performers of the century.

Her dancing at its best provokes in audiences the instant thrill of communication. It is not her actual dancing or her acting but more a combination of both made vivid by her force. To see her in *The Legend of Judith* or *Clytemnestra,* or in earlier days in *Night Journey,* and the rest, is to be aware of a tremendous theatricality, yet also of a tremendous woman. Graham's portrayals, deep-etched with humanity, at times seem like essays in autobiography as she explores what she calls the "interior landscape."

The greatness of Graham extends, of course, over many related areas. In dance she has played many rôles. As a creator she has built up a whole repertory of ballets that are unsurpassed in the world. As a teacher she has trained and nurtured generation after generation of American dancers and choreographers. Dancer, choreographer, and teacher, in all of these rôles Graham has dominated four decades of American modern dance. Yet her most important rôle has been that of pioneer, because she has not merely led American modern dance; in a true sense she created it.

Modern dance is an indigenous American art form. It probably owes its inspiration to Isadora Duncan, but she left no school, formulated no technique, and although she had a few disciples, these were unable to follow in her steps without her genius. The next modern dance pioneers, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, were Graham's own teachers, and from them she learned much. But Graham's most important teacher was Graham herself.

She made herself into her own instrument of creation, for Graham not only decided what she wanted to say and how she wanted to say it but she actually forged her own means of technical expression. Her new technique was based on the simple principle of muscular contraction and release, which is not only the basis of her movement but, of course, the basis of all breathing. While classic ballet places great emphasis on the special grace of balance, Graham placed equal emphasis on the dramatic possibilities inherent in off-balance positions. The dance she founded is both explosively brilliant and pungently dramatic. For Graham is not only a great woman of dance but also a great woman of the theatre.

EDITOR'S NOTE: An expansive, buoyant thirty-nine-year-old Britisher, Clive Barnes is the authoritative dance critic of *The New York Times* which has recently made him its daily drama critic for next season. (Walter Kerr then will do just the Sunday think piece on the theatre.) Barnes, a happy, energetic critic, stipulated this condition to the management: He would only do drama if he could keep on with dance.

CECIL BEATON





Miss Jacqueline Grennan

Brave, intuitive, with brown hair, a flashing Midwestern smile, and grey eyes, Jacqueline Grennan is a force in education. She does not meet challenge head on, she invents it. As President of Webster College in Webster Groves, Missouri, Miss Grennan has been a mover in changing that institution from Roman Catholic to "a legally secular college in which the power of religious presence is a living force."

As fresh and clear as country water, Miss Grennan, who was born on an Illinois farm, entered the order of the Sisters of Loretto in 1950. Last year she asked to be released from her vows. "I have come to believe that the notion of cloister—in physical enclosure or in social regulations or in dress—is not valid for some of us who must live our lives as dedicated women in the public forum."

In the public forum, Miss Grennan has been an innovator at educational conferences, involved in the Peace Corps, and in the problem of slums: "The key drives of our time are integration, internationalism, and ecumenism . . . the three manifestations of mankind to reorganize as a family."

Miss Grennan, whose pale strong hands sometimes fall into nunly gestures, speaks with unswerving faith in the young: "Kids have thrown off the superficialities. They are futurists, self-determining radical optimists. Today, students have extraordinary responsibility in their own education. In their search for a new morality they are not libertines. To them, their word 'fink' means phony-plus, self-serving in the guise of virtue." Convinced of their great potential, Miss Grennan said to her students—who call her simply "J"—"If you are not more powerful than I am at forty, then you're flops."

AMERICAN WOMEN:

THE DOERS



Dr. Mary Lois Murphy

Little, soft-spoken, her hazel eyes almost startling in her delicate face, Dr. Murphy is a force in medicine and research. Chairman of the Department of Pediatrics at the Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases in New York and Associate Professor of Pediatrics at Cornell University Medical College, Dr. Murphy is, in addition, an associate member of the Sloan-Kettering Institute where she has a research laboratory for the study of chemicals that produce congenital anomalies in animal embryos. Her work is clinical, not her attack. Pathology fires her up. Born in Nebraska, a graduate of the University of Nebraska and its College of Medicine, Dr. Murphy has been interested in pathology from the start. She veered into pediatrics, she said, when she found out "that children had short medical histories, less depressing than adults, and they were small enough for me to move around." She swung back to pathology when, in 1949, she traced a child's illness first to crayons he had eaten, and then specifically to the yellow crayon. It alone contained an illegal aniline dye. At Memorial her work includes not only the clinical evaluation of drugs that may control leukemia, but the total care of children with cancer.

For Dr. Murphy pathological research is heady stuff. She sizzles with her enthusiasms which, on the side, include photography, her hi-fi, her summer house in Maine, travel in Africa, and odd diseases. She told the doctor in charge of a hospital in Kenya for victims of a nutritional disease common among African children, "For kwashiorkor, I'd come at any time." Because she is vivid and straight and often amused, Dr. Murphy will give any but noble reasons for her work. It may be coincidence that her great drive is directed to cancer and to congenital deformities, which, since the introductions of antibiotics and polio vaccine, are, after accidents, the two major causes of death among children.

TWO FORCES IN THEIR FIELDS. THEY HAVE IN COMMON A SENSE OF EXCITEMENT OF GOALS. THEY KNOW WHAT "HOPE" MEANS. BUT NOT "QUIT"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . American women in Viet Nam, working not only as nurses but in civilian jobs in and out of Saigon. . . . *The Death of a President* by William Manchester whose book is thoughtful, wary, and a miracle of details put into focus; when the clergy gathered at the White House, Manchester wrote: "In death John Kennedy had convened a kind of spontaneous ecumenical council."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Go to the Widow-Maker* by James Jones who has written a big, crippled book in his Late American Rubbish style, embellished with adolescent graffiti words. . . . The brilliant shake-up of Stravinsky's opera, *The Rake's Progress*, produced mainly in black and white in Boston by the revolutionary Sarah Caldwell, who has put some of the girls in mini-skirts and made the Bearded Woman into a man. . . . The public hypochondria augmented by an increasing number of medical programs, some fictional, some discussion, on radio and television.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The tooting gospel rhythms of the Jule Styne gut song "Hallelujah, Baby!" in the new musical *Hallelujah, Baby!* . . . The old-fashioned, hammocky political novel *Washington, D. C.* by Gore Vidal whose cast includes the usual bunch of corrupt politicians with the usual white manes of hair, the rich girl, the venal publisher, the real mixed in with the unreal.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The smashing early abstractions in the superb new exhibition of the work by the seventy-seven-year-old American painter Stanton MacDonald-Wright, organized by the National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution. . . . The opera *Mourning Becomes Electra*, which served up not only the composer Marvin David Levy but two great singers, Marie Collier and Evelyn Lear, whose opulent musical intelligence, savoury strong voices and whose audacity as actresses gave the Metropolitan Opera a flip-up for the end of the season. . . . Eve Brown's book, *The Plaza*, a loving, quick-reading book of hotel-lobby gossip that is sometimes amusing with its stories of rich batty old ladies, with its last sentence: "The Plaza belongs to history, the last of the Big-Time Splendours." . . . The lamentable health of Broadway which no longer is a fabulous invalid—the drama reviews belong now on the obit page.

HELEN FRANKENTHALER. first-rate painter, uniquely American. Although there are many eminent American painters, many of them women, no one has reached the young eminence of Helen Frankenthaler, the only woman among twenty American artists chosen for Canada's Expo 67. When she finished her gigantic Expo painting—more than thirty-two feet high and sixteen feet wide—she hired an old movie theatre in order to see it all at one time, for the first time. She had painted it on the floor of her New York studio (in which she was photographed, *opposite*, with some recent paintings). She did not know whether the Expo 67 painting had really worked until she saw it hung. Although her work is often large, the scale of this mammoth effort was new, "a marvellous problem," she said. She speaks thoughtfully. Her words are relaxed, amused, and she waits to make them right. Her Expo 67 canvas lay on her studio floor for weeks. "I would wander around it and then take off. As long as I treated it as a tremendous, serious, pressured thing, I couldn't get at it." Frankenthaler paintings are usually one-shots. She dislikes a worked-over or "made" look. If a painting doesn't work, she tears it up. Tear up a thirty-three-foot canvas? Both practical and courageous, she went to Europe for a week, saw the great Picasso show in Paris, came home refreshed, and attacked her canvas as if it were a piece of disposable paper. In her completed Expo 67 painting all the colours read in from the outer edges (or read out from within). To reach the interior, said Helen Frankenthaler, "I just walked in on the red." Since June, 1966, when she was one of four American artists exhibited at the 1966 Venice Biennale, she has had an extraordinary eleven months. In Los Angeles the Nicholas Wilder Gallery gave her a show with her recent paintings, a show which is now on exhibition in Detroit. Everyone in the world of art knows a Frankenthaler. At thirty-eight, the wife of one of the great American painters, Robert Motherwell, she is a vital woman whose good looks are as remarkable as the range of her intelligence.

The well-known art critic and writer Eugene C. Goossen, Chairman of the Department of Art at Hunter College in New York, has said of Helen Frankenthaler: "When Frankenthaler's paintings were first shown sixteen years ago at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, then an obscure little hole-in-the-wall under the Third Avenue El, the paintings, even the masterpiece, 'Mountains and Sea,' did not look like much to most people. One of her admirers, the late painter Paul Feeley, called them 'old paint rags.' He meant it as a compliment, for he, like Morris Louis (Continued on page 259)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN







HUSBAND STEALER, AMERICAN STYLE

By Suzy Knickerbocker

There are some American women who would love to lose their husbands. If they could, they would push them right into the first available deep dark forest without a thought or a compass. Or even a pocket full of bread crumbs to drop. And they wouldn't miss them for a minute until the first of the month.

But most American women are in mortal fear of losing their mates. A lot of them worked themselves to the bone to get husbands—and just let anyone try to get them away. Just let them try. Grrrrrr. A husband becomes particularly precious and dear when he is blessed—bless him—with this world's goods. If there is anything worse than losing a man, it's losing a man with money.

At her mother's knee, the American woman learns that the one thing that can get a man away from a woman is another woman. Armed with this priceless knowledge, she is ever on the lookout for danger. There is no greater menace, more to be feared, hated, and guarded-against than The Husband Stealer. Wherever She May Lurk.

Some women are ridiculously aggressive at protecting their husbands from these terrifying threats to a happy home. Riddled with insecurities, they are jealous of anything in, or popping out of, a dress. These are the wives who meet the danger, real or imagined, head-on—the "I saw you flirting with my husband, you witch" type. Inevitably they are colossal bores and dumb, dumb, dumb. Their husbands should lose *them*.

Then there is the cool, casual, cagey type, a believer in the "give him a lot of rope" school. Outwardly she is indifferent to her husband's attentions to others. Inwardly she seethes. She memorizes his exact position in relation to every woman in the room. If he moves two inches nearer to someone than he should, God help him when she gets him home. Most of these worried wives are wasting their time. They wouldn't know a real Husband Stealer if she wore a badge. Or if there were big red arrows pointing right at her. For instance:

The girl dancing in the middle of the floor is lusciously beautiful. S-E-X might as well be printed on her forehead. Her lovely legs are (Continued on page 257)

SUZY KNICKERBOCKER, whose salted, nutty gossip columns appear in fifty-nine newspapers in the United States, gallops her readers through the absurd, capricious, make-believe world of the rich, famous, and tainted. Suzy is in fact Mrs. Aileen Mehle, *opposite*. She is a bit of a shock. Little, pretty, with blue eyes that look as if they went to sleep at eight o'clock and an ingenuous-seeming tousle of blond hair, she looks no more like the mother of a twenty-five-year-old lieutenant in the Navy, which she is, than like the possessor of a deadly pen, which she has but uses discreetly. "I'm very good at wiping people off the map, but why should I? They have no weapon, I do." Possibly the most influential gossiper in the country, she considers her work non-fun. "I'm a brow-furrower. Sometimes I wonder which should go out the window first. Me or my typewriter. What saves me is that I write for 'me,' and I can't take 'me' seriously." Mrs. Mehle, who is about as determined and as hard to get ahead of as an Olympic runner, feels happiest pretending her career is a joke. Born and raised in El Paso, Texas, she went to college in California, and married with no thoughts of jobs. In 1951, at a cocktail party in Miami, she mentioned to powers at the *Miami Daily News* that she thought another newspaper's society reporter "was terrible. And with that line my whole life changed." With that line and the three sample columns she quickly sent to the *News*. Except for a few years off for a second marriage, Mrs. Mehle has been Suzy ever since (the New York *Journal-American* added "Knickerbocker"), telling who did what to whom, implying lots more, and making it all appear rich and gay. To do this she reminds herself that the last laugh is on her. "When I first went to work for the New York *Mirror*, I got up at four every morning to write," said Mrs. Mehle. "I knew almost no one. I had no sources. Without sources, you're dead. I went to the editor and said, 'I can't go on with this job. I wasn't cut out for it.' He went right on typing. Without even turning his head he answered, 'You were born for it.' " That made Suzy laugh.

CECIL BEATON



MARY LASKER HAS THE AMERICAN HABIT OF BELIEVING SHE CAN IMPROVE HER WORLD—AND SHE DOES. BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

THE GREAT PERSUADER

Ask her friends what Mary Lasker is like, and the chances are that, after confessing that everything about her is equally devoid of shadows, that she seems to have been cast in no mould they know of, in short that she is indescribable, they will begin—and end—by describing her smile. It is anything rather than a disguise. It doesn't dazzle, it warms. In between, they will enumerate her impressive contributions to causes: her zeal in promoting medical research, her interest in family planning and mental health, her war against civic ugliness. They will admit that they are impressed —and baffled—by her blend of sympathy with a highly critical, statistical intelligence, her capacity for combining inner calm with energy, love of flowers with love of facts, personal charm with public service.

Mrs. Lasker has the clear blue eyes and the dark hair of her Scots-Irish ancestors, and a glowing complexion that one associates with the women of the Middle West where she was born and raised. Married to the late Albert D. Lasker, one of the founding fathers of American advertising, she shared his adventurous and philanthropic life for twelve years. Since his death, she has continued to live in their New York house, surrounded by beautiful possessions, entertaining widely and wisely. It is a house filled with sunlight and reflected light from the East River. Whatever the season, it overflows with flowers. White walls, white carpets, white-covered furniture, white vases of tulips, anemones, lilies, and chrysanthemums, and a renowned collection of nineteenth-century Impressionist paintings form a background to her life. (Continued on next page)

A woman who especially likes roses, clothes, and Monet, Mrs. Albert D. Lasker is a national resource, like iron. She is a political force who wants only billions of Federal money for medical research. She is a catalyst, a magnificent but powerful feminine persuader. She is a gay, laughing giver of parties with a feed-back mind full of statistics. She lives a quadruple life—as an authority in such varied fields as art, politics, rose culture, and medical research. A graduate of Radcliffe, a former art dealer, a businesswoman, Mary Lasker today is unique. Left: *Mrs. Lasker in her white, flower-filled New York office. On the wall behind her, a painting by Kenzo Okada.* Below, left: *At the 1966 presentation of the Albert Lasker Awards, Mrs. Lasker with, from the left, Dr. Michael E. De Bakey, Chairman of the Jury; Mrs. R. Sargent Shriver, junior, who received an award for public service for her work in mental health; and Mr. Douglass Cater, Special Assistant to the President for Health and Education.* Below, right: *Mrs. Lasker at her office desk. Behind her, a Mathieu painting. On the desk, a Greek marble torso, bronzes from the third to first centuries,* B.C., *and a gold-backed Greek mirror.*

HORST

HARBUTT







THE GREAT PERSUADER

For Mrs. Lasker such things are far from being an end in themselves, a mere décor for a handsome and fortunate woman with a peculiarly privileged form of twentieth-century life. She was before her marriage a success in business. She might equally well have been a gifted administrator or politician. Her enthusiasm makes her physical energy seem inexhaustible. After a day in her New York office, where she presides over the wide-ranging activities of the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, or after a day in Washington for conferences with Senators and Congressmen or with President and Mrs. Johnson, followed in all probability by a dinner party in her house, she goes to work all over again around midnight in her bedroom. It is a very pretty room, yet it contains even more books and papers than pictures and bibelots. It is not only her bedroom but her study, her favourite office: the room above all others where she is at liberty to indulge in her chosen occupation of "getting things done." She makes many of her most important telephone calls there and reads there without interruption into the small hours. Reading is her favourite relaxation. And her favourite reading consists of gardening books, biographies, and medical reports.

Medicine, Mrs. Lasker's enduring love, is a subject that has a natural appeal to her humane but practical mind. She tries to combat disease and to lessen the total of human suffering: "I can not stand to see people sick of uninvestigated diseases." An interest in medical research is for her no more and no less than common sense. "I really have only the most obvious ideas," she said, "even though they sometimes seem to strike others as provocative."

Unlike most people, Mrs. Lasker is not content simply to have ideas. Once she is convinced that an idea is good, she can not rest until she has put it—or has persuaded others more expert, or better placed, to put it—into effect. She is blessedly free of pride of authorship. She never fails to give credit to those whose knowledge or influence has enabled them to help her, and who have been willing to do so, often against considerable odds. Once they have adopted an idea that she cherishes, she regards it as their own. Her modesty and loyalty are as sincere as her convictions—a rare and refreshing trait in a woman for whom there is absolutely no distinction in her own mind between the concepts "I must," "I will," and "I can."

In collaboration with her husband until his death in 1952, and ever since with the help of eminent doctors and surgeons, generous private citizens, and enlightened officials, Mrs. Lasker has sought, at great expense of time and money, to (Continued on page 270)



Mrs. Albert D. Lasker, whose life is extraordinarily filled with action, has shaped for herself surroundings of great serenity. She was photographed here at her country house with its spreading views of open New York fields and woods.

Opposite page: *Mrs. Lasker near her swimming pool which is framed in tubs of geraniums and topiary trees.*

This page, top: *Black swans and Indian and Egyptian geese, among Mrs. Lasker's collection of unusual water birds in the pond she had built a few years ago.*

Centre: *Mrs. Lasker in her superb rose garden, the largest private rose garden in the State of New York.*

Below: *Mrs. Lasker in the enchanting pavilion from which she can feed her water birds in the pond with its spiring fountain.*

HORST





AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

FAST ON THEIR FEET, SHORT ON THE LEG—THE NEW SUMMER-ACTION CLOTHES, THE KIND OF FASHION AMERICAN WOMEN LIVE IN, LOOK MARVELLOUS IN... THE FASHION THEY MADE FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THE BUBBLY KNITS



Knits to the life—smaller, brighter, prettier than ever, with a nubbly bubbly new stitch that looks fresh off the needle. . . . *Left,* a blink of purple cotton knit with contrasty buttons on a smocked yoke. About $40. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. *Far left,* christening-sweater yoke and narrow long sleeves in white cotton knit, then—surprise surprise—a short starchy flutter of matching cotton organdie. About $40. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Famous-Barr. Both dresses, by Dorothée Bis for Albert Alfus, in junior sizes. Coiffures, these 22 pages, by Ara Gallant; here, with Tovar-Tresses real-hairpieces.

American beauty to the life and to the light, here and on the next two pages. Lipstick with so much extra shine it's called Lipshine. Eyeliner with honest-to-vinyl gleam. Blushy radiance with neither oil nor powder to clutter up a fresh skin (clear pink liquid glows up the cheeks translucently). These are facets of Lightworks, a completely packaged look by Helena Rubinstein, from which new collection the face that is young—or has the luck to look young—gets everything it needs to heighten the look of health and shine. . . .

PENN

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

BUBBLY KNITS

The big knit, left: the one you jump into with both feet and zip all the way—a large, cosy sailing sweater cut like a jumpsuit in off-white wool with a pair of fake leather pockets in back. By Ernst Engel; about $55. At Abercrombie & Fitch; Hudson's; I. Magnin. The little one, below: the sweater you swim in—off-white ribs and not a bone in its body. By Alberoy; knitted Orlon, Lycra; about $15. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. Button, button, above: lots of little bright ones on a gold knit dress, no bigger than a nugget. By Dorothée Bis for Albert Alfus, of cotton knit; junior sizes. About $10. Roger Vivier sandals (to order). Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The stripes go up, right, the stripes go round: a small vivid Empire of knit in pink and white with a drawstring pulled through the high waist. By Silverworm, of nubbly Acrilan knit; in junior sizes. About $26. At Bloomingdale's. Speckled pink anklets by Michael Hic. On both pages: real-hairpieces by Marshall Imports.

PENN



AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

BLINK –

PENN

BRIGHT MINIS

Maxi-colour, mini-cut—you just can't have too little of a good thing bright as these: Turquoise top, saffron mini-skirt, centre left: almost nothing to them but colour—and plenty of that. Lamb's wool top by Braemar. $15. Peck & Peck. Mini by Sloat, in Moygashel linen. About $26. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Gilt-linked belt by Saint Laurent for Colony. Watch by Schiaparelli, at Bonwit Teller. Plastic-linked watchband by Michael Hic. Purple top, chrome mini, far left: Now we're getting right down to the bare essentials—a sleeveless wedge bares the midriff and barely meets the skirt. Both by Edie Gladstone for Deebs, in linen. About $60. At Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's. Chrome everything, near left—and not too much of any one. Ribbed T-shirt, in Helanca stretch nylon; mini-skirt of permanently pressed Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). Both by Miss Pat. Chrome-bright crew cap by Marietta Larsen. Link belt by Ruza Creations. On this page: knee socks, in pink and yellow, by Bonnie Doon: both, Bonwit Teller. Orange shirt, violet mini, near right—little pleats springing from each shoulder, big pleats swinging from each hip. Both shirt and mini by Frank Smith, for Saks Fifth Avenue; Moygashel linen. Shirt, about $18. Skirt, about $30. Vermilion top, green mini, below right: those snappy Italian flag colours giving a hot-snap here—to a very little sweater and a little more skirt. Both, by Frank Smith, for Saks Fifth Avenue. Ribbed terry-cloth top, in Dan River cotton, about $13. Mini, in Moygashel linen, about $20. Chrome-yellow and green colour-dot bracelets by Jane Bolles. Both circle-and-oblong link belts, on this page, by Saint Laurent for Colony: at Saks Fifth Avenue. Blink bright, on both pages: yellow sun visors by Renauld International; yellow and purple sunglasses by M. Warner. Chopped-off coiffures done with Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces.

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

SUNDOWN



Dash off the beach at sundown—all the fun starts bright up again in these: Yellow silk great-smock, left, snowflaked in navy as far as the jewelled cuffs. By Tina Leser; India silk. About $145. Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros. Lilac-and-white voile spill-dress, right, whirring out from a scarf. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in crinkled cotton. About $185. Bonwit Teller. Coiffure by Paul Mitchell of Bendel. Both earrings: Jane Bolles.



White shirt ruffles, right: tier after tier tied with a bright pink bow—zinging out over a mini-most Paisley skirt. Cotton shirt by Gregory. About $16. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop. Gilt bracelets by Smith St. Jacques. Jewelled evening sandals by Bernardo. Lord & Taylor. Silk chiffon workshirt, pailletted pants, below left—the smash excitement of dinner outdoors. By Rudi Gernreich, the pants in Schiffli-embroidered cotton by Aristocrat (whose dazzling handiwork won them the Vogue Fabric Award). At Henri Bendel. Big silvery earrings, also by Rudi Gernreich.



BRIGHTS



Chrome-yellow silk caftan, right, bright enough to turn night into day—yards of shimmering colour billowing out to the ground, with the shock of a jewelled pink collar and a single jewelled pink cuff. Long dinner caftan by Tina Leser, in handloomed India silk. About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Beaded earrings by Lillian Barkow. Sundown coiffures, on this page, arranged with Tovar-Tresses night-falls of natural hair.



DRESSING TO THE AMERICAN BRIGHTS

Bare against bare skin—the sheerest tinges of colour on lips, on nails. That's what works with this summer's bright excitements. A transparent shimmering spectrum baring arms and legs to new length. The bareness never ends, just goes on —with Estée Lauder's Honey Bares, right: Honeysparkle Peach Lipstick and Honey Creme Nail Enamel; Waterproof Leg Makeup—also Estée Lauder's—adds its own sunny inches to the bare stretch. And the sundown-bright dress plays right along—pulling up short with a tie at the waist. Ban-Lon dress by Vera; nylon going mauve this way, orange that. About $26. Richelieu earrings. Both, Altman's. Dress, also Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Coiffure with Reid-Meredith Dynel falls.

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

BLUSH LIGHTS

Colour takes on a new complexion now—blushing up against summer-warm skin; pink and peach pale as powder, clear as light, good as makeup on a bare sunny length of arms and legs. And it's the easiest kind of makeup to apply—just the toss of a kimono shirt or dress and it's on, any hour anywhere. Kimono-shirt and shorts, left: Go to dinner in this and you're a sensation—pink linen shorts blushed by pink and peach, a kimono-sleeved silk shirt, a knotted silk sash. Blush-lighting the lips: Cover Girl's new Bare Baby Brick.

Kimono-dress, left: Peach with the blush still on it, kimono-collared, kimono-sleeved and sashed high under the bosom in pale orange and paler pink—this is the summer makeup you can't do without once you've tried it; great for day or dinner, it goes anywhere, even barefoot on the beach. Both silk kimonos, by B. H. Wragge. Shirt and Moygashel linen shorts, about $85. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Dress, about $125. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus.

PENN

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE



HOLD THE PRESSES

The news–clothes with all the fashion, now with all the joys of permanent press... meaning wrinkles out, fresh–pressed looks in– on a no–fooling basis– throughout a whole easy summer

PENN

The men had it first (they don't put up with fuss about clothes). Now it's not only in women's fashions, but in the best of women's fashions—snappy new clothes that keep their just-pressed look, resolutely, through wearing, through washing, because they've been treated to the process of permanent press which gives the clothes a "memory." All they need is a machine wash, a machine dry, and they remember the lesson they learned in the lab—to get pressed, to spurn wrinkles, all by themselves. No ironing, ever. No fooling.... White pinafore, opposite, with high front, suspender back, gone sides, and dirndl skirt. About $40. The sunglasses, by Riviera. Two bits, left—a top and skirt, mini all the way. About $35 for both. On both pages: Adler socks, at Bloomingdale's. Golo shoes. Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses. Both turnouts here by Ginori, of permanently pressed Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). All the Ginori clothes on these and the next four pages, at Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jacobson, Michigan; Marshall Field; Dayton's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

For more facts about permanent pressing, and how to live with it a new way, turn to page 152.

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

Spunky little skirt, right, with bush pockets, white belt, no room for wrinkles—it's permanently pressed for long-playing ironed-ness. Knitted top of Dacron and nylon, in sand-and-white stripes. Both by Koret of California. Koratron skirt of Blue C polyester and cotton (Greenwood fabric); about $13. Top, about $7. Both at Abraham & Straus; Famous-Barr. Renauld International sun-visor. Ben King watch: Henri Bendel. Ban-Lon midcalf socks by Adler: Bloomingdale's. Golo shoes. Cuffed jeans, centre right, narrow, white, the sharp creases put there to stay foreverandever. The skivvy top, a white ribbed stretch leotard of Du Pont nylon; about $19. Jeans, about $26. Marietta Larsen hat at Bloomingdale's. The Ben King watch at Henri Bendel. Sun-visor by Renauld International. Clown-high pants, far right, with a wide band up on the ribs, suspenders; here with the same leotard as above. Pants, about $35. Both pants turnouts by Ginori; pants of permanently pressed Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). Real-hairpieces by Marshall Imports.

PENN

HOLD THE PRESSES

A dab of skirt, jeans,

clown pants – all permanently

pressed to stay

fresh as the day is long

Mini-wrap, above, of a tiny white skirt that buttons into place—ever so brief, and always pressed. About $19. Renauld International sunvisor. Ben King watch, at Henri Bendel. Adler over-the-knee socks. White shirtdress, right, with a clean curved-in shape. About $10. Sunglasses by Riviera. Givenchy white textured knee socks. Clown-pants touches, below, on a white mini-skirt—high-rising top, pocket-flaps, suspenders. About $23. All three turnouts by Ginori, of permanently pressed Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). White leotard top, above and below, detailed one page back. All the shoes on these pages, by Golo. For shops in other cities carrying Ginori fashions, turn to page 60.

Two pleatlets, above, at the front of a white mini-skirt, here with a long white tank top of rib-knit Du Pont nylon. Both by Paddle and Saddle. Top, about $5. Skirt of permanently pressed Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about $8. Both at Paraphernalia. Over-the-knee white socks: Adler. White and precise, opposite, a shirtdress with buttoned pockets, trim collar, and shirt-cuffs. By Ginori; about $15. Givenchy knee socks. White baby shoes by Golo. Beach coverup, below, white with high buttoned collar, front zip, slick little shape. By Ginori; about $35. Both Ginoris of permanently pressed Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). With these three, Renauld International sunvisors.

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

HOLD THE PRESSES

Mini and white—skirts.
shirtdresses, a coverup,
all permanently pressed,
wrinkles unthinkable



AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

CHALK-



Do yourself a favour: get some sun on your skin, then get into white—cleanest chalkiest white—the all-time flatterer. White knit takes a ribbing, left: starts small with a high neckbanded yoke...then takes off like the grooviest ottoman, ribbed to the hem. By Valley Set, a division of American Golfer; of ottoman-textured Dacron knit (Winston fabric); about $35. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz. Knee socks by Adler. The real-hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses. Pull it up, tie it up, right: the supplest little chalk-white jersey; has a few navy bands around the neck, some gathers, a tie...easy as duck soup. By Sacony, of Arnel-and-nylon jersey (Burlington fabric); about $20. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson. Givenchy knee socks. On both pages: Golo shoes.

PENN

WHITE DRESSING

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

CHALK-WHITE DRESSING



PENN

Day dress, dinner dress, left—the sun never sets on cotton brocade. This nifty A of blond and white, simply cut high and wide on the neck, and cut in to points on the shoulders—lets the world see what a little glow of sun can do for a pretty throat and arms. By Dorothy Cox for Tanner, of Fisba fabric; about $55. At Altman's. Two bits of chalk, right—pop of a top gathered on a strip across the neck, and a small puff of skirt wrapped to the back. By Sportempos, of cotton and Arnel. Top about $10. Skirt about $14. Belt by Elegant. All, at Altman's. Top and skirt, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Higbee; Famous-Barr. Herbert Levine white patent leather sandals, at Bonwit Teller. Ben King watch. On both pages: braided hairpieces of Celanese fibre, by David & David.



BIT

Small parts for lunch, at the beach, a poolside party—a threesome of pink and white gingham. Snug little shirt top, shirred into elasticized puckers, with wide collar and cuffs, a buttoned tab. The skirt, a mini-dirndl puffed over matching elasticized panties. By Gregory, of Wamsutta cotton. About $50. At Altman's; Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny. On both pages: hairpieces of real hair, by Marshall Imports.



PENN

PLAYERS

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

Beach djellaba of white nylon—soft and cool-feeling on the skin, after playing in sun, sand, and sea-water. Cut like a little square with kimono sleeves, looped buttons halfway down, an attached hood. Inside, all the bareness—a bikini of the same white fabric. Both by Wilroy; a Ban-Lon turnout of Blue C nylon (S. Edward fabric). Djellaba, about $15. Bikini, about $25. At Altman's; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz.





AMERICAN
TO THE LIFE

SWIMMING PRETTY



Hottest thing on the beach since noon sand—pure prettiness that *does* go near the water: sitting pretty, swimming pretty. A whole new tide of looks coming in—once you're with it, you're on the crest of summer's biggest wave. White water-pleats, opposite: innocent as a five-year-old's dress—hundreds of pleats float out from small straps to meet long bare legs. Designed by Frank Adams for Rose Marie Reid, in Dacron and nylon (Stevens fabric). About $30. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Joseph Magnin.

White water-flow, left: jersey ripples crisscrossed by straps—a seagoing prettiness that gives the figure its due. By Bill Blass for Roxanne; double-knitted nylon. About $30. At Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Sanger-Harris; Joseph Magnin. Both hair ornaments by Sant Angelo, at Henri Bendel. Coiffures on these six pages, by Sebou of the House of Revlon.

PENN

AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

SWIMMING PRETTY

White. Playing it pretty cool at the moment—show-off for summer skin. Pretty brief—jersey bikini, left: the top is a little bandanna, the pants a little wrap-up for one of this summer's prettiest looks. Bikini by De-Weese, suèded Du Pont nylon jersey (fabric by Blue Ridge-Winkler Textiles). About $20. Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's; Buffums'. Sant Angelo hair ornaments, at Lord & Taylor. Pretty soft—dotted Swiss dress, right, ruffled all around: an Empire-waisted pinafore shorter than a child's with its own dotted Swiss panties. Pinafore by Ladybug, in Dacron and cotton dotted Swiss. In junior sizes. About $23. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. The hair ornaments by Sant Angelo.

PENN



AMERICAN TO THE LIFE

SWIMMING PRETTY

PENN

Pretty does it—the new little maillots are everything a figure could ask for. Faggoted white maillot, far left: one continuous swirl of faggoted stripes—over naked nylon. By Brigance for Sinclair; Helanca stretch fabric of Blue C nylon. About $30. Sant Angelo hair ornaments. All, Lord & Taylor. Maillot, also Woodward & Lothrop; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Roos-Atkins. Tracer-stripe maillot, near left: going like a streak on the beach—chartreuse, orange, brown, white, violet; it gathers up speed at the high neckband. By Brigance for Sinclair, in Lycra and Du Pont nylon. About $27. At Best & Co.: Bullock's-Wilshire. The hair ornament, by Sant Angelo. The one maillot that's you all over, right: navy-blue clinging every inch of the way—and about the prettiest stretch on the beach. By Elisabeth Stewart, in Helanca stretch fabric of Celanese nylon (Fair-Tex fabric). About $26. Hair ornaments by Sant Angelo. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

BEAUTY
bulletin

THE UNEXPLORED AMERICAN WOMAN

She is young; good face, good figure, good legs. Is irresistible—to one man, anyway (sufficient number to give a woman a sense of marvellousness). Is married. Has borne children. Has focused her small handful of resentments on The Economy. "If we had a little more money or a few fewer taxes, I'd be able to afford the time to look a whole lot better." . . .

She is semi young, semi not; super busy. Gives some thought to having the telephone torn out by its roots. Wonders whether she isn't the victim of her own drive toward excellence—as wife, mother, friend, cook, hostess. Has weathered, in the interest of interesting maturity, a few of life's trials; says she's found them strengthening. Has some days that rate four stars, some that rate zero minus one. Muscle tone isn't what it could be. Neither, quite, is her skin, hair, way of handling makeup. She knows this. Is convinced "It's my commitments that stand in the way." . . .

She is somewhere within the reaches of her fifties but a streak of genetic luck allows her to look young and fresh when she works at it. Reasons she doesn't work at it more often are dual: limited energy, and a vague suspicion that her peak hour has passed. "Too bad I hadn't the money or the freedom when they could have made such a difference to my looks now." . . .

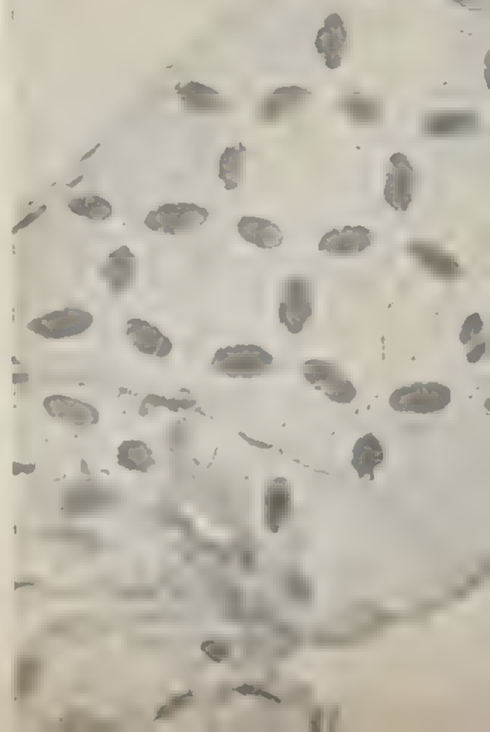
Who is she? You know. She's the woman who hasn't fully claimed her own potential. She's the unexplored American woman.

She's the unexplored American woman at all stages of the game. A game that's the same at any age, no matter what she calls it; a game named not enough time. Not enough hours in the day for doing the job with enjoyment. Not enough hours in the day to polish anything—her mind, her looks. Not enough hours in the day to do more than fly across the surfaces. But enough hours for her occasionally to raise a question with herself: Is this shortage-of-time thing real or imagined? Is it lack of discipline; an excuse?

We say it's real. Not imagined. Not hoked up in the least. But—*not* hopelessly imprisoning, either; *not* totally inflexible. Take this on faith, or listen to one American woman whom any civilization would proclaim perfection. From her, we got the tip that for us cracks the case, opens up the day, explains how it is that *she* manages to do it (Continued on next page)

Beauty and honesty—what's a person to believe?

Believe this: it's a trick to make makeup work both ways—to do some effective hiding, be an embellisher, and to look innocent. Innocent of everything that suggests makeup at work. But that's what's on now. On, in makeups that look forward. In makeups that have the sense to take advantage of other beauty progress made in our time (honest progress pushed by the craze for fresh air, health, exercise). Makeup today can look less heavy. In summer, *should*. In the makeup worn at right, *does*. Determined to look layerless, translucent: Moon Drops Demi-Makeup collection by Revlon. Quick little flowing cream foundation to slip over the skin. Pressed powder for the central panel of the face. Demi-Blush On powder (Peach). Sheer lipstick (Bamboo Peach). That's right, that's all. . . . Cotton eyelet shirt, sleevier; buttoned at back. By Gregory, about $20 at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Hair, meandering romantically, is both true and false and more. See next page. . . .



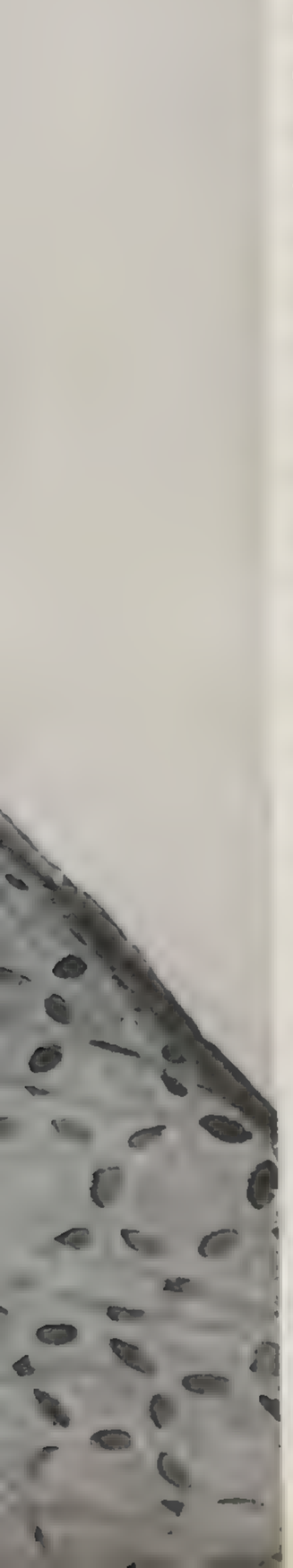




THE UNEXPLORED AMERICAN WOMAN

(Continued from preceding page) all, and be exemplary on every count that counts, including humour. "There's only one sure way around the time-shortage," we were told. "*You have to get up earlier in the morning.*"

You have to get up earlier in the morning if you mean to do the daily exercises that are the basis of good muscle tone, and that are therefore the basis for all of today's good looks. "I exercise with weights—weights attached to my feet, dumbbells in my hands—for a full half-hour every morning. *Before* I've had even one cup of coffee." If she permitted herself a cup of coffee, she explains, she'd have a second cup, then a cigarette, then the day would be shot; the time tensed up all over again. . . . You have to get up earlier in the morning if you want to feel as well as you can. If you want to get the circulation stirring. "Circles under eyes aren't necessarily caused by lack of sleep. Good circulation can actually be a circle-undoer." . . . You have to get up earlier in the morning if you want to find time in the day to put on a better makeup. "Many women don't realize they have a makeup profile as well as the front-face makeup they see in the mirror." Completing a makeup involves a side-view; may involve application of a pair of demi-lashes (without which even large eyes may look squirrel-size in profile). . . . You have to get up earlier in the morning if you're going to make a bath a beauty bath (as, indeed, more American women are doing—bath things now constitute nine per cent of everything sold today under the heading of "cosmetics"). "A beauty bath means not only scenting, but creaming arms, legs, especially feet." . . . You have to get to the hairdresser earlier if you want to make time for a conditioning treatment; for nails to dry to a hard polish; for the working out of a special hairpiece. . . . You have to get out into the sun earlier—earlier in the season and earlier in the morning before the strong rays hit—if you want the glorious, creamy, biscuity tan that's basic to dressing today. . . . And you even have to get up earlier in the morning to take advantage of the time-saving beauty helps that exist. After all, it takes time to use the speedy little electrical massage gadget, the handy electronic facial exerciser, the accelerated permanent-waver, the hair-colouring swiftie, the crash-program exercise devices. . . . No matter how you spend your day, you have to get up earlier in the morning if you want to get your looks operating on a higher plane. But what if you were up late the night before? Confides the paragon who has explored her own potentials with such success: "I get to bed every night by midnight, sometimes earlier—and that's easy. After midnight, nobody notices whether you've left or stayed." . . . No one, that is, but the woman who needs more hours in the day—starting with the un-used hours of morning. . . .



Beauty and honesty—a sneaky view of same

Backview of the otherwise honest beauty you see on page 227, this sneaky view tells all. Tells that her hair hadn't quite the body required, and that someone (as it happens, the hairdresser, Ara) had the right card up his sleeve. . . . Known to every woman steering her way through the pressure of a day is the need to be ready with a few fast beauty saves, the beauty equivalents of Scotch Tape for hems. To be able to slyboots when you must is good. But for a less nerve-racking approach, try another dodge—the practical plan of a paragon American beauty, told above.

PENN

THE NIFTY

THEY'RE SOMETHING SPECIAL: THE FASHIONS YOU WANT RIGHT NOW, READY TO WEAR RIGHT NOW—AVAILABLE TO ALL, ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY... YOU'LL FIND THESE CLOTHES AT THE SHOPS LISTED ON PAGE 128 AND YOU'LL FIND MORE AND MORE NIFTY AMERICANS IN VOGUES TO COME—READY FOR YOU WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR THEM.

Anne Fogarty—nifty American designer of nifty American clothes. Nifty American you, take two of her freshest for evenings right now: soft, high-waisted, feminine, delicious. All-American sari, left: Indian-printed cotton voile in a pungent blend of curry, orange, magenta, and blue drifting from a high, small, bare bib-bodice cut away under the arms. About $135. The swinging orange paillette-cluster earrings by Robert Originals. A dress to charm the American male, right: the freshest voile in checkery stripes of blue, green, and yellow—low curve of décolletage, tiny puffed sleeves, ruffles everywhere. Of Dacron and cotton voile. About $75. Michael Hic earrings. On these and the next two pages: coiffures, with Tovar-Tresses Dynel hair ornaments, by Ara Gallant.

PENN

AMERICANS





READY WHEN YOU ARE—WHITE GEOMETRICS ON TOMATO-RED LINEN

Kasper for Joan Leslie—the nifty names behind these nifties. Take your pick of two cool tomatoes while the time is ripe. That's now. Tomato-red linen, left, belted high, banded low in white, with high, square-cut armholes and a nick in the hem front and centre. And the band plays on, right, bisects the bodice, marks a high waist, and goes once around the hem for good measure—white geometrics on tomato red. Earrings by Mimi di N. Both dresses of Irish Looms linen. Each, about $65. Both these nifty American fashions available in stores across the country—see the listing on page 128.

PENN

THE NIFTY AMERICANS



THE WORLD that the AMERICAN WOMAN has INVENTED for HERSELF

By Anthony West

The world that the American woman has invented for herself is a strange place. It hovers beyond the limits of the male consciousness very much as the legendary TirnanOg hovers in the mist and haze at the horizon off the west coast of Ireland, just beyond the point where the sky melts into the sea. TirnanOg is glimpsed once in a great while, and although no one has ever been there and returned with a description of the place, almost everybody in Ireland knows what it is like. It is Ireland as it would be if it weren't Ireland, but its image seen in a magic glass that reversed its every disadvantage and inconvenience and transformed it into its opposite. It is, however, the glass of a very ancient manufacture, and it reflects the inconveniences and disadvantages of an Ireland that has long since passed away. It was invented about four thousand years ago by a primitive people who made it a place where every happiness and every certainty that was missing from their own lives could be relied upon. The world that the American woman has invented for herself is another such creation, a paradise made of reversed disadvantages and inconveniences, a place where she can have everything that was denied to her grandmother and her great-grandmother in the real America. The sad thing about this world is that, like all artificial paradises, it is obsolete, and that it is created on a foundation of old sufferings and past miseries.

As a Hedonist, a lover of pleasure, I have learned to give up longing for other worlds such as TirnanOg. There is nothing but frustration in dreaming of them, and their perfection destroys one's chance of enjoying what one has. The greatest source of pleasure that I know as a man is a woman who has accepted herself as a woman and who is to some extent in love with the reality which that word represents. But few women are, alas, able either to love themselves, or their situation in life. The Hedonist soon becomes used to finding a shadow on the face of the woman who has given herself to him. After regarding him in silence for a minute or longer she will murmur in a voice deepened by resentment and hostility: "You don't love *me*, you're not interested in *me*—you are only interested in my body." For the Hedonist, as, indeed, for most men, this is the end; partly because the remark contains an element of truth, and partly because it is so absurd. There can not be any future in the ménage à trois proposed in the remark, which requires the man to maintain a relationship with an identity or personality thought of by its possessor as an accidental passenger in a woman's body, and not as something essentially feminine. For a man a woman is not separable from her physical reality as a woman. In the world that the American woman has invented for herself this separation is more than a possibility; the essence of this world is that it is a place where she can become someone else.

The key to her invention lies in history and semantics. Ideologically it is the product of the habit of thought that has been fostered by the existence of such purely arbitrary distinctions as: matter and spirit, body and mind, and body and soul. That American culture is still in large measure dominated by a traditional heritage in which such distinctions were given a very great value accounts for their survival as part of our mental equipment in an era of verbal analysis and of secularized thought, even though they have been effectively banished from all the disciplines in which precision of language has been recognized as a necessary part of a productive methodology. They have found a refuge, and even some degree of interested protection, in those fields on the dubious borderlands of the sciences, psychoanalysis, psychiatry, and the behavioural sciences in general. The operators in these fields are very firm in their adherence to the concept of mind as an entity living a life of its own inside a body which it controls, and their efforts have

been largely successful in persuading us to believe that our mental lives are more important than, and to some extent divorced from, the reality of our physical being. The end of the line in this respect has, presumably, been reached by the group of medical technicians who, as they have explained in a recent book, are willing to transform men who have adopted the feminine rôle and adapted themselves to it into imitation women by surgical means as fanciful as they are elaborate. What these surgeons are willing to do is to adjust the physical reality of the man's body to meet the requirements of his fantasy. This carries transvestism, the taste for wearing clothes of a kind reserved by the convention of the moment for the opposite sex, to its logical conclusion and beyond, by treating the body as a mere clothing for the mind. The surgeons who carry out these bizarre operations make it possible for an identity to slip out of its male costume and to assume a female one.

This is a startling idea at first sight, but once one has recovered from one's initial shock at the nature of the surgery involved, it is possible to see that one has been conditioned from childhood to accept such a point of view. One looks at the anatomical charts in the encyclopaedias, with their webs of veins and arteries connected with the heart, and of nerves connecting with the brain and one thinks of this elaborate apparatus as being directed from the control room up at the top where "I" decides what "it" will do.

Almost as soon as one becomes fully aware of one's structural organization, one begins the process of dissociation: Aware that one is dark and has brown eyes, one formulates the wish to be different and to have the fair hair and blue eyes of a loved or envied rival. It does not occur to one that if one were not short, but tall, or not dark-skinned, but light, one would be another person. One assumes that one's identity could, like a traveller who finds himself in an uncomfortable hotel, pack its bags and move itself into more agreeable quarters. This very extraordinary idea, that the self, or personality, or identity is a transferable reality that could exist on its own terms in any body in which it might happen to find itself, has its origin in man's deep-seated and primitive reluctance to face the idea of his extinction as an individual by death. He longs to feel that there must be some part of him that will survive the corruption of his flesh and the scattering of his bones, either to live another life in another body, or to be externally himself in a paradise, or to be raised to a much higher plane of existence to partake of something more splendid than humanity.

All this has had a singular effect upon the way in which women in general think about themselves, and upon the notional world that the American woman in particular has invented for herself, but the effect of time lag has been even greater. The American woman's ideal world is not only a place where she can disregard her physical being and be "herself" as if she were not a woman, but it is also, and much more unhappily, one in which she is relieved of all the burdens and disadvantages with which her grandmother and the women of the historic past were compelled to contend.

These disadvantages and burdens were real enough and they were enormously oppressive psychologically because they truly fell upon women as women. Externally, and from the point of view of high camp, the woman of 1900 has a great deal of charm. But when one takes a second look at her visible image—under her cartwheel hat loaded with, perhaps, a couple of dead birds of paradise, with her waist crimped in (as close as tight lacing can bring it to the magic sixteen inches achieved by Colette's fast friend Polaire), and with her encumbering pyramid of dirt-collecting petticoats and skirts—one sees that this parade figure stands between one and reality, in which women existed either as a ruthlessly exploited form of cheap labour, or as the dependents of men, or as prostitutes.

The existence, in every large urban community, of what now seem to be staggeringly large numbers of women belonging to the last of these categories was a fact of life that all "nice" or respectable women were supposed to ignore, but it was part of their knowledge of social rôles and of mores that in the society of which they were part it was considered "normal" that thousands of women should be held in contempt, and should be harrassed by the law, because they were, either voluntarily or involuntarily, selling themselves to men as a regular way of getting a living, while the far greater numbers of men who frequented them did so with impunity. This situation, naturally enough, gave women the idea that the society that kept them, so far as possible, in political and economic subjection was not above exploiting them and degrading them sexually.

"The protected and privileged" (the odd phrase is Dr. Karl Menninger's) respectable woman was liable to feel the sting of this situation in an especially humiliating and embittering way because she might find herself a beneficiary of the existence of the double standard. She might have been expected to feel nothing but resentment when her husband, ignoring her sexual needs and her sexuality altogether, resorted to prostitutes whenever he felt so inclined. But she might also feel relief rather than exasperation in the light of her knowledge that the price she would have to pay for her sexual happiness would be an endless succession of pregnancies, each of which would involve her in risks as great as those run by a front-line soldier in combat.

My own contact with the realities of that world, in which the reproductive process played such a lethal rôle, was through the tutor who first taught me Latin, and the beginner's verb *amo, amas, amat;* I love, you love, he loves. He was the last born child of a clergyman, by his father's third wife, and the youngest of six living children begotten by that father. The clergyman had dressed himself every morning in front of a cheval glass at each side of which was hung a photograph, enlarged to life-size, of one of his dead wives. My tutor's mother had survived, so she was convinced, only by dint of going on strike after the burial of her second child. Its funeral, attended by her son's five half brothers, had depressed her. She had looked across the small open grave in which her baby's coffin had just been placed and had seen, beyond it, not only the headstones under which her two predecessors had been laid to rest, but also the markers over the resting places of the seven other children that the two women had borne between them, and lost in infancy or babyhood. Turning her eyes away from these reminders of mortality she had met those of the sexton, the man who worked for her husband in the combined capacity of bell ringer, furnace man for the church, and gravedigger, and who had dug the holes into which all those others had been lowered. He dropped his eyelids at once, but not before she had seen the speculative look that he had been giving her as he wondered "how long is this one going to stand up to the old devil." She had, thereupon, given her husband an ultimatum. He must either use some contraceptive device or do without. He had thundered at her that birth control was evil—that the times were evil in which she could think of such a thing—that she herself was evil to flinch from what it was her duty—as a woman—to endure. And so the marriage became a nullity sexually, and the woman involved in it ceased to be a wife and became an unpaid, undischargeable, and bitterly resented housekeeper. . . .

It was against the background of thousands upon thousands of such situations and generation after generation of such experience of waste, of deprivation, and of enslavement to the reproductive process, that the feminist movement arose. As a result the movement added a psychological function to its overt and rational one of being the means by which women should secure for themselves the economic and political rights that society had denied to them. It became a means of externalizing woman's dream of escaping from the physical reality of her being (Continued on next page)

and obtaining social recognition as something else, an identity sexless in itself, and only incidentally female.

The world that the modern American woman has invented for herself is in part the place where this recognition can be realized, and in part the antithesis of the world of the man-created social order of the first century of industrialism, in which she reached the lowest point of brutalization and degradation in all history. It is also, it must be said, the product of an extraordinary delusion. In the days when she was house-bound, and when her opportunities for getting out of the home were effectively limited to domestic service and unskilled labour in the sweated industries, she invented an imaginary world in which men lived and worked. She told herself that as soon as her husband was out of his home he entered a charmed world of camaraderie and intellectual excitement. While she did the chores and minded the children, he, lucky chap, was meeting an endless succession of interesting new people and working at tasks that were a stimulating challenge to his capacities.

This wholly mythical world of masculine activity, in which all experience is rewarding in itself, is perhaps the most pathetic part of the invention, and the one most fertile in producing discord between the sexes. For the most part men are bitterly ashamed of the routine drudgery which consumes their lives in an industrial society, generally involving them in the manufacture of goods not worth making, or the under-use of their potential as skilled craftsmen and their natural abilities.

Nothing is so bewildering to the average male victim of the system of specialization in industry as to find that one of his women folk, his wife or one of his daughters, is in a fever of longing to escape from the stultification of home life in order to submit to the servitude of a job. He knows that he is condemned to a lifetime of machine minding and repetitive action, and the sheer monotony of his work compels him to think of it as a meaningless interruption of all the activities that make life worth living. He can not understand why she should want to feed herself into the same machine, and when she tells him that it is because she wants to achieve freedom, or independence, or self-realization, he can only suppose that she must be lying to him.

When one sets out to search for TirnanOg, one finds only the heaving wastes of the Atlantic, a no-place as hostile and unfriendly to man as the dark side of the moon. When one looks for the world the American woman has invented for herself one finds as uncompromising a reality even if it is less immediately threatening and lethal. But there is an appalling barrenness about that hallway with its dozens of closed elevator doors; about those office corridors, and the little rooms, like the cells of an enormous beehive, opening off them; about the general office where meaningless records are endlessly processed at innumerable desks; about a whole world that operates on the basis of a surrender of personal identity from nine until five, and, indeed, since one of its ground rules is that nobody is irreplaceable, on the basis of an absolute indifference to individual identity.

One's blood congeals, if one is an outsider at any rate, at the thought of what the word "career" can mean in the context of these surroundings: thirty to forty years of being on time, of inhaling this insipid, chemically cleaned air, of facing these office decorator's colour schemes, of being someone else's person, and worth no more and no less than some cost accountant's assessment of one's contribution to the earning powers of the concern. And, perhaps worst of all, thirty or forty years of random associations, not with colleagues of one's own choosing, or with people of common aims and interests, but with people fed into one's section of the business by the personnel department.

Wandering through these wastelands one is haunted by thoughts of those places, derisively described by the once meaningful word "homes," which their inhabitants will return to at the end of the day. Most of these places are, presumably, empty apartments in which nothing happens between the time the occupant leaves to plunge into the morning rush hour and her return at the end of the day.

Perhaps one day a week a cleaning woman lets herself in with a key to spend a few hours there giving it the care without love that gives motel and hotel rooms their peculiarly negative resonance. Looking in the closets, and in the bathroom cabinets, one might find evidence that this emptiness enshrined a marriage. Other such lairs will declare the status of the occupiers more immediately by the presence of children, back from a morning at kindergarten and now being minded until their mother returns from her office by someone or other—some little-known stranger who has qualified for one of the world's most important jobs merely by being available and undemanding. But it is idle to attempt to describe the thousand different forms of emptiness that fill these voids created by fugitives in flight from their destiny as women.

This last phrase has, it must be admitted, an ominous ring. But then it is not a bad thing to be a woman, and now that the biochemist has given her complete control of her reproductive processes, and the obstetricians have made death in childbed a clinical rarity, there is nothing very horrible in the fulfillment of her destiny. She has, indeed, a chance, which she has never had before, of assuming a wholly creative rôle in society. As the minder of children and keeper of the hearth in the historic past she created all the basic values on which man's conceptions of civilization rest. If she should, now that she is truly her own mistress physically at least, withdraw from the rôle she was tricked into assuming by her own eagerness to abandon her womanhood in order to enter into competition on terms of equality with men, of becoming the principal source of cheap labour for business and industry, and come to terms with the realities of what she is and what she can be, she might find herself immeasurably better off than she is as an exile from the non-existent homeland of her invention.

This is not to say that she should have anything less than the best education, or that she should ever consent to be anything less than a man is; it is, on the contrary, to insist that she must realize that her responsibilities as the central point of male life, her rôle as a creator of social values, and her rôle as the creator of the future, all bar her from commitments to the second rôle and the tawdry. The world she has invented for herself is not good enough for her.

The power of a softer eye

Quiet little makeup manoeuvre at right. Eyes made up in a thin, gleamy sweep of colour that goes the full route from lash to brow. By making the sweep more encompassing than usual, by dwelling less on demarkation of socket and bone, the eye is meant to look more melting, be softer. (The sensational success of spectacles with thinly-tinted lenses may have put beauty on this track.) Second part of the manoeuvre is cream eyeliner. Same colour but deeper, same cream but clingier. Whole thing made easy by Germaine Monteil, who has paired the two creams in a single compact named Eyegleams. Five sets of shades. . . . Mary Carmen necklace at Saks Fifth Avenue.



AMERICAN WESTERNS 1967

10 PAGES ON THE RANGY, BUOYANT LIFE

IN COLORADO, MRS. VERNON J. TAYLOR, JR.— A RELAXED PERFECTIONIST, A GREAT SPORTSWOMAN



"People in Colorado are more doers than watchers," said one Coloradan recently—a dazzlingly accurate description of Mrs. Vernon J. Taylor, Jr., of Denver. She is a doer who does just about everything well, and sports brilliantly—riding, skiing, tennis, shooting. A rider of great coolness, dash, and style, who in the Irish phrase "throws her heart over the fence," she often hunts in England and Virginia, has ridden with the Beaufort, the Quorn, and the Orange County, works constantly on schooling and elementary dressage in her riding ring in Denver. There's also a tennis court on the place, and she plays a lot of hard tennis in the summer with her husband and five sons. Though she took up shooting only two years ago, she can hold her own with the guns almost anywhere—shooting pheasant in Colorado, partridge in Spain, grouse in Scotland. As a skier, her skill and daring are well documented: she was a member of the U. S. Olympic Ski Squad, captained a U. S. women's team in Canada, and was once admiringly known in Stowe, Vermont, as "Nosedive Annie," because of her blithe twice-daily plunges down the vertiginous Nosedive run. Now, she skis oftenest at Vail, Colorado, high in the Rockies, where the Taylors go for winter weekends and school holidays—they have a house there, like a tiny French *manoir* set in the pale-green aspens and dark evergreens of the Colorado mountainside. . . . Yet, with all her dash and ex- (Continued on page 241)

Schooling her black mare, Anadarko, top of page—*Mrs. Taylor against the great rampart of the Rockies; Mt. Evans, 14,000 feet, at centre left. In her Denver house,* right, *in a pale-yellow silk evening dress and coat. Dressed for pheasant-shooting,* opposite, *in grey tweeds, cocoa sweater, chiffon scarf; she designed the hat—grey velours with game-bird feathers.*

TONI FRISSELL



AMERICAN WESTERNS 1967

IN COLORADO, MRS. TAYLOR

pertness at sports, Ann Taylor in evening dress looks almost fragile—though she moves with an athlete's collected grace. Small, straight, she has grey-blond hair and brilliant dark eyes, observant and humorous. Her voice is attractively husky, low-pitched except when something amuses her—then, a quick volley of laughter rings out with enormous gusto. This happened when she was talking about the proper fit of riding-breeches—the pale lemony-cream ones she has made in London—and describing the efforts of one famous fitter to do his job discreetly: "He's known as Mr. Pardon Me." (Continued on page 266)

Top row, left to right:
At Vail: Mrs. Taylor in a white vinyl jacket, black pants, black rabbit warm-up hood. Hessian sentries painted on the bedroom doors at Vail—in doorways like sentry-boxes. Mrs. Taylor in fox-hunting clothes, all from London; "I had them change the hat a bit."
Centre row, left to right:
For shooting, a bag adapted from a cartridge-case; zipped leather boots from Spain. Walking the three West Highland Whites at Vail, in a smashing yellow goatskin coat. Shooting near Denver—the game, pheasant or partridge.
Bottom row, left to right:
From a guest's breakfast tray—bird's-egg salt and pepper shakers, tiny bouquet. Schooling a hunter in the early morning, in a hunt cap, sweater, short riding raincoat. In Denver: a Chagall painting.
Directly left: *Mrs. Taylor in hunting clothes in her Denver library; 18th-century pine panelling and mantel from an English country-house.*

TONI FRISSELL



AMERICAN WESTERNS 1967

MRS. PETER LARKIN— A SPIRITED BOSTONIAN IN SOUTHWEST TEXAS



A tall, slender blonde with dark-blue eyes and unquenchable charm, Mrs. Peter A. Larkin had never—until she married Mr. Larkin last year—set foot in the West. (She was born and raised in Boston, studied art in Paris, lived in New York and Italy.) Now, with her husband, she lives the Western life on the vast cattle ranch his family has owned and managed through all the turbulent eras of Texas history. Rides or drives over the endless miles of rolling grassland, marvelling at the space, the sights: the immense herds of cattle, the protected, un-shy wild game. Watches a *corrida* from horseback, or a perch on a shaking cattle chute—the dust and excitement, the *vaqueros* yelling, the calves bawling. And she takes to it all. . . .

Above, *Mr. and Mrs. Larkin in their speedy, specially-built hunting car.* Left, *riding in a* remuda, *or band, of the famous ranch quarter-horses.* Far left, *Mrs. Larkin dressed for dove-shooting—cinnamon felt hat, feather-banded; vicuña poncho.*

TONI FRISSELL

AMERICAN WESTERNS 1967

THE ZESTY RANCH LIFE OF THE ROBERT O. ANDERSONS IN NEW MEXICO



For the handsome, wide-ranging Robert O. Andersons, life at Circle Diamond Ranch in New Mexico is a movable roundup. Every weekend, Mr. Anderson, oilman, art collector, rancher, jets west from his office to the vast pink adobe ranch house on the banks of the Rio Hondo. There, the Andersons and some of their spirited sons and daughters—two are at home, two married, three away at school—ride pure-bred Arabians, fish trout, picnic, jump shoot for mallards, and stalk pheasant in the tall golden grama grass. Mrs. Anderson, who prefers handling the bird dogs to a gun, invents superb game recipes: "I never know whether we will be four or forty for dinner." Although they count Circle Diamond as "international headquarters," the Andersons fly in their Beechcraft to nine other ranches, where more than fifty thousand head—Welsh ponies, Moufflon sheep, Brangus cattle—graze. A lithe, brown-eyed Easterner totally won by the West, Mrs. Anderson said, "It spoils you utterly."

BRUCE DAVIDSON



The Robert O. Andersons of Circle Diamond Ranch, with their granddaughter, Katie Denton. Mr. Anderson fly-casting, above, and jump shooting, left. Mrs. Anderson, left above, riding her prize Arabian mare.

THE VERVY RACING LIFE
OF THE GEORGE A. POPES, JR.
IN CALIFORNIA

AMERICAN WESTERNS 1967

San Franciscans, winners who race winners, the George A. Popes travel in a yellow Beechcraft to El Peco Ranch in the heartland of San Joaquin Valley where they breed and train Thoroughbreds. Among their prize stakes winners. Decidedly won the 1962 Kentucky Derby; Hill Rise, the 1966 Rous Memorial and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot. At El Peco, the Popes and their two daughters live in a dramatic adobe ranch house convoyed by vast ochre adobe stables. Broodmares and foals graze in white-fenced pastures under groves of eucalyptus trees; yearlings, in training, leap from an Australian starting gate over turfed furlong tracks. "I am a horse collector," said George Pope of his fifty Thoroughbreds, his quarter horses, his cow ponies. He also collects cattle at two other ranches, and at El Peco, whose sixteen thousand acres came into the family when President Ulysses S. Grant signed the deed. This season at Hollywood Park, at Saratoga, and at Newmarket in England, the Popes will watch their yearlings race the red, white, and black colours of El Peco. "My life is the ranches and the horses," said Mrs. Pope, who is an expert horsewoman. "A good Thoroughbred has the 'big heart,' the extra courage to win. . . . and in life there is no substitute for victory."

Vivid, with slate-blue eyes and sunswept hair, Mrs. Pope, above, *with Hillary, the senior stallion of El Peco Ranch.* Right, *with her young daughters, Adrianna and Patricia, and their twin whippets.* Far right, *with Mr. Pope, Patricia, and Thoroughbred mares.*

BRUCE DAVID



The American Woman

HER BREAKING POINT

By Frederic F. Flach, M.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Frederic F. Flach is attending psychiatrist of the Payne Whitney Clinic of The New York Hospital and Associate Professor of Psychiatry at the Cornell University Medical College in New York.

Everyone has his own breaking point. No one is emotionally maladjusted alone. No one is a patient alone. Emotional well-being depends not only on the inner structure of one's personality, on the defenses against anxiety, on the capacity to rebound from stress, on intellectual grasp, on sensitivity, on adjustment to unconscious drives and conflicts, but also on the nature and stability of those persons who make up the patient's personal world. Mental illness tends to run in families, in communities, and probably in nations, not necessarily because of any hereditary considerations but rather because the milieu in which one lives will determine greatly the degree of success or failure, the happiness and fulfillment.

Psychiatrists first began to appreciate the importance of studying and working with the families of patients in the treatment of emotionally disturbed children. The attitudes and psychological structure of the personalities of parents were often more significant in understanding and influencing the state of the child than the therapy of the child. A disturbed child usually indicated a disturbed family structure, and recovery required either a change in milieu or, if it could not be changed, removal from it.

Similarly, a disturbed adult usually means a disturbed personal world. In carrying out psychotherapy, the therapist should evaluate this environment, ascertain the prospects of the patient for recovery within it and the possibilities of altering it constructively.

There are times when the most practical solution lies in helping the patient get away from the detrimental milieu. A woman of twenty-two, filled with sexual fears and severe confusion about her self-concept as a woman, impulsively involved herself in her first love affair with a young man, only to discover that he, too, was markedly immature. Bickering led to rage, and within a few months the relationship ended.

The young woman was overwhelmed with guilt, felt hopeless about her future chances for marriage. An underlying conviction of being unlovable was reinforced by her disruptive experience. She moved to a large city where she shared an apartment with two roommates. One of the girls lived in a world of daydreams, rarely dated, became sullen and silent whenever she met new people. The other was sexually promiscuous, invited each new man up to the apartment for a trial run when it could be arranged.

After eight months of headaches, insomnia, and indigestion, and three demoralizing sexual encounters with men encountered at a neighbourhood bar, the young woman moved back into her parents' home. She returned to the setting in which her difficulties began. The old coldness and distance between her father and mother were still there. The sometimes subtle and often not too subtle disparagement of her quiet, withdrawn father by her contemptuous and demanding mother went on and on, only serving to reinforce the girl's confusion and bitterness. The inward personality changes which she could achieve through psychotherapy could be translated into actual experience only by changing her milieu, finding new people with whom she could form better relationships to reinforce her strivings toward maturity.

This patient may well be the healthiest one in her environment. Her roommates and her parents may be far more severely crippled than she. Fortunately, as far as she was concerned, her malignant environment was expendable.

However, in the majority of instances, it is just not possible to pack up and move. Even when one can, it is likely that, until psychotherapy has progressed far enough, one will tend to select a milieu similar to that which has been discarded. It is often difficult, if not impossible, to treat the majority of people in isolation. The depressed business executive of forty-five may be given an anti-depressant to restore his sleep and appetite and will to live. He may analyze the difficulties he has experienced in handling his angers and frustrations and try to reverse the tendency to direct hostile feelings against himself, thereby becoming better able to control and experience them in a constructive manner. However, this approach to treatment is often just not enough.

There are other people in this patient's life who, regardless of the best of intentions, have a unique way of stirring up his angry feelings, delaying his full recovery, stimulating grave self-doubts in him, and repeatedly driving him back to spells of melancholy. There is his controlling, demanding, determined wife, handling each critical situation with efficiency and dispatch, ruling the family, and finding one way after another to increase her husband's passivity and make him question his own worth. No successful therapeutic program can ignore the importance of actively modifying her impact on the patient.

The major determining influence on the patient's recovery often lies in the ability to change his environment or remove him from an injurious milieu. Modern psychiatric methods are designed to deal with this consideration. The patient's world is evaluated objectively, not just through his own distorted vision, and constructive attempts to modify it are carried out. The physician actively involves himself in the whirlpool which threatens to disrupt the patient's progress.

A twenty-nine-year-old woman was seen in consultation because of marital difficulties. During the preceding two years, there had been recurrent arguments over the usual things—sex and money, in-laws, and the raising of children. She no longer (Continued on page 266)

HER MONEY POWER

By Paul H. Douglas

EDITOR'S NOTE: Before he began his distinguished career, from 1948 through 1966, as a United States Senator from Illinois, Paul H. Douglas taught, and wrote, economics. This year he returned to teaching, and talking, economics. Professor of Economics at The New School for Social Research in New York, he conducts a seminar for largely doctoral candidates and is giving a series of public lectures on "The Unfinished Agenda of Public Reform." Chairman of the National Commission on Urban Problems (which most people simply call the Douglas Commission), he is the moving force and the star of the television series *In Our Time,* programs discussing issues affecting the national economy.

From time to time, we are told that women own the major portion of the wealth of the country and that they are therefore in a sense the controlling sex in economic matters.

This is a serious misconception, for it obscures the real position of women and leads to a false emphasis upon what their economic functions actually are. The wealth owned by women comes primarily to them by inheritance—and not by their efforts and accumulation. Hence, it comes primarily from husbands, and, to a much lesser degree, from fathers. The money which their husbands leave women is normally bequeathed towards the end of their lives and they possess it for only a few years before they, too, die and pass it on to others. Money is a possession typically theirs in their terminal rather than active years.

Widows, moreover, are seldom given the right fully to manage their estates. Their husbands commonly set up trusts managed by lawyers or bank officers whose job it is to conserve the bequeathed assets and to make the major decisions connected with their management. The widows, reduced to the relatively passive rôle of recipients of income, are commonly stripped of any active managerial function.

The number of women like Hetty Green, who with all her faults was an active financial and business manipulator, is extremely limited. (She lived from 1834 to 1916.) Now I am not suggesting that women who inherit wealth should become like Hetty Green. For she led an amazingly barren life, devoid of pleasure, human affections, or friendships. I believe, however, that women with money power should have a working knowledge of the principles of investment. Moreover, women of wealth should have social consciences. By work and gifts, these women can help hard-pressed individuals and families as well as make constructive efforts towards a better nation and world. This can not be done purely as a charity. Such help is most useful when it grows out of personal involvement.

But it is not about the wealthy that I primarily want to speak. Far more important numerically are the middle-class wives, in that half of the families in this country whose incomes range from $6,000 to $15,000 a year. In some cases the wives are out in the business world helping to add to the family income. In more cases they are bringing up the children and running the house. To reduce family friction, I suggest that husbands should not compel their wives to come constantly to them for spending money. This is humiliating and, next to sex, has probably embittered and broken up more marriages than any other single cause. It is time that men rid themselves of their Turk complex and give up trying to keep their wives financially dependent upon them and governed by their whims.

Since marriage should be a partnership between equals, a wife should be allotted a stated sum monthly with which to pay for food, rent, and clothing of the family, with added sums for incidentals and her own expenditures. This is happening increasingly and women therefore are becoming the family purchasing agents.

Buying for the family is not an easy task. It requires skill and knowledge. I would advise most women to become subscribers to some such honest consumers' service group as Consumers Union from which they can get accurate appraisals of the comparative merits of various consumer goods. These appraisals are not perfect, but I have found them to be comparatively helpful in getting one hundred cents' worth of value for each dollar. And, in the process of shopping more scientifically, any woman should get a lot of fun.

Basic to all this is the fact that each family should agree on the general outlines of a budget, with the approximate amounts and proportions to be spent on the major sub-divisions. Ideas on how others distribute their money can be obtained from the surveys published from time to time by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington. Since tastes differ, average budgets should not be accepted slavishly, but can be treated as rough norms to give some idea of a basic plan.

No woman need vex herself as did David Copperfield's wife, Dora, by trying to keep elaborate books on how every dollar of the family income is actually spent. It will be enough to pay most of the bills by check and shortly after the end of the month to add up the totals for each major group of expenditures. If outlays run markedly above or below the amounts budgeted, either the budget or the rate of expenditures for the particular purpose should be revised.

Some of the major problems which inevitably come up in all decisions on how to spend money are (1) what provision should be made for saving, (2) what resort, if any, should be made for buying on time and borrowing money or credit, (3) what provision should be made for allowances to children and for their future education, (4) what allowances for cultural enjoyment, (5) and, finally, what amount allotted for gifts to charity and to the less fortunate.

Every middle-class family with an income (Continued on page 261)

ROBIN BUTLER BALANCES A SPILL OF INTERESTS AND ACTION WITH A KNACK FOR MAKING EVERYTHING CLICK

THE UNCOMMON AMERICAN WORKING GIRL



"On the telephone you can tell she is a pretty woman by her voice," a friend said of Robin Butler. True, and to the point. For one of the characteristics that sets Robin Butler apart from other young attractive women with attractive jobs is her all-of-a-pieceness. She is a little like one of those games: a wheel of assorted qualities or identities each relating surprisingly but inevitably to those on either side of it. With her, everything clicks.

Given: that Robin Butler was born particularly pretty. Her narrow face is almost classically good-looking. She has blue eyes and the sort of pale skin that seems rinsed by the blue of her eyes. She is little-boned, slight of line, and sees to it that her hair is an unexclamatory streaked blond. Her clothes are good-looking, and clearly becoming. She arranges to look both unostentatious and unforgettable. That's special. And recognized.

(Continued on next page)

A delicious young woman with a low, creamy voice, Robin Butler looks as if she had never done anything more taxing than buckling a wrist-watch. In fact, she runs her job at Dior-New York and her New York apartment, cooks imaginatively, collects modern art, gives dinner parties with exceptional flair, goes Everywhere, ***and makes each component of her life add definition to the others.*** *She was photographed,* above, *in a black velvet pants suit* ***she might wear at her own dinner party.***

Right: *In her apartment, with Tiger Lily, her Yorkshire terrier. Behind her hangs a painting by the Colombian Fernando Botero. The several green-velvet-covered banquettes with their bright* ***blither of pillows are built with storage space in their bases.***

HORST



THE UNCOMMON AMERICAN WORKING GIRL

Robin Butler's work adds interest to her life. But if her life were not interesting, she would not be the girl for her job. Handling public relations for Christian Dior-New York calls for what any *good* job asks of a woman: imagination, common sense, a fleet mind for decisions, and trained skills—in Robin's case, an excellent eye for colour, proportion, and what-goes. A *good* job stretches the person who holds it. A good job for a woman is integral to her life—but is not her life. "A large part of a woman's success must be emotional," Robin Butler said. "A man spends most of his time achieving success as a doer. A woman may drive for success in her work and take satisfaction from it, but she must never lose sight of her emotional side or she's in trouble. It's cornball, but I think she has to achieve an atmosphere that's attractive, cosy, courtesan—and being successful at that calls for more cleverness than we need in our jobs."

The particular cleverness of Robin Butler may be her ability to assemble and combine. Her apartment in New York, an unusual, ground-floor maisonette that was originally planned to be a dentist's or doctor's office, is a network of smallish rooms freighted with odds and art, with colour, books, cushions, with the tangible evidence of travels and of friendships. Like some inspired bower bird Robin Butler has collected what matters to her, a running record of her life and her tastes, and assembled it in such a way that each object seems a little better for being with something else. In her library-dining room, for instance, are two Mexican crosses done in brilliant wools. Robin has hung them against a panel of yellow cotton with a calico print. The surprise of the juxtaposition is boosted by the fact that the rest of that single wall is very rough, dark-brown cork from which hangs an old, gilt-framed mirror.

Born in Pennsylvania, Robin Butler touched down at Miss Porter's School in Connecticut, Vassar College, and Columbia University. She has lived and is often in France, often travels in Mexico, England, Switzerland, and South America, and has lived in the Middle East. She has made art objects and sold them, helped to design, build, and run a summer hotel, and worked in real estate. One year she rode a bicycle all over Manhattan looking for offbeat places to put in a guidebook. Her life has been as eclectic as her apartment. Both continually grow and change. "This place is very important to me," Robin said one day. "I've spent two years working on it, but it's time to change it; I think it's no longer me. I'll make it warmer-looking. I hate it when I'm described as 'serene' and 'composed.' Doesn't 'composed' suggest an elaborate pose?"

Although she does seem serene and unelaborately composed, Robin Butler keeps up a pace that might fell a stevedore. Almost every evening she goes out—to what are among the most appealing dinners, benefits, art openings, and theatre in New York—or she has friends in to dinner. Perhaps (Continued on page 272)



Right, from the top down: *In the living room of Robin Butler's New York apartment, a painting by the American Robert Cato, a Coromandel screen, a Mexican wooden donkey mix with checked cotton, wicker chairs covered in sailcloth or velvet. In the library-dining room, a wall covered partly in printed cotton and a Mexican woollen cross; on the table, a Japanese print, a Lowestoft bowl filled with flowers, and a Topolski drawing. Robin Butler, wearing evening pyjamas; behind her, a Francis Salles painting.* Opposite page, top: *Buffet set on a brilliant vinyl-covered table in the patio, its yellow lacquer aviary brimming with plants and unreal birds.* Opposite page, bottom, left to right: *The library-dining room with its velvet banquettes and bar-book-bibelot alcove, attractively crammed. Tabletop still life including a Russian Easter egg, pre-Columbian heads, and glistening shells. In the hall, a gilded wooden Mexican angel, a large painting by the Colombian Fernando Botero, and, below it, Robin Butler's Pekinese, Pooney.*

HORST



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Jane Holzer, gorgeous golden boutique girl

The selective American who brings back the goods from here, there, and Paris, too.





And in the pitch black of Paco Rabanne's new Paris boîte, 33 rue Bergère, Jane found orange ostrich feathers to fly in (above), $200; a golden-brown pony fur jacket and mini-skirt laced with leather and gold rings (left), $300; a flick of fluorescent pink plastic strips (below), $160....



DE ROSNAY



At "The Knack," 104 avenue Victor Hugo (above), Jane discovered how a filly must feel. But never mind, she had to have the silver harness-necked purple crêpe. It's so new. $360. . . .



. . . And wherever you are—if you're a golden girl—can you pass up a golden suède coat (above), double-buttoned and buckled in silver, and short enough to throw over most everything? Jane couldn't at $107 at "The Knack," 104 avenue Victor Hugo. . . .

London? Jane was there, too.







PATRICK HUNT

And when she's in a man's town, Jane buys the man's line. That's why she had tailor Douglas Hayward make her a navy blazer, which she wears with tartan trousers made for her by Fitz Brown (above). And that's why Janie found a "grandpa" sweater, yellow edged with purple, at Biba (above left). And the Byron-ish shirt at "Granny Takes a Trip" (left). And then ordered for herself *the* sensational new men's evening shirt from *the* men's shirter, Turnbull and Asser (below). White satin, turtleneck, big-sleeved. . . .



DE ROSNAY

Never lose a moment, wherever you may be, to muse on what you can do with a bit of pretty lingerie. Jane doesn't. At "Candide," 4 rue Miromesnil (below) Jane found a lace-fluffed batiste nightshirt for $27.60. It's going to look great far from the boudoir—maybe with a mini-kilt, a pants tailleur. . . .



More on next page

In New York, Jane thinks California looks great—

that you can pick up a boutique bit on Sunset Strip, show up in it at the Third Avenue lunch spots, and stand back, somebody's sure to notice you. At "Yellowfingers Butcheria," left, Jane *was* sitting on the counter—but the little whiff of slinky jersey, half honey yellow, half hotsy-tot pink, helped, too. Jane had it made (like all the ones she's got on here) at Belinda Inc.—dressmakers to "The Mamas and The Papas"—a racy, real red boutique in L.A., where everything is made to order, in a day or two, at about $30 a throw. . . .



JACK ROBINSON

Lingering in the door of Daly's revamped bar, right, Janie Holzer was a noticeably delectable dish, all veiled in baby-blue, yellow, cream, pink, mustard, cotton knit stripes, her boopsy legs veiled in matching baby blue. . . .



And at the "Isle of Capri," below, the gentleman following was catching up, even to the talking stage—discussing Jane's periwinkle, black, white, striped V-neck tunic and mini-pants? . . .



But at Rahmeyer's Delicatessen, above, the conversation stopped—even if Jane *was* a vision of turquoise, pink, white, and yellow stripes rounding around her Belinda Inc. mini . . . her delicious legs all covered in bright yellow tights. . . . Was it the liverwurst? . . .



Husband Stealer

(Continued from page 193)

long and most of them are showing. Her eyes are flashing and flirting. Her mouth is ripe and ready. Her bosom is an ivory mischief. She's enough to drive a husband wild and a wife wilder. Crowded around her are all the married men in the room. Except one. He's over in the corner with a Little Brown Wren. Worried about the gorgeous thing with the heaving bosom? Forget it. Keep your eye on the Little Brown Wren.

It may come as a big surprise, but beautiful, sexy-looking girls don't have to steal husbands. They can get what they want without stealing. And what they want, unless you happen to be married to Mr. Rockefeller Whitney Mellon (and how few of us are), is not *your* husband. But a Little Brown Wren will steal any husband she can get her hands on. Under that protective coloration her beady little brain is figuring out the moves. Women: Beware The Little Brown Wren.

Flocks of Little Brown Wrens can be found throughout the United States. They are all over Augusta, Atlanta, Annapolis, Albany, Austin, and Albuquerque. They fly low and land in Baltimore and Boston—and never leave. Philadelphia is a hotbed of them. To say nothing of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. They flourish in Flint and Fort Worth. Little Brown Wrens are mad about the suburbs, specifically the important ones like Grosse Pointe, Shaker Heights, and Burlingame. It is here they can catch the fattest worms and feather their little nests.

Little Brown Wrens love country clubs where the men are, and there is hardly a golf course or a tennis court where you won't find them tweet-tweeting by the dozens. They are excellent at sports and particularly bang-up at tennis and golf. They play a wizard game of bridge. They always drive station wagons or not-too-souped-up sports cars, and they have seventeen cashmere sweaters in their bottom dresser drawer. If you put them in a bag, shake them up, and toss them out it would be almost impossible to tell one Little Brown Wren from another. They have brown hair and brown eyes and brown skin (a Little Brown Wren is *always* tan), and they wear polite little linen dresses in the summer. At night they wear black crêpe and a string of unborn pearls. Oh yes, and a wristwatch.

Year in, year out, they wear their hair the same way—parted on the side with waves or a flip. It's always a little too short or a little too long. They never bother much about make-up. Just a smear of lipstick and maybe a dab of brown powder on the tip of the nose. Eyeliner and mascara and rouge and the rest are all rather—well, cheap and common, if you ask the Little Brown Wren. How can anyone with any breeding draw black circles around her eyes? Little Brown Wren's faces all look alike. Their features are neither very good nor very bad. But they are never fat. They are much too active for that. Not that they have particularly good bodies. They are usually on the slat-ty side with nothing fuller than a "B" cup up front. Anything bigger than that is vulgar—if you ask a Little Brown Wren.

Little Brown Wrens are never, never, never lazy. They will kill themselves to get what they want—or to get what they want away from you. They are not intelligent, but they are shrewd—actually, it's low animal cunning—and their timing is built-in and terrific. They can smell a teetering marriage from miles away, and they will fly in from wherever they are to help

(Continued on page 259)

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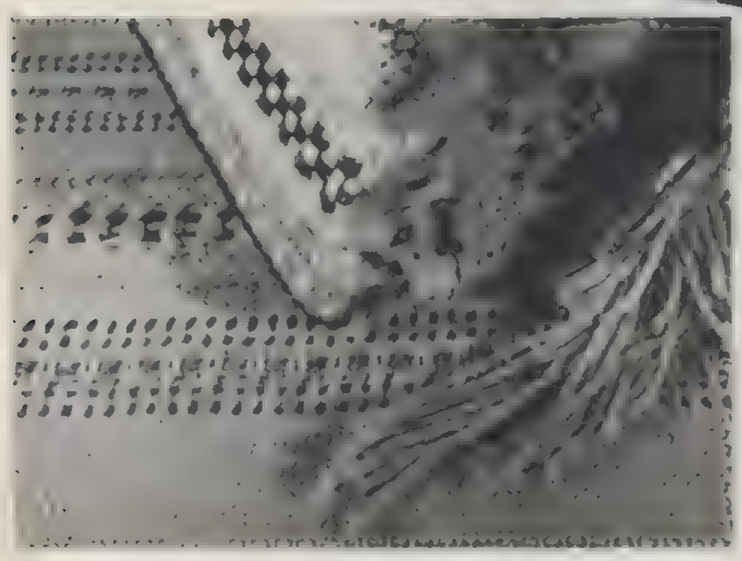
The Tilletts at Nantucket...decorating scoop U.S.A.

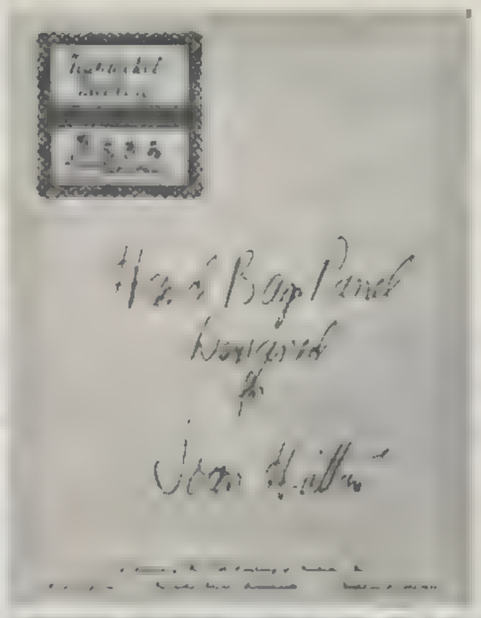
Nantucket seaport, Nantucket Island's historic whaling town, is fast being reprieved from decline by the restoration programme of the Nantucket Historical Trust and the vision of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beinecke, Jr. Long a mecca for summer vacationers (some families have been summering there for four generations), this enchanting seaport is now a year-round day or weekend sight-seeing draw. In winter, wives of the descendants of old whaling families find time for fine weaving and needlework. To utilize such skills, the Historical Trust invited D. D. and Leslie Tillett to participate. This husband and wife design team, loved by American women and knowing decorators, professional and amateur, for their luxurious hand-woven fabrics, hand printed cottons and silks, were an inspired choice. Now The Cloth Company of Nantucket and the Nantucket Needlery shop are island landmarks. This summer their Ice Cream Parlour and Toy Shop will be ready. All will sell things inspired by Nantucket's history or its flora and fauna. Shown here: delights from these shops. *Top left:* D. D. and Leslie Tillett, with their eleven-year-old son Seth, examine a toy he designed. *Below:* The quarterboard sign across the great windows of "The Cloth Company of Nantucket" building. To buy: fabrics by the yard, and things made from them, as well as whale-ivory jewellery and buttons. *Right:* "Strawberry," in pinks and reds over white stripes on natural canvas. The Tilletts were the first designers to give printed duck its real elegance. To order, 47″ wide, $16 yd. *Centre right:* "Malachite," in greens on natural duck of various weights or on sheer batiste; showing the depth and richness of the Tillett printing. *Centre left:* White virgin wool, hand-woven, fringed bedside rug or chaise throw, with silk and velvet ribbons . . . here, red and blue velvet, raspberry velvet, deep green velvet and pale-blue satin. $165 and up, 24″ x 36″. *Bottom left:* Flat, fringed rug of fine white English wool boldly striped in grass green, blue, lacquer red, and orange. To order in any colours, $6 per sq. ft. *Bottom left centre:* Feather-light, fluffy, fringed lap robes and afghans of mohair woven with satin ribbons. To order, 72″ long, 50″ wide, $90 up. All from The Cloth Company of Nantucket, Nantucket Island, Mass. *Left:* The Nantucket Needlery envelope for made-to-order designs. The Needlery sells all varieties of needlework designs, yarns in special Tillett colours, and accessories such as whale-ivory thimbles and needles, sewing boxes in Nantucket shingle print lined with red velvet. Here summer needlework classes are given by visiting experts, and classes are also conducted by mail. The Nantucket Needlery, Nantucket Island, Mass. *Below:* Fine oiled silk which the Tilletts love: for sale by the yard or made into sailing suits. Plain yellow or printed in black, like "Scrimshaw," shown here. 36″ wide, $10 yd. *Right:* Soft wool upholstery fabric woven with cording of printed silk . . . a Tillett invention. Here, cranberry red with multi-colour cords. 42″ wide, $24 yd. To order in any colour combinations.

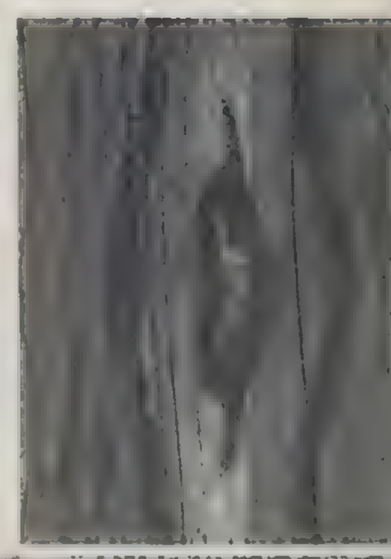


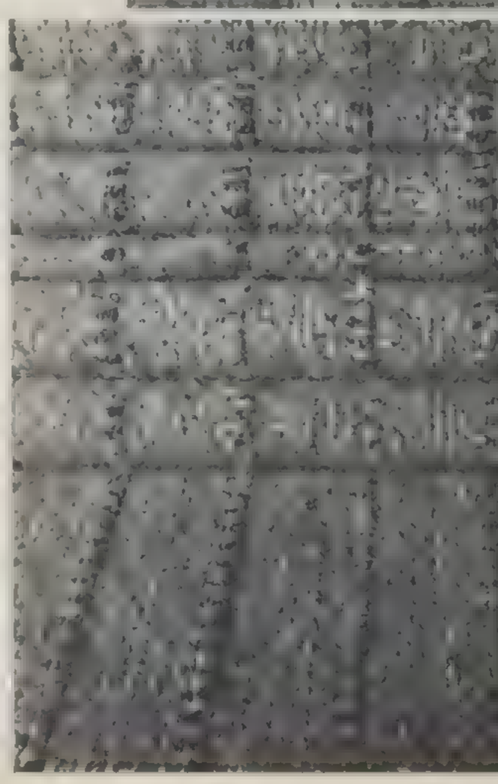
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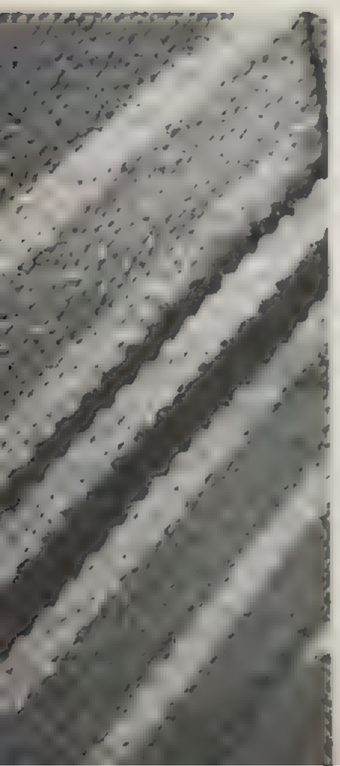


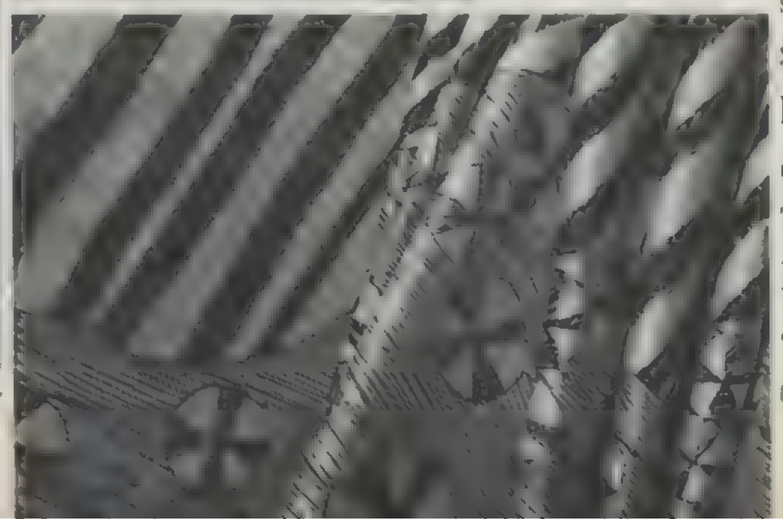






DAVID MASSEY





Husband Stealer

(Continued from page 257)

push it off the brink. Then they'll fly around and catch the husband before he hits bottom.

Little Brown Wrens have no sense of humour. Some of them have never said one witty thing in their whole lives. But they know every dirty joke since the first one, and the way they tell them would blow the head off a longshoreman. Other women could never get away with it, but Little Brown Wrens can get away with murder. The main thing they have in common is being very pleased with themselves. They are thrilled with themselves just the way they are. They don't want to change a thing. And what they know better than anyone else is how to handle men. If they didn't, they would have been extinct ages ago. The very fact that they are brown all over saves them.

A man feels comfortable with a Little Brown Wren. And safe. And quite superior. Before he knows it. she lulls him into a false sense of security. Being with her is much easier all around than having to cope with a beautiful, glamorous woman. With a Little Brown Wren you don't have to try. There is never any competition to speak of, and she makes it clear that the man is the star. American men love to look at beauties, but many men aren't sure how, or are almost afraid. to touch the Beauties. You don't have to bother about that with a Little Brown Wren. She will do all the touching herself. Oh, yes. It's her specialty, and she has had lots of practice. She knows all the tricks and she just thought of a new one. She is just dying to try it out on your husband.

Little Brown Wrens know all the places to go with a married man on an afternoon where nobody can find them. And they are absolute experts on the fellow who works late at the office and has to spend the night in town. They are little and brown and wren-ny, but they are tigresses in the feathers. And they know it.

Little Brown Wrens always drink, but they never get drunk, not even after five Martinis. There is nothing worse than a Little Brown Wren. But they are tremendously successful. They are almost never between husbands. If they are—it's probably between a couple of yours. . . .

Helen Frankenthaler

(Continued from page 190)

and Kenneth Noland, later used the Frankenthaler method toward the development of new forms of painting.

"Frankenthaler had worked up her method from a study of Kandinsky's 1910 watercolours and Jackson Pollock's 'drip' technique. Her own uses for it, however, have produced an extraordinary range of personal images and original compositions. At a time when the one-image or systemic-series approach seems dominant, Frankenthaler's insistence on the total individuality of each canvas is a protective reminder of values momentarily under a cloud. Only the best of the 'minimal' painters have been able to match sensibilities with her and to achieve the kind of viability her spontaneity can capture.

"The late poet-critic Frank O'Hara said she was 'ready to risk everything on inspiration.' But inspiration is a feeble thing without a persistent intelligence to direct it. Other artists have depended on inspiration without success. Perhaps the main reason why Frankenthaler, of all the 'second generation abstract expressionists,' has survived on top through a period of contrary styles—hard-edge, Pop, Op, and primary formalism—is because she has never conceded that anything in art outweighs depth and personality. Thus her pictures are always fresh and remain so even after those of some of her contemporaries have gone out of date. Like Matisse, Helen Frankenthaler learns from the new around her without imitating."

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Viet Nam

(Continued from page 174)

but heat and broken water-mirrors in the mud and a drift of cumulus clouds above hills 354 and 380.

1600. Two Marine battalions have advanced unopposed to rendezvous Flying Eagle. The brigade commander looks at his watch and says to a journalist: "Exactly. The movement proceeded according to the book—like clockwork. Did you watch the precision of the vertical envelopment? If the rest of the manoeuvre runs as smoothly, we will have an outstanding operation." Beaming, he turns and goes to his helicopter with strides that are longer than necessary.

Though nothing, after all, has happened. There has been "no contact"—no contact between the Vietnamese and the Americans, no contact between two closed systems. The American system has triumphed in creating perfect order out of a void, and for the brigade commander that is a solid achievement.

The Americans have created Viet Nam anew. With language they have fashioned a country called "Viet Nam" out of the original chaos, a country which bears no simple relation to the country that the Vietnamese live in. Like all such constructions, "Viet Nam" describes the shape of its creator's mind. The farther away the object is, the more simple and imaginative will be the design. For the American military, Viet Nam is a terribly tidy place which in some degree resembles the American military system itself.

In the beginning there are the numbers: 3 of this, 150 of that, 19,871 of something else, objects created out of the chaos of unnumbered objects. Numbers bring the first forms into being. Through numbers the Viet Cong take on existence when they are dead. Before that, they are unknowns; they are angels on the head of a pin about which Intelligence Divisions in the Pentagon fight their religious disputes—how many infiltrators, how many recruits.

But what is an angel? If the soldiers see the Viet Cong, they see in them only the face of the old man who presented his voting card as a talisman to ward off evil from the Powers That Be. Had he been younger, time and place would have converted him into a "friendly" or an "enemy" soldier—and in either case he would have looked like himself, like a Vietnamese peasant. Counting is an American habit, indulged by the battalion commander as by the refugee administrator who, amid all his graphs and charts, admits that he does not know what a refugee is. The Vietnamese who recognize the American taste for numbers use them like Martinis or tranquillizers on us.

In a joint meeting at ambassadorial level one Vietnamese minister promised, on request, to produce 300 more cadres by the end of the next week. Though to him the number was no more than a wish or a dream of what ought to be in the best of all possible worlds, the Americans took it literally and were happy for a week.

Through numbers run all the themes of comedy and tragedy in Viet Nam. As numbers identify the unknown, so they divide up the afternoon and the morning into uniform stretches, marking them out as the chalk lines on a football field, as if time itself were consistent as the clipped grass. The soldiers hang up calendars and cross off each day in anticipation of the day they are scheduled to go home. But one afternoon a grenade explodes on a rutted path between tropical shrubs, and a soldier dies before he has had time to have lunch; each day has its own shape and weight.

With the logic of numbers the American military have flattened the landscape of Viet Nam into points, lines, and spaces, sweeping a geography of strange and untidy names away beneath plane geometry.

Inevitably, there are two wars, one uniform, one heterogeneous: The Americans fight at abstract points defined as distance and direction from their own bases, while the Viet Cong fight in a labyrinth of proper names.



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In Viet Nam, geography implies both religion and politics. As in France, the very soil modulates from village to village and with it change the land-holding patterns, the common ancestors, and the diplomatic history of relations with the central government. Over the mosaic landscape the Americans design their own abstractions, painting in red and blue the "Viet Cong" and the "Government-held" areas.

In a political war among people who bear no marks of their allegiance, this simple contrast, this simple opposition, looks like the passionate tidiness of the insane. Though the military really do not believe in it themselves, the abstraction has autonomous strength as an image of Viet Nam. From time to time its rationality bursts into wild irrationality.

The Washington Post reported in January, 1967: "The Pentagon is taking a fresh look at the idea that something old-fashioned as a fence or moat might do a better job of stopping infiltration into South Viet Nam than dropping tons of bombs from million-dollar airplanes. Proposals in hand include a belt of explosives, fencing and manning of strong points along the 17th parallel . . . a short barrier running east from Saigon and a long moat snaking up the Cambodian border of the Mekong Delta."

As the *Post* reporter notes with magnificent restraint, "The Pentagon has found excessive cost, manpower, and/or construction time as fatal flaws in such a scheme."

The countryside parts. The roll of small fields, hamlets, and hedgerows, patterned like a bolt of cloth, tears down the middle with the gash of a new road and the grey trees of a recent chemical winter. On the discoloured land an American division with its grey barracks, its lines of helicopters, its gas pumps, water tanks, machine shops, Jeeps, armoured personnel carriers, and heavy artillery has reconstructed a piece of Elizabeth, New Jersey, in the middle of Viet Nam. But the division focuses on a patch of grass at the centre of the vast collection of machinery.

By the General's staff headquarters, a lawn, disciplined by gravel paths and rows of whitewashed stones, spreads slowly outwards to carpet the ground between the new semi-permanent ranch-style housing units. Grass will grow among the facilities. Having once destroyed nature, the division remakes it in conformity with its own aesthetic.

In the officers' mess the Commanding General presides over breakfast: over the white tablecloths, the unbreakable china, the pancakes, the eggs and bacon. Though the other officers joke easily among themselves, they pay deference to the two stars on his well-pressed combat fatigues with subtle inflections of attention. In the manly balance of ribaldry and a moment of silent prayer he becomes for them something like the head prefect at a boy's boarding school.

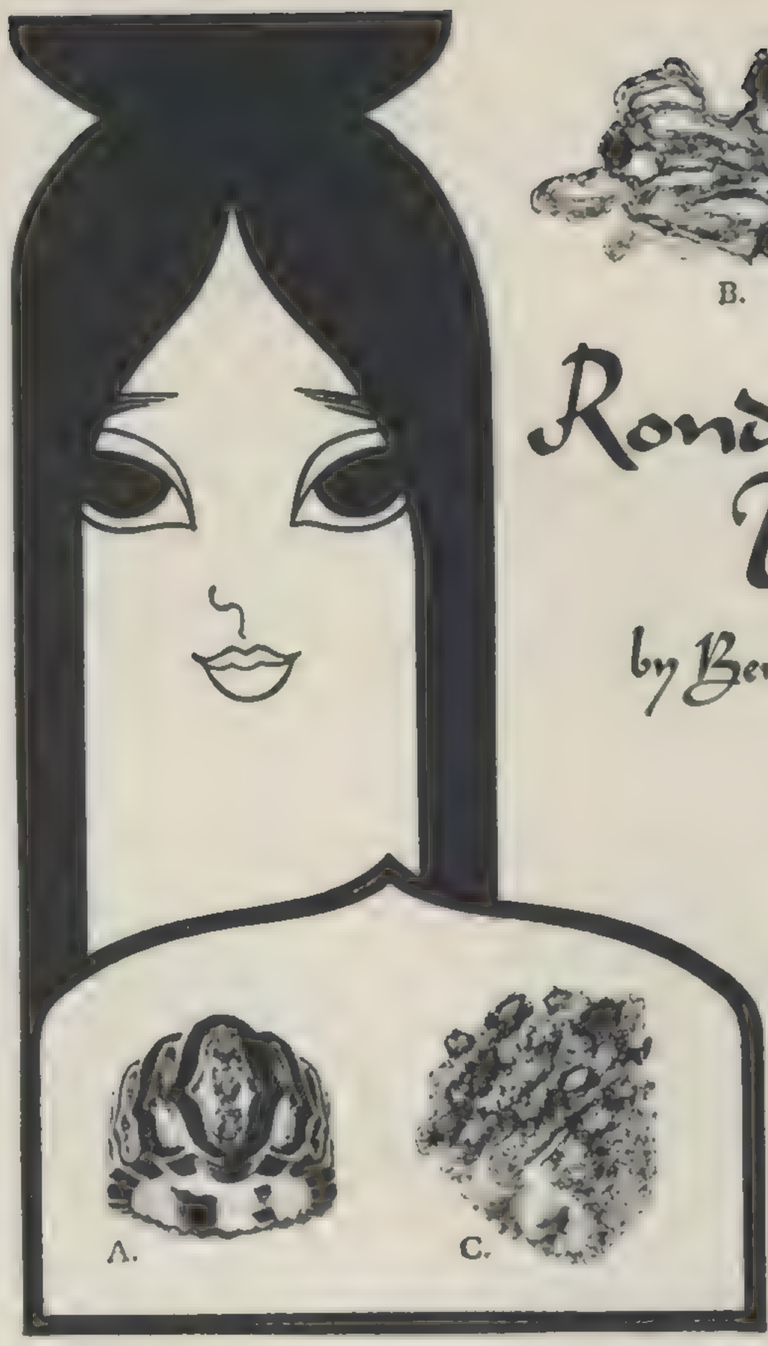
At the morning briefing the informality gives way before the life-and-death concerns of a huge organization, in which the General assumes the rôle of corporate director. In the auditorium he leans back into his front row seat and watches critically the procession of colonels who present their reports on gigantic movements of men and materials. Eight hundred tons of ammunition conveyed to the 2nd battalion, 1st brigade, at X location by road. Two companies marched from point A—on the map—to point B. A relay of six helicopters completed delivery of mail and food supplies from base H.Q. to Charlie company of the 1st battalion at the edge of War Zone Z.

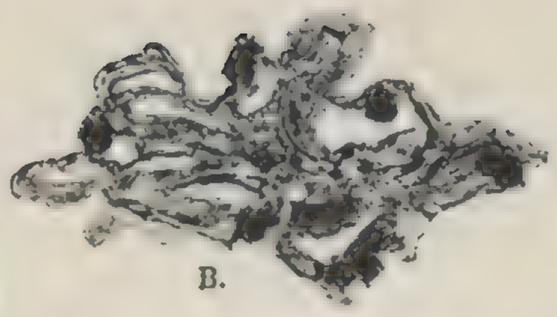
"Six helicopters?" The General snaps forward. "And the seventh? I would suggest that you coordinate your lifts with the G-3."

The colonel drops his shoulders. The General never misses the fall of a sparrow and its precise location. Let it not happen again.

"The weather," continues the next colonel humbly, "will be variable for the next two days. Winds from the north-northeast and scattered showers will follow the change of the monsoon from its southerly course."

(Continued on page 262)





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Viet Nam

(Continued from page 261)

"I don't think you're right," says the General. "The monsoon is not due to change for another four days. I noticed a southerly breeze this morning. This afternoon's heli-lift assault will have to proceed according to the original plans, and it would be inconvenient if the winds were to shift to the north. Let us clear up this matter as fast as possible, please."

The General takes issue with the weather and emerges triumphant. In the afternoon the winds indeed blow from the south and the operation takes place as planned.

Far away from the division, where the weather obeys no one, a Negro major from Connecticut tends an outpost of the military system in a green curve of rice land and jungle. His circumstances are difficult. Of his five American subordinates—the only Americans within miles—three, including the surly master sergeant, are white Southerners.

With the major's Vietnamese counterpart communications are faulty because the District Chief speaks only the English the major has taught him, and in consequence, can say only what the major has taught him, whether he means it or not.

The district itself is a political miasma of Buddhist agitators, agitators from the Vietnamese Kuomintang, Viet Cong guerrillas, and peasant refugees who wander from village to village in their unhappiness with the U.S. Marines. In such turmoil the major would seem to be helpless. But, while the Marines simply build roads and artillery batteries across the district, he has constructed a line of defense from the living spirit of the army. He says:

"My counterpart and I have a good working relationship, though problems do arise in terms of efficiency. . . . The security situation has stabilized quite rapidly here at this location over the past few weeks. District has effectively coordinated its activities with division to the objective of diminishing guerrilla harassments. The Marines have. ah . . . evacuated a village."

The army alone realizes Platonic perfection. Across the face of Viet Nam in every district from the base of the delta to the 17th parallel, it has built small replicas of itself—regulation islands of KP duty, cane garden furniture, tomato ketchup, and liar's dice—identical as Savarin restaurants along an invisible highway. Though alone, the American advisors never feel abandoned.

As the major sheds his own language for the army dialect, he moves away from the insecure areas between him and the master sergeant, the district chief, and the journalist as well as from the strange disorder which begins right outside his window. On the strength of language the army has won miraculous victories against the unpleasantness of war. When asked to compare Viet Cong terrorism in the South with American bombing raids in North Viet Nam, one military spokesman in Saigon said: "There is no possible comparison.

"We use the most sophisticated electronic measures known to keep from killing civilians with our bombs. Our gear cross-check and double-check everything an airplane does up North.

"Here in the South, Charlie is out to get any and all he can. . . .

"We haven't taken into consideration . . . some little guy's well, or the pagoda that the residents of an entire village might have put all their money into . . . the tons of groceries that never get to market, the produce that will rot where the bridge or footbridge is blown out, of the plants that will shrivel up and die in the field because the fruit can't be gotten to market because of the Viet Cong."

The picture of the war is strangely unbalanced; the Americans operate in total abstraction, the Viet Cong in a poetic concreteness of detail. Though death has died beneath "electronic measures," it comes back to haunt the language in a terrifying vision of the enemy as representative of darkness, disorder, and decay.

Through the vocabulary of the "dirty little war" run images of a detergent solution. The Viet Cong do not simply live in places, they "infest areas;" to "clean them out" the American forces must go on "sweep and clear" operations. Having eliminated the main forces, they "mop up" after the guerrillas with "saturation patrolling" and, if necessary, move all the villagers into refugee camps in order to "sanitize the area."

By contrast, the "other war" in Viet Nam, the war to "win the hearts and minds of the people" is a ferocious affair. When American A.I.D. technicians hand out pigs and plant seedlings, they are fighting for "Revolutionary Development" in Viet Nam. Because the Vietnamese translate their own efforts as "Rural Construction," it is small wonder that they have failed to "point a dagger at the Viet Cong's heart." According to the Honolulu Declaration the allied governments propose to "combat inflation," "eradicate social injustice," and "attack hunger, ignorance, and disease": should disease surrender to them in battle, they have full license to "stamp it out."

This savage attitude of the civilians, though reprehensible, requires our understanding and sympathy. Perhaps because there are so few bodies to count on the road to development, A.I.D. has always had a terrible inferiority complex vis-à-vis the military. As defense against its own fears of ineffectuality, it has had to mould its butter into guns.

But the purpose of all these lethal weapons in Viet Nam remains somewhat obscure. For the military there is no enemy in Viet Nam, but merely numbers of dirty areas which must be "swept and cleared"—presumably of everything, including the Vietnamese. The civilians, on the other hand, believe that there is a dangerous enemy, but that he is not Vietnamese. As Mr. Robert Komer, Special Assistant to the President, wrote in

his "The Other War in Viet Nam —A Progress Report":

"Aside from all the difficulties which face any new developing country, the Vietnamese people are seeking to build a modern nation against a background of terror, harassment and aggression mounted by a determined enemy—from both within and without.

"This enemy seeks to throttle Viet Nam's economy by systematic disruption of its transport, communications and commerce. His use of terror and harassment has as its target not just military forces but the soldiers of Viet Nam's 'other war'. . . ."

But who is this enemy—hunger, inflation, ignorance, or disease? To avoid speaking his true name—as in ancient Arabic tradition—the civilians have imitated the military in demanding from their people in Viet Nam a monthly Progress Report. Not a simple report, but a report which shows progress and provides Washington with the same quality of information about Viet Nam as it has about China, where the Red Guards keep defeating an enemy that did not exist previous to his defeat.

Before the Americans in Viet Nam the vacuum opens out to vertiginous depths. The garbled echoes of old theories, phrases, and explanations cross and recross. A journalist can hear anything in Saigon from the classified details of a forthcoming operation to a speech that General Ky never made because it was censored, to a recital of someone's encounter with the ghost of Ngo Dinh Diem. Anything can be misinterpreted—even the simplest of sounds.

On September 8, 1966, there was an explosion. It sounded very close to the centre of town. The Saigon press corps, almost to a man, froze, hunted for their cameras, and ran out onto the sidewalks shouting, "You see anything? Where'd it come from? Which building did they get?" The crowd movement seemed to be headed up Tu Do Street in the direction of the cathedral.

People began to run. Behind a sprinter from U.P.I., Ward Just of *The Washington Post*, the Viet Nam staffs of Time Inc. and *The New York Times*, Robert Shaplen of *The New Yorker*, Gavin Young of the London *Observer*, Sol Sanders of *U.S. News & World Report*, camera men from all the major networks, representatives from the hometown dailies, and I raced up Tu Do Street intent upon the disaster.

Surging up the small hill, we cut a swath through the Vietnamese onlookers, all of whom seemed less interested in the possibility of an attack on one of the Government buildings than in the sight of so many white people running in the heat of the afternoon.

With a heavy television camera on his shoulders the toughest of the N.B.C. combat photographers moved steadily up from behind. After two blocks, the charge began to lose momentum. The heat was, after all, intense, the grade, uphill, and no one seemed to have any precise information as to what had happened. As the U.P.I. reporter, still running, passed the cathedral, the main body of the press corps came to an indecisive halt.

The New Yorker and Time Inc. began to murmur that perhaps nothing at all had happened or, if something had, it was not within walking distance. *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* glanced surreptitiously at their watches and then at their identical white invitation cards which (though in Vietnamese and therefore illegible) purported to request their presence at Air Vice-Marshall Ky's bungalow at Tan Son Nhut in a half an hour. They looked at each other sheepishly, then turned and began walking back to their hotel.

"No doubt," said *U.S. News & World Report*, "it was nothing but a sonic boom." The murmur passed quickly around the press corps until everyone—with the exception of the U.P.I. reporter—agreed that the explosion could have been nothing more than a sonic boom.

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Money Power

(Continued from page 249)

between $6,000 and $15,000 obtained from effort should normally save. Savings obviously guard against future emergencies, give greater security, and reduce fears. Since in 1966 individual savings amounted to $27 billion out of a total personal income after taxes of $505 billion, this would mean an overall average savings of a little more than 5 per cent. Unless prevented by emergencies, middle-class families should ordinarily use this figure as a *bare minimum*. I think that 7 per cent for those in the $10,000 class would be a much safer bedrock percentage.

Modern families properly want to own their own houses or apartments wherever this is possible. Our tax laws give great favours to those who own their homes. In the first place, the implicit income obtained from owning one's home is not counted as taxable. Thus the man who has a cash income of $10,000 and owns a house for which he would otherwise pay $2,500 a year rent is only taxed on his $10,000. His neighbor across the street, however, although he has a cash income of $12,500 also retains only $10,000 after paying the rent. He will, nevertheless, have to pay income taxes on his full cash income of $12,500. A second advantage: A house-owner can deduct the interest which he pays on his mortgage from the income on which he is taxed. House purchase is, therefore, under normal conditions a good investment for middle-class families in their thirties and forties whose jobs are reasonably assured and who are not in danger of being moved to other cities by their employers.

As for buying on time and financing purchases by later payments—it depends. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that this practice has gone too far. In all except poverty-stricken families, I think it is a mistake to purchase "soft" consumer goods on time. Clothing is likely to wear out before the bill is paid, but the *hidden* and commonly *high* interest rates will continue. Similarly, I feel that it is a poor practice to buy jewellery and to pay for vacations on credit. Paying cash for these purposes saves money and reduces worry.

The acquisition of durable consumer goods such as housing, automobiles, washing machines, television and radio sets, furniture, the enjoyment of which will continue over a relatively long period of time, need not be subject to such strict rules. Here it is, of course, desirable to have a fluid cash balance to buy most of these goods outright and to avoid paying large additional sums for open or hidden interest. But this is not always possible.

For young families to postpone buying a house until they can pay cash would commonly mean that they could not own a house until their children had grown up and they no longer needed it. Some families would be in similar difficulties in purchasing automobiles, washing machines, or furniture. Spreading out the payment over time is therefore often desirable.

In making these arrangements there are at least two simple but important rules to follow. One is that the period of payment should never be longer than the article will continue to give reasonably good service. It is a poor practice to continue to pay for goods when they are only a memory. The other precaution is to find out what the annual interest rate is on the amounts actually owed. It may seem absurd, but women (and men, too) often forget that there are twelve months in the year and that a *3 per cent monthly rate* on a personal loan is *36 per cent a year* and that a charge of *1½ per cent a month* on a revolving credit account at a store is the equivalent of an *18 per cent annual rate* on the same terms.

Few realize that when a 7 per cent rate is charged on the original amount borrowed but which is gradually paid off over

the given time, the *real rate* on the amounts actually owed is approximately *double the quoted rate.* For under the common practice, the debtor is really asked to pay interest on the amounts already repaid.

It is also imperative to pierce behind the frequent virtual refusal to quote a sales price for an article such as an automobile but to put the terms instead on the basis of so much a month for a given number of months. This conceals the real rate of interest which the buyer-borrower is actually paying. The Bowery Savings Bank in New York has developed a simple and inexpensive slide rule to enable a buyer or borrower to find the real annual rate once the other three variables are given, namely (a) the cost of the article if cash is paid, (b) the amount of the monthly payment, and (c) the number of months over which the payments are to be made.

During my last six years in the United States Senate, I actively sponsored a Truth-in-Lending bill to provide that buyers on time and borrowers be informed not only of the cost of the credit in dollars but also what this came to as real annual rate on the amounts actually owed. The opposition to the bill was so intense that I was never able to get it out of Committee. Since my defeat in the 1966 elections, my good friend Senator Proxmire of Wisconsin has introduced an improved version of this Bill (S. 5), and I hope that the women of the country will study this bill carefully.

If enacted, the Bill would enable women to make accurate comparisons between possible terms of purchase. In the process of introducing greater knowledge and competition, I believe that interest rates on consumer borrowings would come down. Many could not stand the light of day.

Families need to foresee that it is increasingly necessary for their children to have a good education if they are to get ahead in the world. In 1964, those with four years or more of college had an average yearly income of $10,700 as compared with $7,300 for those with only a high-school education. The differential was therefore about $3,400 a year. Thus, over the course of a working lifetime, the university graduates would receive over $100,000 more than their high-school classmates.

But college education is becoming even more costly. At one of the first-rate colleges and universities the costs will probably run close to $3,000 a year or $12,000 for the course. To educate one or more children is, therefore, a major load; children should feel some responsibility to earn a portion of these costs.

Since time and money are the two substances out of which the web of life is largely woven, American women have responsible duties which, in their hands, can become rewarding opportunities.



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Mrs. Taylor

(Continued from page 241)

She is fascinated not only by fashion, but by function—how clothes *work*. (Why do ski-boots always stretch, riding-boots never? Why do glasses always fog up?) She wouldn't dream of altering a traditional piece of wearing apparel that looks great and functions perfectly, such as a hunting stock—"it should be tight around the neck and absolutely smooth across the top"—but she wouldn't, and doesn't, hesitate to have a hunting bowler (equally sacrosanct) altered, if it's clumsy and unbecoming. She was one of the first to wear a racing driver's crash helmet for skiing—and she has also whizzed down the slopes wearing an Arab *kaffiyeh* on her head: if it kept out heat and flying sand, she reasoned, why not cold and flying snow? It did—looked sensational, too.

Her impatience with most of the ski clothes you could buy in the 1940's—she found and still finds them, on the whole, "very static and very dull"—led her into a brief and successful career as a designer of ski clothes. ("Someone admired a sweater I had on, so I thought, why not make them?") This venture ended with her marriage to Mr. Taylor, but not before it had flourished to such a point that she had three hundred women knitting for her all over Vermont, and a New York store demanding her entire output.

One reason Mrs. Taylor does so many things so well is her unswerving concentration—a rare faculty in women. She brings her entire attention and energy to bear on the action at hand—whether it's talking to a visitor, schooling a horse, or planning a dinner-party. And she has an equally rare ability to relax, completely and pleasantly—with the absolute stillness, the indolent grace of a cat in a sunny window. She never fusses or dithers. If there is such a thing as a relaxed perfectionist, Mrs. Taylor is it. . . . She has another talent which is, so far as we know, unique: the ability to leave a house quickly, quietly, and smoothly, without afterthoughts, hasty returns for forgotten items, or last-minute instructions to anybody. She just *leaves*. Exit, smiling.

This same combination of highly organized activity and refreshing calm, of action and serenity, seems to pervade both the Taylor houses, at Denver and at Vail. The Denver house—a long, low, comfortable one of grey brick, set in rolling fields outside the city—has a well-equipped gym in the basement, and a charming ballroom in one wing; both are in frequent use. . . . West of the house, across a sweep of lawn and valley—and seeming very close in the thin, pure air—is the great rampart of the Rockies, appearing, as Mr. Taylor observed with pleasure, "to get closer and farther away." Facing this spectacular view, and sheltered by the wings of the house, is a tree-shaded courtyard and garden where, in summer, most of the action takes place. Meals are generally served out there under the trees, and there's a small dance-floor among the flowerbeds for al-fresco evening parties. . . . The flowers themselves are often yellow and white, Mrs. Taylor's favourite colours: white geraniums, marigolds, yellow and white begonias.

Inside the house, and in the smaller mountainside eyrie at Vail, there are flowers everywhere—huge pots of yellow, white, or pinky-apricot chrysanthemums on floors, on tables; fat white potted hyacinths—in the spring, both houses smell ravishingly of them; silver bowls full of pale-pink roses, or the famous Colorado carnations—some, in a marvellous spicy tangerine colour.

In both houses, Mrs. Taylor presides over meals that are admirably flexible—as to time, exact locale, and numbers present—and unfailingly delicious. It may be lunch for ten or twelve in the dining-room in Denver before a pheasant shoot, or tea for twenty-five or more in the living-room at Vail after skiing, in front of a huge, crackling fire of aspen and cottonwood logs. (The Taylor boys call the Vail house the "Pit Stop," because it's right at the foot of one major ski trail, just before the final swoop down to the village. Result: everyone stops there.)

The Vail teas—which replace lunch, to allow more time on the mountain—involve not only tea, muffins, guava jelly, home-made cookies and cakes, but coffee and hot *glög* and a vast assortment of cheeses (each cheese identified by a little flag). After that, for guests staying in the house, may come a sauna bath—there's one in the basement—and a rest; then, a late dinner with champagne. Both here and in Denver, the Taylors' house-guests are pampered to such a point that they often have a severe re-entry problem when it's time to go home. . . .

Her breaking point

(Continued from page 248)

felt loved and deeply doubted her own love for her husband. In spite of many hours of individual psychotherapy, the lack of communication and quarreling continued. The husband was seen and referred to another psychiatrist for treatment, but the basic problems remained unsolved. Then they were seen together, in joint sessions, and although some of the hostile interaction between them could be worked out, there was an artificiality about the situation which defeated therapeutic efforts. Finally, the doctor instructed the woman to call him, day or night, whenever the next battle ensued. She did so. He arrived at the apartment to witness, first hand, the conflict, effectively identifying the *real* issues, and helped restore proper communications between them.

This then is the picture of the modern psychiatrist, reaching



out from his traditional position of silence and passivity, involving himself with his patient in the patient's world. He is armed, to be sure, with the new behaviour-influencing drugs. He continues to employ his extensive knowledge of the complex operations going on within the patient through psychotherapy. But when it is indicated, he no longer relies on these approaches alone. More importantly, he is no longer alone in his efforts to heal.

There are others who can, and increasingly do, work with the patient as part of a mental health team: the clinical psychologist, trained and experienced as a collaborator in various forms of therapy; the social-service worker, no longer someone who can just give a list of community facilities for the poor and indigent but a specialist in studying environmental influences, able to visit the patient's home and report on the milieu in which the patient—who is never sick alone—must work and live. The psychologists and the social workers in their own way can deal with the key people in the environment in order to reduce their tendency to defeat the overall efforts at cure.

Such a team approach has been available for some time to the psychiatric patient in institutions. Now it is becoming available to the patient in private treatment as well. To some degree it originated from absolute necessity, since there was often no one else to do the job. Now, it becomes the model for modern medical practice.

This new model and fresh emphasis is accompanied by stress upon the early detection of emotional disturbances and the prevention of the more severe and disruptive crises, often difficult, if not impossible, to repair. If it is obviously important to diagnose a cancerous process before it metastasizes to other organs of the body, it is equally important to recognize and deal with emotional disturbances while they are still embryonic.

For instance, the young woman in the circulation department of a weekly news magazine was attractive, cheerful, intelligent, looking ahead to a promising, full future. But within her makeup were the dormant seeds of infidelity at thirty, divorce at forty, suicide at fifty. These forces had been planted there by her interaction with a highly complex family structure. However, she was twenty-four. She had not yet mis-selected her first husband. She was still in the process of defining who she was and what she ultimately, realistically, hoped to achieve in her life.

She was beset with the usual confusion over the sexual mores of the times. She was talented, warm, spontaneous, but deep within her was a model, based on the nature of her parental relationships, which was dry, monotonous, screaming with utter boredom and frustration of long-lost intimacy and communication. Sitting there, at her desk, she was hardly sick. Her future remained a potentiality. It was still possible for her to make decisions to surround herself with people who would contribute substantially to her growth and fulfillment, or with those who would activate and reinforce her neurotic potentials. . . .

The emphasis in modern psychiatry is not only on the removal of symptoms, but also on the *prevention* of illness and the *realization* of personality potentials. Through workshops and small group seminars, people who share common interests and problems—the single girl in the large city, the divorced parent without custody of his children, the fearful expectant mother, the executive facing retirement —under the guidance of psychiatrists and psychologists, can explore themselves. They can also discuss the central issues of living in order to prevent the crises which might otherwise develop and to strengthen themselves to deal with those inevitable ones.

The question of emotional adjustment and maturity transcends individuals. The treatment of psychological distress can not be carried out in total isolation. No one is sick all by himself.

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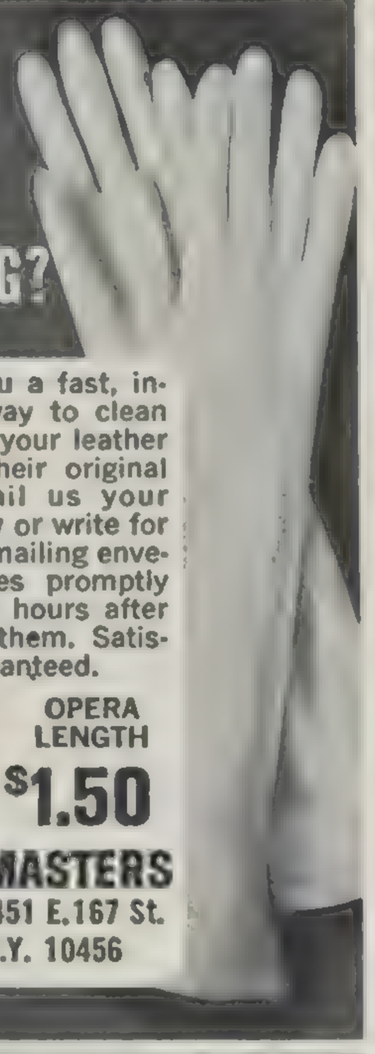
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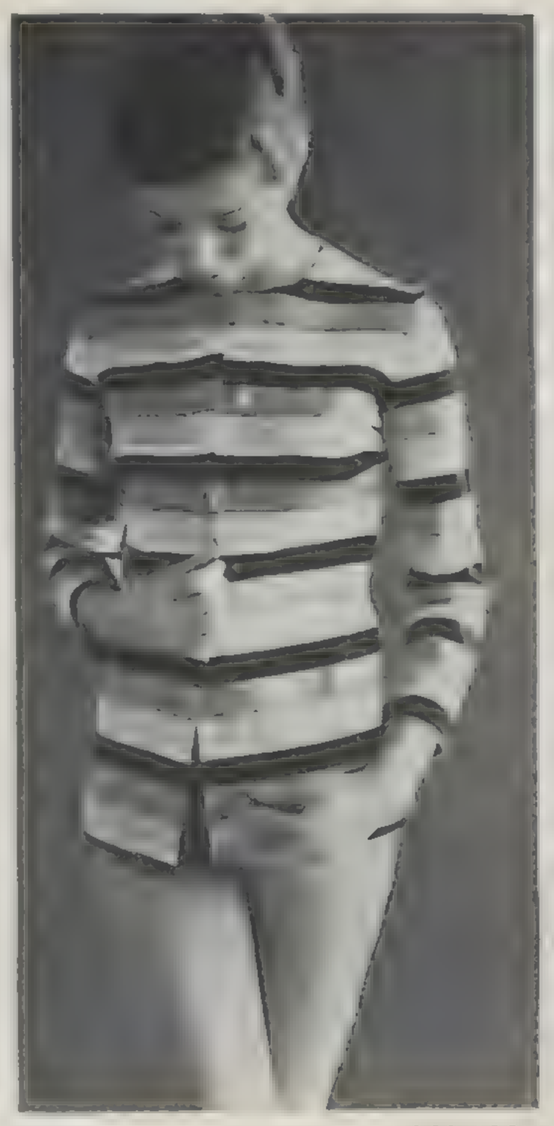
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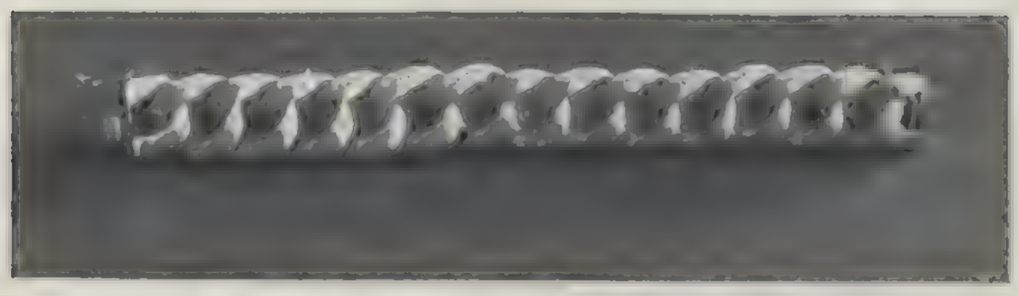
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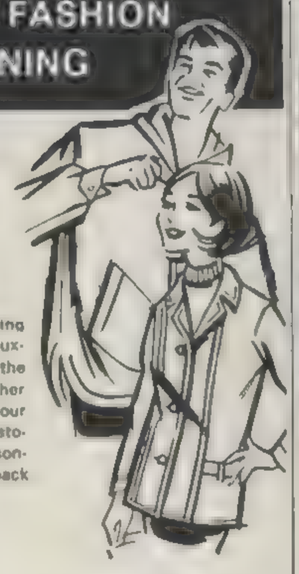
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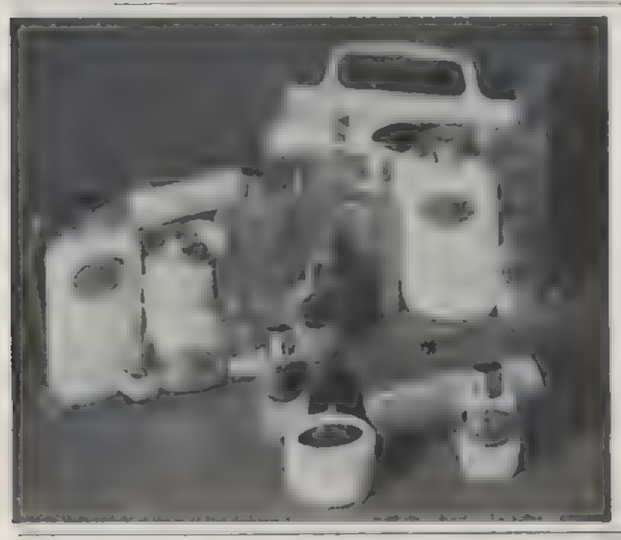


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Mary Lasker

(Continued from page 196)

stimulate public interest in medical research. Her best-known work in this field is accomplished through the Foundation which she and her husband set up shortly after their marriage, backed only by their funds. The Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation enjoys a unique reputation. There is something unusually personal, almost intimate, about at least one of its major functions: the annual bestowal of Albert Lasker Awards for outstanding services in medical research and public health administration and for outstanding reporting on medical research and public health programs.

The luncheon at which the Awards are presented has the ease and informality of a family reunion. Yet those who attend it include many of the most distinguished members of the medical profession and some of the most famous figures in political and social life. Of those whom the Lasker Foundation has honoured with Awards in the last twenty-two years seventeen later received Nobel Prizes.

In her approach to problems of health, Mrs. Lasker proceeds from the particular to the general. Years ago, one of her closest friends died of breast cancer. Her husband's brother, two of his sisters, her husband, and, most recently, a cook in her household all died of cancer. To help in finding a cure for cancer is accordingly one of Mrs. Lasker's most pressing obligations: "I am driven to do something about it."

In 1944, undeterred by the fact that the word "cancer" was unmentionable on radio, Albert and Mary Lasker organized a campaign including radio to raise funds for the American Cancer Society from voluntary sources. In one month the campaign raised four million dollars—many times as much as the entire previous year's national contribution. The only Lasker stipulation had been that one-quarter of the funds raised should be for cancer research. In 1945, accordingly, the American Cancer Society had one million dollars to spend on research, for the first time in history.

The sum may seem infinitesimal at the present time, since last year the Society raised about fifty million dollars in voluntary contributions and the National Cancer Institute received one hundred and eighty million dollars from Federal funds, for research and training. But the present figures are in both cases the long-term result of the 1945 campaign.

To their fight against cancer, as to all their work together, Albert Lasker brought his knowledge of the techniques and potentialities of publicity. But he was aware that in the long run relatively little could be achieved by private enterprise, however uninhibited, and voluntary contributions, however generous. What was required, he insisted, was Federal legislation and Federal money.

It had also occurred to Mary Lasker to ask herself why, if Federal funds were made available to the wartime Office of Scientific Research and Development for research into such diseases as typhus and malaria to which American troops were exposed abroad, Federal funds should not continue to be available in peacetime for research into the diseases to which American civilians were exposed at home. It was her husband who advised Mary Lasker on political tactics before she set out on her first attempt to put their common idea into effect: a bold—and successful—visit with friends and doctors to Washington during the Truman administration to interest the Congress in appropriating more funds for cancer research.

Mrs. Lasker has boundless gratitude and admiration for the rôles played by members of the Congress in the passage of the Bills that have established the National Institutes of Health. She praises Representative Claude Pepper; Senator Lister Hill, Chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Appropriations for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; and the late Congressman John E. Fogarty, who was chairman of the corresponding Subcom-

mittee in the House of Representatives. She points out that President Johnson has been interested in medical research for many years and has sponsored legislation to found regional centres for research on cancer, heart disease, and strokes.

President Truman once said that Mary Lasker and her friend and collaborator, Mrs. Florence Mahoney of Washington, "are the most consistent and tireless crusaders I have ever known." The fact that Mrs. Lasker, who is as a layman actively interested in the work of the present eight National Institutes of Health, is by now well known for her success in getting things done sometimes works against her in bringing so many requests for help that she is diverted from her principal concerns, or in creating a mistaken impression that she is some sort of grey eminence or power-seeker in the field of medicine.

The only power that Mary Lasker is interested in is the power of others to improve the health of ordinary human beings. She disclaims any rôle for herself but that of catalyst; and the definition is exact as well as characteristic. Like a catalyst in chemistry she accelerates reactions, while herself remaining virtually unchanged.

After more than two decades of experience of the difficulties that beset anyone devoted to the public welfare, the nearest she comes to admitting the existence of any opposition to her efforts is in some such phrase as, "I sometimes think we might be less resented if we had *not* as yet achieved anything." . . . Or—with reference to one of her rare failures, an unsuccessful attempt some years back to have more flowers planted in Central Park—"Did you know that there are actually people who *hate* flowers?" . . .

Second only to Mrs. Lasker's love of medicine is her love of flowers. At her country house near Amenia she has the largest private rose gardens in the State of New York. She even grows roses on the roof of her city house in New York.

As Mrs. Lasker's own excellent health does not prevent her from trying to improve the health of the world at large, so her possession of a notable garden has not prevented her from encouraging planting along the streets and avenues and in the parks of New York. Once again, she has proceeded from the particular to the general. Years ago, her mother, the late Mrs. Frank E. Woodard, was instrumental in establishing two parks in the small town in Wisconsin where she lived.

In the autumn of 1943, as a memorial to her mother, Mrs. Lasker presented the city of New York with thousands of hardy chrysanthemums for massive plantings in five park areas. Plantings from the same stock have been annually repeated ever since by the Department of Parks. After the death of her husband, she and her stepchildren gave three hundred flowering cherry trees and forty thousand white daffodils in his memory to the gardens of the United Nations headquarters.

In 1956, Mrs. Lasker contributed daffodils and tulips to plant twenty blocks of Park Avenue, a part of her intention being to demonstrate that such plants could thrive along one of the busiest thoroughfares in New York, in spite of air pollution. The success of the demonstration has led to much later planting—most notably to the year-round "Salute to the Seasons" projects which have since been initiated by the city in collaboration with other citizens and business corporations.

It is only natural that Mrs. Lasker should have been invited to be a member of Mrs. Lyndon Johnson's Committee for a More Beautiful National Capital. She is also president of the Society for a More Beautiful National Capital, which has been set up to supplement the work of Mrs. Johnson's Committee by stimulating private support and contributions for the landscaping and planting of Washington. Among Mrs. Lasker's gifts to Washington have been ten thousand azalea bushes, more than two hundred thousand daffodil bulbs for Rock Creek Park, and three hundred dogwood trees at

(Continued on page 278)



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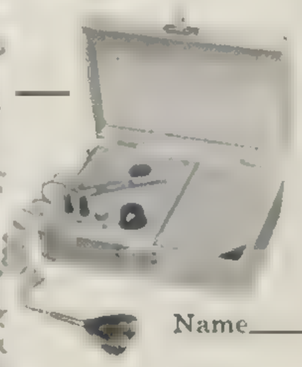
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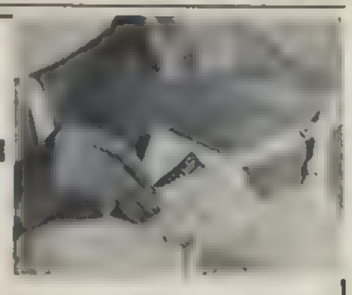
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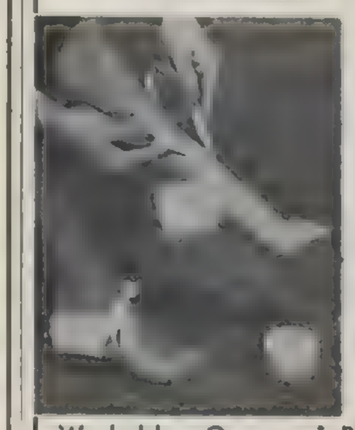
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Robin Butler

(Continued from page 252)

above all, people concern her. She offers them tact and her complete concentration. She sets high value on friendship. "The Good Life is a successful relationship with someone: being able to surround yourself with others, with the pleasant, intelligent, humorous things in life. To create something pleasant. . . . Success isn't just succeeding in a job but succeeding at being with the people I know, succeeding not just at having people to dinner but in giving them an intelligent, interesting time as well as a pleasant and pretty one."

Considering what she had been saying, Robin looked around her white-walled apartment with its polished dark floors that she stained herself ("The man couldn't get the colour right"). Her eyes lighted on a piece of Lowestoft. "Success is looking at a piece of china and knowing that at some time in my life I'll *know* what makes china good . . . and then enjoying that knowledge."

When this all-of-a-piece young woman entertains, her parties go along with her ideas. Because Robin works and arrives at the apartment not long before her guests, she has stripped her dinners to a minimum of steps, with few courses, few formal rituals, but with a load of invention and of choice. She may, for instance, use as a centrepiece an enormous bowl of *crudités*, an arrangement of raw vegetables which serves as both decoration and part of a meal. With the *crudités*, she might offer four kinds of seasoned salts for dipping.

This multiplicity of choice is a peculiarly Robin Butler trick. It takes little last-minute effort but it suggests unlimited consideration: 1) She cares enough for her guests to have searched out special things; 2) She indirectly compliments her guests' preferences by offering five kinds of mustard with a cold filet of beef, or four kinds of cheeses with three choices of breads and six sorts of crackers.

Because Robin is amusing, soft-voiced, wry about herself and admiring of others, the savvy of her entertaining hardly shows. But it is there. She does her own cooking, because she likes to and is good at it. For a small dinner she serves from a buffet, and has no outside help. She covers her tables in shiny, sharp-coloured vinyl or in stretches of brilliant fabrics, mostly prints, that she collected in Mexico or Turkey. Her napkins are often bright prints.

For parties Robin squanders candlelight (the candles are always white). Her dinner guests often sit on the built-in banquettes: "People spend longer over dinner and relax more, they're gayer when they're lolling among cu-hions." Time over cocktails is short, "or it's not fair to men who have to work the next day." In any group she plans are "at least two people I can count on for conversation."

Robin Butler, in the corners of her mind, rarely lets anyone, including herself, get away with anything. There seems to be little she can't cope with, but she considers neither herself nor any other woman as the ideal coper. She said once to another woman, "Come on, now. We both know that men are more interesting than women. I just don't think that women are as deep as men. Women are too rational. Men are potentially greater because they're more emotional. Totally irrational emotionally. When they're confronted by love, they're more willing to go out on the branch and let it crack underneath them. They're just more loving, less manipulative.

"Ultimately you *do* expect a man to be there to slay the dragon. You'll probably end up talking the dragon out of spitting fire at you before your man has even got into the saddle of his white horse, but you still call on him for every new dragon."

Where there are dragons, and men with white horses, Robin Butler is a good girl to have around.

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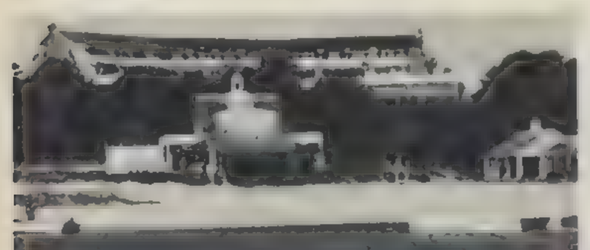
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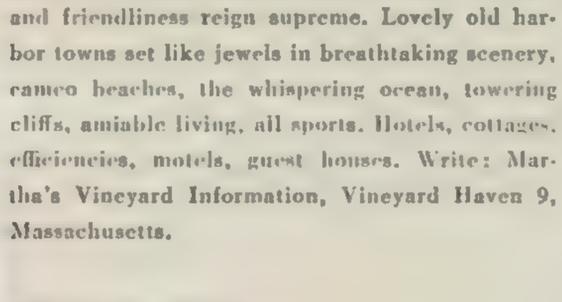
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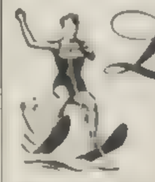
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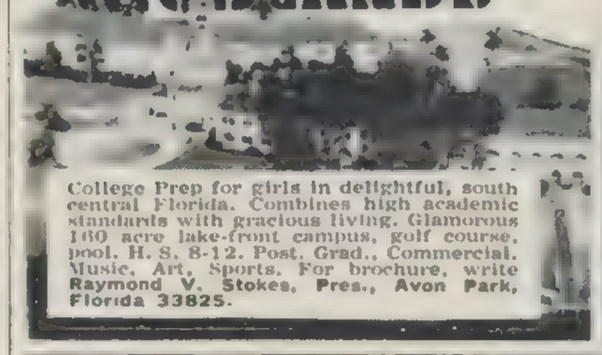
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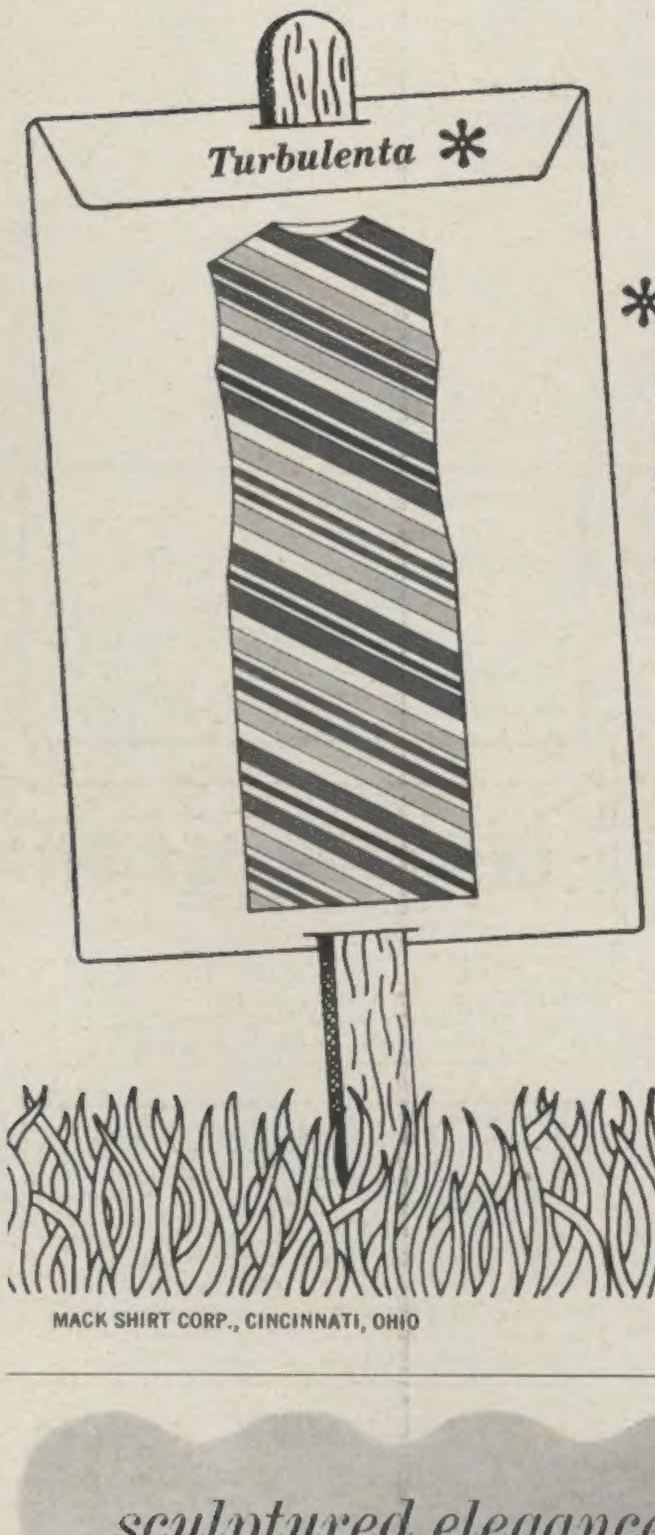
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Mary Lasker

(Continued from page 271)

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Pamper yourself!

Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with ROUX*

Professional hair coloring costs you a little extra time and money. What do you get for it? *Rich, glowing color?* Of course. *A luxury feeling of being cared for?* Naturally. *Anything more?* If you've only known do-it-yourself hair color, visit your beauty salon next time—and watch your husband's eyes when he greets you that night!



Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs. *REG. TRADE MARK